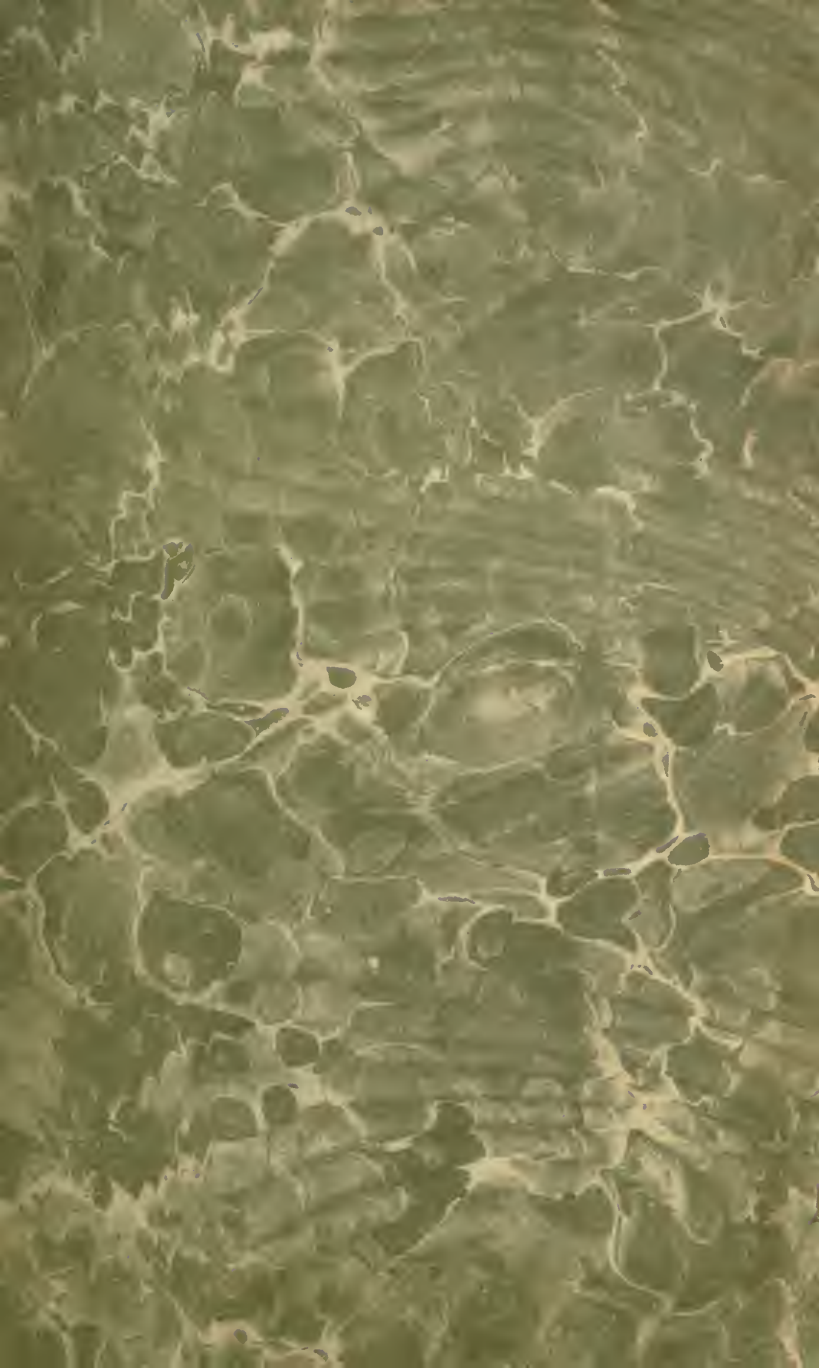




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THE
DUNBAR ANTHOLOGY.

1401-1508 A.D.

BRITISH ANTHOLOGIES.

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THE
DUNBAR
ANTHOLOGY.

1401-1508 A.D.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,
FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ETC.

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases.'

KEATS.

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P R E F A C E.

IN these Volumes, the Reader possesses the most diversified and representative Poetical Miscellany that has yet appeared in our language. It was my lot, more than thirty years ago, to edit the first of these, TOTTELL's *Miscellany* of 1557; and as I am now very well acquainted with all those that have come between these two, I have no hesitation in making this statement.

The Collection is primarily a large ingathering of our most exquisite Love Lyrics: but some Ages, and not a few Poets, did not excel in that particular kind of Verse. Inasmuch, however, as each Volume of an historical Anthology must fairly represent *all* the Poetry of its period, many other kinds of Poems than Lyrics will be found in its pages.

Among them, there are Political Songs, Vauxhall Songs, and the like; which, though of no great poetical merit, were the Popular Songs of their day: such as *Lilliburlero* (VII, 190), *O, dear! what can the matter be?* (X, 111), General WOLFE's Song (IX, 50). Such Songs could not be omitted from a national historical Anthology.

Over 400 Poets have contributed some 2,000 Songs and Poems, comprising about 70,000 lines of Verse, to the Series; mostly in the form of Short Songs: but there are also in it, no less than fifty-five considerable Poems of acknowledged merit and of great importance in our literary history.

An Anthology should also represent all the different kinds of Poetry; so there will be found in this Series, Love Songs expressing all the moods of the Soul, Ballads, Carols, Songs in praise of Soldiers and Sailors, some serious Poems, Political Verse, a Parody or two, Poems written in Prison, Allegories, Drinking Songs, Mad Songs, Satires, Songs of the Peasantry, Songs written by the Kings Queens and Nobles of Great Britain and Ireland: together with Poems in praise of country life and its various pleasures, Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, &c.

In Poetry, the original texts are usually the best; as they are so liable to be tampered with later. Most strenuous efforts have been made in search of these authoritative texts; which have often been found in fugitive serials and newspapers many years anterior to the Poet's Collected Works. Not a few Poems too have been restored to their real authors.

Henceforth these Songs and Poems will be 'familiar in our mouths as household words.' They will be the recognized minimum amount of non-dramatic English Poesy that every well-educated person may be expected to be acquainted with.

Poetry is one of the joys of our human life; and it is also the shortest way to Culture. Yet how few of us have adopted the words that COLERIDGE wrote in 1797! 'Poetry has been to me its own "exceeding great reward." It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the Good and the Beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.'

EDWARD ARBER.

THE
DUNBAR
ANTHOLOGY.

1401-1508 A.D.

THE MERLE AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

IN May, as that AURORA did upspring,
With crystal e[y]ne, chasing the clouds sable,
I heard a Merle, with merry notès, sing
A Song of Love, with voice right comfortable,
Against the orient beams amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green.
This was her sentence sweet and delectable,
'A lusty life in Love's service been!'

Under this branch ran down a river bright
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Against the heavenly azure sky's light:
Where did, upon the other side, pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notès new;
Whose angel-feathers as the peacock shone.
This was her Song, and of a sentence true,
'All love is lost but upon GOD alone!'

William Dunbar.

With notès glad and glorious harmony,
This joyful Merle so salutes she the day;
While rung the woodès of her melody,
Saying 'Awake, ye Lovers! O, this May!
Lo! fresh FLORA has flourished every spray!
As Nature has her taught, the noble Queen,
The field be clothèd in a new array!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

Never sweeter noise was heard by living man,
Than made this merry gentle Nightingale:
Her sound went with the river, as it ran,
Out-through the fresh and flourished lusty vale.
'O, Merle!' quod she, 'O, fool! stint of thy tale!
For in thy Song good sentence is there none!
For both is tint the time and the travail
Of every love but upon GOD alone!'

'Cease,' quod the Merle, 'thy preaching, Nightingale!
Shall folk their youth spend in to holiness?
Of young Saints grow old Fiends but fable!
Fie! hypocrite! in years' tenderness,
Against the law of kind thou go'st express!
That crookèd Age makes one with Youth serene;
Which Nature, of conditions made diverse!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

William Dunbar.

The Nightingale said, 'Fool! remember thee,
That both in youth and eld, and every hour,
The love of GOD most dear to Man should be!
That Him, of nought, wrought like his own figure;
And died Himself, from death him to succour.
O, whether was shown there true love, or none?
He is most true and steadfast paramour!
All love is lost but upon Him alone!'

The Merle said, 'Why put GOD so great beauty
In Ladies, with such womanly 'having,
But if He would that they should lovèd be?
To love eke, Nature gave them inclining!
And He, of Nature that worker was and King,
Would nothing frustrate put, nor let be seen,
Into His creature, of His own, making!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'Not to that behoof,
Put GOD such beauty in a Lady's face,
That she should have the thanks therefore, or love!
But He, the worker! that put in her such grace
Of beauty, bontie, riches, time, or space;
And every goodness that be to come, or gone,
The thanks redounds to Him in every place!
All love is lost but upon GOD alone!'

William Dunbar.

'O, Nightingale! it were a story nice
That Love should not depend on Charity!
And if that Virtue contrary be to Vice,
Then Love must be a virtue! as thinks me:
For aye to love, envy must contrary be.
GOD bade eke, "Love thy neighbour from the
spleen!"
And who than Ladies sweeter neighbours be?
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'Bird! why dost thou rave?
Man may take in his Lady such delight
Him to forget, that her such virtue gave;
And for his Heaven receive her colour white!
Her golden tressèd hairs redomyt,
Like to APOLLO's beams though they shone,
Should not him blind from love that is perfite!
All love is lost but upon GOD alone!'

The Merle said, 'Love is cause of Honour aye!
Love makes cowards manhood to purchase!
Love makes Knights hardy at assay!
Love makes wretches full of largess!
Love makes sweir folk full of business!
Love makes sluggards fresh and well-beseen!
Love changes Vice in Virtue's nobleness!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'True is the contrary!
Such frustrate love, it blinds men so far,
In to their minds, it makes them to vary.
In false vain-glory, they so drunken are,
Their wit is went! of woe they are not 'ware,
Until that all worship away be from them gone!
Fame! goods! and strength! Wherefore well say
I dare,
All love is lost but upon GOD alone!'

Then said the Merle, 'Mine error I confess!
This frustrate love all is but vanity!
Blind ignorance me gave such hardiness,
To argue so against the verity!
Wherefore I counsel every man, that he
With Love not in the Fiend's net be tone;
But love the Love, that did for his love die!
All love is lost but upon GOD alone!'

Then sang they both, with voices loud and clear.
The Merle sang, 'Man! love GOD, that has thee
wrought!'
The Nightingale sang, 'Man! love the LORD most
dear,
That thee, and all this world, made of nought!'
The Merle said, 'Love Him, that thy love has
sought [bone!'
From heaven to earth; and here took flesh and

William Dunbar.

The Nightingale sang, 'And with His death thee
bought ;
All love is lost but upon Him alone !'

Then flew these birds o'er the boughs sheen,
Singing of Love among the leavès small,
Whose ythand pleid yet made my thoughtès green
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail.
Me to recomfort most it does avail
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sang this Merle and Nightingale,
'All love is lost but upon GOD alone !'

THE GOLDEN TARGE.

RIGHT as the Star of Day began to shine,
When gone to bed were VESPER and LUCINE,
I rose, and by a Rosary did me rest.
Up sprang the golden candle matutine,
With clear depurèd beamès crystalline,
Gladding the merry fowlès in their nest.
Or PHŒBUS was in purple cape revest,
Up rose the lark, the heavens' minstrel fine,
In May, in till a morrow mirthfullest.

Full angel-like these birdès sang their *Hours*
Within their curtains green, in to their bowers,
Apparelled white and red, with bloomès sweet.
Enamelled was the field with all colours,
The pearly droppès shook in silver showers,
While, all in balm did branch and leavès fleet.
To part from PHŒBUS, did AURORA greet!
Her crystal tears I saw hang on the flowers;
Which he, for love, all drank up with his heat.

William Dunbar.

For mirth of May, with skippès and with hops,
The birdès sang, upon the tender crops,
 With curious note, as VENUS' Chapel Clerks.
The roses young, new spreading of their knops,
Were powdered bright with heavenly berial drops,
 Through beamès red, burning as ruby sparks.
The skies rang, for shouting of the larks.
The purple heaven o'erscaled in silver slopes,
 O'ergilt the trees, branches, leavès, and barks.

Down through the bushes, a river ran with streams,
So lustily against those pleasant leams,
 That all the lake, as lamp, did flash with light;
Which shadowed all about with twinkling gleams,
That boughès bathèd were in second beams,
 Through the reflex of PHÆBUS' visage bright.
On every side the hedges rose on hight,
The bank was green, the brook was full of bremys,
 The gravel clear as stars in frosty night.

The crystal air, the sapphire firmament,
The ruby skies of the orient
 Cast berial beams on emerald boughs green.
The Rosy Garth, depaint and redolent,
With purple, azure, gold, and goules gent,
 Arrayèd was, by Dame FLORA the Queen,
 So nobly, that joy was for to seen!
The rock, against the river resplendent,
 As low illumined all the leavès sheen.

William Dunbar.

What through the merry fowlès' harmony,
And through the river's sound, that ran me by;
On FLORA's mantle I slept as I lay:
Where soon, in to my dream's fantasy,
I saw approach against the orient sky,
A sail as white as blossom upon spray,
With merse of gold, bright as the Star of Day;
Which tended to the land full lustily,
As falcon swift desirous of her prey.

And hard on board unto the blooming meads,
Among the greenè rispis and the reeds,
Arrivèd she; wherefrom anon there land
A hundred Ladies lusty, in to weeds
As fresh as flowers that in May upspread,
In kirtles green, withouten kell or bands
Their bright hair hang, glittering on the strands,
In tresses clear, wippit with golden threads;
With paps white, and middles small as wands.

Describe I would; but who could well indite
How all the fieldès with those lilies white
Depaint were bright, which to the heaven did glete?
Not thou, HOMER! as fair as thou couldst write,
For all thine ornate style so perfite!
Nor yet thou, TULLIUS! whose lips sweet
Of Rhetoric did in to terms fleet!
Your aureate tongues both be all too lyte
For to compile that Paradise complete!

William Dunbar.

There saw I NATURE, and als Dame VENUS Queen
The fresh AURORA and Lady FLORA sheen,
JUNO, APOLLO, and PROSERPINA,
DIANE, the Goddess chaste of woodès green,
My Lady CLIO, that help of Makaris been,
THETIS, PALLAS, and prudent MINERVA,
Fair feignèd FORTUNE and lemand LUCINA.
These mighty Queens, in crowns might be seen,
With beams blithe, bright as Lucifera.

There saw I MAY, of mirthful months Queen,
Betwixt APRIL and JUNE, her sisters sheen,
Within the Garden walking up and down;
Whom of the fowls gladdeth all bedene,
She was full tender in her years green.
There saw I NATURE present her a gown
Rich to behold, and noble of renown,
Of every hue under the heaven that been
Depaint, and braided by good proportion.

Full lustily these Ladies, all in fere,
Entered within this Park of most pleasure,
Where that I lay, o'er-covered with leaves rank.
The merry fowlès, blissfullest of cheer,
Salute NATURE, methought, in their manner;
And every bloom on branch, and eke on bank,
Opened and spread their balmy leavès dank.
Full low inclining to their Queen so clear;
Whom of their noble nourishing they thank.

William Dunbar.

Syne, to Dame FLORA, on the same wise,
They salute, and they thank a thousand syse ;
And to Dame VENUS, Love's mighty Queen,
They sang Ballets of Love, as was the guise,
With amorous notès, lusty to devise.

As they that had love in their hearts green,
Their honey throats, opened from the spleen,
With warbles sweet did pierce the heavenly skies ;
While loud resounded the firmament serene.

Another Court there saw I subsequent.
CUPID the King, with bow in hand ybent,
And dreadful arrows grounden sharp and square.
There, saw I MARS, the God armipotent,
Awful and stern, strong and corpulent.

There, saw I crabbèd SATURN, old and haire ;
His look was like for to perturb the air.
There, was MERCURIUS wise and eloquent,
Of Rhetoric that fand the Flowers fair.

There, was the God of gardens, PRIAPUS.
There, was the God of wilderness, FAUNUS ;
And JANUS, God of Entry delightful.

There, was the God of floods, NEPTUNUS.
There, was the God of winds, ÆOLUS,
With varying look, right like a Lord unstable.
There, was BACCHUS, the gladder of the table.
There, was PLUTO, the elrich incubus,
In cloak of green ; his Court usèd no sable.

And every one of these, in green arrayed,
On harp, or lute, full merrily they played;
And sang Ballets, with mighty notès clear.
Ladies to dance full soberly assayed,
Along the lusty river, so they Mayit;
Their observance right heavenly was to hear!
Then crap I through the leavès, and drew near;
Where that I was right suddenly affrayit,
All through a look; which I have bought full dear!

And, shortly for to speak, by Lovès Queen
I was espied. She bade her Archers keen
Go me arrest; and they no time delayed.
Then Ladies fair let fall their mantles green,
With bows big in tressèd hairs sheen,
All suddenly they had a Field arrayed;
And yet right greatly was I not afraid,
The party was so pleasant for to seen.
A wonder lusty bikkir me assayed.

And first of all, with bow in hand ybent,
Came Dame BEAUTY, right as she would me shent:
Syne, followed all her damsels yfere,
With many divers awful instrument.
Unto the press, FAIR-'HAVING with her went,
Fine PORTRAITURE, PLEASANCE, and lusty CHEER.
Then came REASON, with a Shield of Gold so clear;
In plate and mail, as MARS armipotent,
Defended me that noble Chevalier.

Syne, tender YOUTH came, with her Virgins young,
Green INNOCENCE and shameful ABAISING,

And quaking DREAD, with humble OBEDIENCE.

The Golden Targe harmèd they nothing!

Courage in them was not begun to spring;

Full sore they dread to do a violence.

Sweet WOMANHOOD I saw come in presence;

Of artillery a world she did in bring,

Servèd with Ladies full of reverence.

She led with her NURTURE and LOWLINESS, [NESS,
CONTINENCE, PATIENCE, GOOD-FAME, and STEADFAST-

DISCRETION, GENTRICE, and CONSIDERANCE,

Lawful COMPANY and honest BUSINESS,

Benign LOOK, mild CHEER, and SOBERNESS.

All these bore gayneis, to do me grievance:

But REASON bore the Targe with such constance,

Their sharp assays might do no duress

To me, for all their awful ordnance.

Unto the press pursuèd HIGH-DEGREE,

Her followed aye ESTATE and DIGNITY,

COMPARISON, HONOUR, and noble ARRAY,

WILL, WANTONNESS, RENOWN, and LIBERTY,

RICHESSE, FREEDOM, and eke NOBILITY.

Wit ye, they did their Banner high display!

A cloud of arrows, as hail shower, loosèd they;

And shot, until wasted was their artillery.

Syne, went aback, rebutted of their prey.

William Dunbar.

When VENUS had perceivèd this rebut,
DISSIMULANCE she bade go make pursuit,
At all power, to pierce the Golden Targe!
And she, that was of doubleness the root,
Askèd her choice of Archers in refute.

VENUS, the best bade her go wale at large!
She took PRESENCE, sheet anchor of the Barge,
And FAIR-CALLING, that well a flayn could shoot,
And CHERISHING, for to complete her charge.

Dame HOMELINESS she took in company,
That hardy was, and hende in archery;
And brought Dame BEAUTY to the Field again,
With all the choice of VENUS' Chivalry.
They came and bikkered unabashèdly,
The shower of arrows rappèd on as rain.
Perilous PRESENCE, that many sire has slain,
The battle brought on border hard us by;
The 'sault was all the sorer, sooth to sain!

Thick was the shot of grounden dartès keen:
But REASON, with the Shield of Gold so sheen,
Warily defended, whosoe'er assayed.
The awful stour he manly did sustain,
Till PRESENCE cast a powder in his e'en;
And then, as drunken man, he all forvayit.
When he was blind, the fool with him they played;
And banished him among the boughès green.
That sorry sight me suddenly affrayed.

Then was I wounded, to the death well near!
And yelden as a woeful prisoner

To Lady BEAUTY, in a moment's space.
Methought, she seemèd lustier of cheer,

After that REASON tint had his eyne clear,
Than of before; and lovelier of face.

'Why wast thou blinded, REASON? Why? alas!
And made a Hell, my Paradise appear?

And mercy seem, where that I found no grace?'

DISSIMULANCE was busy me to sile,

And FAIR-CALLING did oft upon me smile;

And CHERISHING, me fed with wordès fair.

NEW-ACQUAINTANCE embracèd me a while,

And favoured me, while men might go a mile;

Syne took her leave. I saw her never more!

Then saw I DANGER towards me repair,
I could eschew her presence by no wile!

On side she lookèd with a fremyt fare.

And at the last departing could her dress,

And me deliverèd unto HEAVINESS

For to remain; and she in cure me took.

By this, the Lord of Winds, with woodness,
God ÆOLUS, his bugle blew I guess,

That, with the blast, the leaves all-to-shook:

And, suddenly, in the spacè of a look,

All was hence went! There was but wilderness!

There was no more but birdès, bank, and brook!

In twinkling of an eye, to ship they went,
And, swyth, up sail unto the top they stent;
And, with swift course, atour the flood they frak.
They firèd guns with powder violent,
Till that the reek rose to the firmament.
The rockès all resounded with the rak;
For reird, it seemed that the rainbow brake.
With sp'rit afraid, upon my feet I sprent,
Among the clews, so careful was the crack.

And as I did awake of my sueving,
The joyful birdès merrily did sing,
For mirth of PHÆBUS' tender beamès sheen.
Sweet were the vapours, soft the morrowing,
Wholesome the vale, depaint with flowers ying,
The air attempered sober and amene,
In white and red was all the field beseen,
Through NATURE'S noble fresh enamelling,
In mirthful May, of every month Queen.

O, reverend CHAUCER! Rose of Rhetorics all!
As in our tongue a flower imperial
That rose in Britain ever, who reads right.
Thou bear'st of Makaris the Triumph Royal!
Thy fresh enamelled terms celical,
This matter could illumined have full bright!
Wast thou not of our English all the light,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial
As far as May's morrow does midnight?

O, moral GOWER! and LYDGATE laureate!
Your sugared lips and tongues aureate
 Be to our ears cause of great delight!
Your angel-mouths most mellifluate,
Our rude language has clear illuminate;
 And fair o'er-gilt our speech, that imperfite
 Stood or your golden pens shapèd to write!
This Isle before was bare and desolate
 Of Rhetoric, or lusty fresh indite!

Thou, little Quair! be ever obedient,
Humble, subject, and simple of intent,
 Before the face of every cunning wight!
I know what thou of Rhetoric hast spent!
Of all her lusty roses redolent
 Is none in to thy garland set on hight!
 Shame thereof, and draw thee out of sight!
Rude is thy weed, distainèd, bare, and rent!
 Well ought'st thou be afraid of the light!

BEAUTY AND THE PRISONER.

SEN that I am a Prisoner
Till her that fairest is, and best,
I me commend, from year to year,
In till her bandoun for to rest!
I govit on that goodliest,
So long to look I took leisure,
Until I was ta'en withouten test,
And led forth as a Prisoner.

Her sweet 'having and fresh beauty
Have wounded me, but sword or lance.
With her to go, commanded me,
Unto the Castle of Penance.
I said, 'Is this your governance
To take men for their looking here?'
BEAUTY says, 'Yea, Sir! perchance
Ye be my Lady's Prisoner!'

They had me, bounden, to the gate,
Where STRANGENESS had been Porter aye;
And in delivered me thereat,
And, in these terms, can they say,
'Do wait, and let him not away!'
Quod STRANGENESS unto, the Porter,
'Unto my Lady, I dare lay
Ye be too poor a Prisoner!'

They cast me in a deep dungeon;
And fettered me, but lock or chain.
The Captain, hecht COMPARISON,
To look on me he thought great 'dain.
Though I was woe, I durst not plain;
For he had fettered many a fere.
With piteous voice thus could I sain,
'Woe is a woeful Prisoner!'

LANGOUR was Watch upon the wall;
That never slept, but ever woke.
SCORN was Bourdour in the Hall;
And oft on me his bauble shook,
Looking with many a dangerous look,
'What is he yond, that methis us near?
Ye be too townage, by this book!
To be my Lady's Prisoner!'

GOOD-HOPE rownit in my ear,
And bade me boldly brieve a bill:
With Lowliness, he should it bear;
With FAIR-SERVICE send it her till.
I woke, and writ her all my will.
FAIR-SERVICE fare withouten fear,
Saying to her, with wordès still,
'Have pity of your Prisoner!'

Then Lowliness to PITY went;
And said to her, in termès short,
'Let we yon Prisoner be shent,
'Will no man do to us support!
Gar lay a siege unto yon fort!'
Then PITY said, 'I shall appear!'
THOUGHT says, 'I hecht, come I ourthort,
I hope to lose the Prisoner!'

Then to battle they were arrayed all,
And aye the Vanguard kept THOUGHT;
LUST bore the Banner to the wall,
And BUSINESS the Great Gin brought.
SCORN cries out, says, 'Would ye ought?'
LUST says, 'We would have entry here!'
COMPARISON says, 'That is for nought!
Ye will not win the Prisoner!'

They, therein, shaped for to defend;
And they, thereofth, 'saulted an hour.
Then BUSINESS the Great Gin bent,
Struck down the top of the Fore-Tower.
COMPARISON began to lower,
And crièd forth, 'I you require,
Soft and fair, and do favour;
And take to you the Prisoner!'

They fired the Gates deliverly,
With faggots [that] were great and huge:
And STRANGENESS, where that he did lie,
Was burnt in to the Porter's Lodge.
Lustily they lacked, without a Judge,
Such strokes and struggling were astir,
The Seemliest was made assieged,
To whom that he was Prisoner.

Through SCORN's nose they put a prick,
That he was banished, and got a blek.
COMPARISON was earthèd quick;
And LANGOUR leapt, and brake his neck.
They 'saulted fast, all the fek.
LUST chased my Lady's Chamberlain.
GOOD-FAME was drownèd in a sek.
Thus ransomed they the Prisoner!

Fra SLANDER heard LUST had undone
His enemies, him agains
Assembled a seemly sort full soon,
And roused and routed all the plains.
His 'cusing in the Court remains:
But jealous folks and janglers
And false ENVY, that nothing lanes,
Blew out on Love's Prisoner!

Syne, MATRIMONY, that noble King,
Was grieved, and gathered a great host;
And, all enarmèd, without lesing,
Cast SLANDER to the west sea-coast:
Then was he and his lineage lost.
And MATRIMONY, withouten weir,
The band of friendship has endorsed
Betwixt BEAUTY and the Prisoner.

By that, of age was GOOD-FAME's heir,
And come to continuation;
And to the Court made his repair,
Where MATRIMONY then wore the crown.
He got a Confirmation
Of all his mother aught, but weir;
And 'bode still, as it was reason,
With BEAUTY and the Prisoner.

LAMENT FOR THE MAKARIS,
WHEN HE WAS SICK.

I, THAT in heal was and gladness,
Am troubled now with great sickness;
And 'feblèd with infirmity.
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

Our pleasance here is all vain-glory,
This false World is but transitory,
The Flesh is brukle, the Fiend is slee.
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

The state of Man does change and vary,
Now sound, now sick, now blithe, now sary,
Now dancing merry, now like to die.
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

No state in earth here stands sicker!
As with the wind waves the wicker,
So wanes this Worldès vanity!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

Unto the dead go all Estates,
Princes, Prelates, and Potestates,
Both rich and poor, of all degree.

Timor Mortis conturbat me!

He takes the knightès in to Field,
Enarmèd under helm and shield!

Victor he is, at all *mêlée[s]*!

Timor Mortis conturbat me!

That strong unmerciful tyrant
Takes, on the mother's breast sucking,
The babe, full of benignity!

Timor Mortis conturbat me!

He takes the Champion in the stour!
The Captain 'closèd in the Tower!
The Lady, in bower, full of beauty!

Timor Mortis conturbat me!

He spares no Lord for his puissance;
No Clerk for his intelligence!

His awful stroke may no man flee!

Timor Mortis conturbat me!

Art-magicians, and Astrologues,
Rhetorics, Logicians, and Theologues,
Them help no conclusions slee!

Timor Mortis conturbat me!

In Medicine the most practicians,
Leeches, Surgeons, and Physicians,
Themselves from death may not supplè!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

I see that Makaris, among the lave,
Play here their pageants, syne go to grave!
Sparèd is not their faculty!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

He has done piteously devour
The noble CHAUCER, of Makaris Flower!
The Monk of Bury, and GOWER, all three!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

The good Sir HEW of Eglinton,
And eke HERYOT and WYNTOUN,
He has ta'en out of this country!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

That Scorpion fell has done infect
Master JOHN CLERK and JAMES AFFLEK
From Ballet-making and Tragedy!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

HOLLAND and BARBOUR he has bereaved.
Alas! that he not with us leaved
Sir MUNGO LOCKHART of the Lee!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

CLERK of Tranent eke he has ta'en,
That made the *Adventures of GAWEN!*
Sir GILBERT HAY ended has he!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

He has Blind HARRY, and SANDY TRAILL,
Slain with his shower of mortal hail;
Which PATRICK JOHNSTON might not flee!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

He has reft MERSER his indite,
That did in Love so lively write;
So short, so quick, of sentence hie!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

He has ta'en ROWL of Aberdeen,
And gentle ROWL of Corstorphine;
Two better fellows did no man see!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

In Dunfermline, he has done ruin
With Master ROBERT HENRYSON!
Sir JOHN THE ROSS embraced has he!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

And he has now ta'en, last of aw,
Good gentle STOBO, and QUINTYN SCHAW;
Of whom all wights have pity.
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

Good Master WALTER KENNEDY,
In point of death lies verily!
Great ruth it were, that so should be!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

Sen he has all my brethren ta'en,
He will not let me live alone!
Of force, I must his next prey be!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

Sen for the dead remeid is none,
Best is, that we for death dispone,
After our death, that live may we!
Timor Mortis conturbat me!

*HOW DUNBAR WAS DESIRED
TO BE A FRIAR.*

THIS night, before the dawning clear,
Methought, Saint FRANCIS did to me appear,
With a religious habit in his hand;
And said, 'In this, go clothe thee, my servant!
Refuse the World, for thou must be a Friar!'

With him, and with his habit both, I scared,
Like to a man that with a ghost was marred!
Methought, on bed he laid it me abone:
But on the floor, deliverly and soon,
I leapt therefrom; and never would come near it!

Quoth he, 'Why scarest thou, with this holy weed?
Clothe thee therein, for wear it thou must need!
Thou, that hast long done VENUS' law teach,
Shalt now be Friar; and in this habit preach!
Delay it not! It must be done, but dread!'

Quod I, 'Saint FRANCIS! loving be thee till;
And thankèd mayst thou be, of thy good will
To me! that of thy clothès art so kind;
But them to wear, it never came in my mind!
Sweet Confessor! take thou it not in ill!

'In holy Legends, have I heard allevin
More Saints of Bishops, nor Friars, by such seven!
Of full few Friars that have been Saints I read;
Wherefore go, bring to me a Bishop's weed,
If ever thou wouldst my soul guide to Heaven!'

'My Brethren oft have made thee supplications,
By Epistles, Sermons, and Relations,
To take the habit: but thou didst postpone!
But any process, come on, therefore, anon!
All circumstance put by, and excusations!'

'If ever my fortune were to be a Friar,
The date thereof is past, full many a year!
For into every lusty town and place
Of all England, from Berwick to Calais,
I have, in to thy habit made good cheer!

‘In Friar’s weed, full fairly have I fleiched!
In it, have I in pulpit gone, and preached
 In Dernton Kirk, and eke in Canterbury!
 In it, I passed, at Dover, over the ferry,
Through Picardy; and there the people taught!

‘As long as I did bear the Friar’s style,
In me, God wot! was many a wrink and wile!
 In me was falseness with every wight to flatter,
 Which might be flemit with no holy water!
I was aye ready, all men to beguile!’

This Friar, that did Saint FRANCIS there appear,
A fiend he was, in likeness of a Friar!
 He vanished away with stink and fiery smoke!
 With him, methought, all the house-end he took!
And I awoke, as wy that was in weir.

LONDON.

LONDON! thou art of townès *A per se!*
Sovereign of cities! seemliest in sight!
Of high renown, riches, and royalty!
Of Lords, Barons, and many goodly Knight!
Of most delectable lusty Ladies bright!
Of famous Prelates, in habit[s] clerical!
Of Merchants full of substance and [of] might!
London! thou art the flower of cities all!

Gladdeth anon, thou lusty Troynovant!
City that sometime clepèd was New Troy!
In all the earth, imperial as thou stant,
Princess of towns, of pleasure, and of joy!
A richer resteth under no Christian roy!
For manly power, with craftès natural,
Formeth none fairer, sith the Flood of Noy!
London! thou art the flower of cities all!

Gem of all joy! jasper of jocundity!
Most mighty carbuncle of virtue and valour!
Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuity!
Of royal cities Rose and Geraflour!
Empress of townès, exalt in honour,
In beauty bearing the throne imperial!
Sweet Paradise, precelling in pleasure!
London! thou art the flower of cities all!

Above all rivers, thy river hath renown;
Whose berial streams, pleasant and preclare,
Under thy lusty wallès runneth down;
Where many a swan doth swim with wingès fair!
Where many a Barge doth sail and row with oar!
Where many a ship doth rest with top-royal!
O town of towns, patron and not compare!
London! thou art the flower of cities all!

Upon thy lusty Bridge of pillars white,
Been Merchants full royal to behold!
Upon thy streets goeth many a seemly Knight,
In velvet gowns and chains of gold!
By JULIUS CÆSAR, thy Tower founded of old,
May be the House of MARS victorial;
Whose artillery, with tongue may not be told!
London! thou art the flower of cities all!

Strong be thy Wall that about thee stands!

Wise be the people that within thee dwells!

Fresh is thy River, with his lusty strands!

Blithe be thy Churches! well-sounding be thy bells!

Rich be thy Merchants, in substance that excels!

Fair be their Wives, right lovesome, white and
small!

Clear be thy Virgins lusty under kells!

London! thou art the flower of cities all!

Thy famous Mayor, by princely governance,

With Sword of Justice, thee ruleth prudently!

No Lord of Paris, Venice, or Florence,

In dignity, or honour, goeth to him nigh!

He is exemplar, load-star, and guide!

Principal patron and rose original!

Above all Mayors, as Master most worthy!

London! thou art the flower of cities all!

THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

This is the Marriage Song of the wedding, at Edinburgh, of the Princess MARGARET of England, eldest daughter of King HENRY VII, with King JAMES IV of Scotland, on August 8, 1503. The Song itself was written on the previous 9th of May. The Thistle is the emblem of Scotland, as the Rose is of England.

WHEN March was, with varying winds, past,
And April had, with her silver showers,
Ta'en leave at Nature with an orient blast ;
And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birdès to begin their *Hours*,
Among the tender odours red and white,
Whose harmony to hear it was delight ;

In bed, at morrow, sleeping as I lay,
Methought, AURORA, with her crystal een,
In at the window lookèd by the day,
And halsèd me, with visage pale and green ;
On whose hand, a lark sang fro the spleen,
'Awake, Lovers ! out of your slumbering !
See, how the lusty morrow does upspring !'

Methought, fresh MAY, before my bed upstood,
In weed depaint of mony diverse hue,
Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude ;
In bright attire of flowers forgèd new,
Heavenly of colour, white, red, brown, and blue,
Balmèd in dew, and gilt with PHŒBUS' beams ;
While all the house illumined of her leams.

'Sluggard!' she said, 'awake anon, for shame!
And, in my honour, something thou go write!
The lark has done the merry day proclaim,
To raise up Lovers with comfort and delight;
Yet nought increases thy courage to indite!
Whose heart sometimes has glad and blissful been,
Songs to make, under the leavès green.'

'Whereto,' quod I, 'shall I uprise, at morrow?
For, in this May, few birdès heard I sing!
They have more cause to weep, and plain their sorrow!
Thy air, it is not wholesome nor benign!
Lord ÆOLUS does in thy season reign!
So busteous are the blasts of his horn,
Among thy boughs to walk I have forborne!'

With that, this Lady soberly did smile,
And said, 'Uprise; and do thy observance!
Thou didst promise, in May's lusty while,
For to describe the Rose of most pleasance!
Go, see the birdès, how they sing and dance!
Illumined o'er with orient skies bright,
Enamelled richly with new azure light!'

When this was said, departed she, this Queen,
And entered in a lusty Garden gent;
And then, methought, full hastily beseen
In serk and mantle, after her I went
Into this Garth most dulce and redolent
Of herbs and flowers, and tender plants sweet;
And green leaves doing of dew down fleet.

The purple sun, with tender beamès red,
In orient bright as Angel did appear,
Through golden skies putting up his head;
Whose gilt tresses shone so wondir clear,
That all the world took comfort, far and near,
To look upon his fresh and blissful face
Doing all sable, from the heavens chase.

And as the blissful Song of Hierarchy,
The fowls sang, through comfort of the light,
The Birdès did, with open voices, cry,
'O, Lovers' foe! away, thou dully Night!
And welcome, Day! that comforts every wight!
Hail, May! Hail, FLORA! Hail, AURORA sheen!
Hail, Princess NATURE! Hail, VENUS, Love's Queen!

Dame NATURE gave an inhibition there
To fierce NEPTUNE, and ÆOLUS the bold,
Not to perturb the water, nor the air;
And that no showers, nor blastès cold,
Effray should flowers, nor fowls, on the fold!
She bade eke JUNO, Goddess of the sky,
That she the heavens should keep amene and dry!

She ordained eke that every Bird and Beast
Before her Highness should anon compeir;
And every Flower of virtue, most and least,
And every herb by field far and near,
As they had wont, in May, from year to year,
To her, their Maker, to make obedience,
Full low inclining, with all due reverence.

With that, anon she sent the swift Roe
To bring in Beasts of all condition ;
The restless Swallow commanded she also
To fetch all Fowl of small and great renown ;
And to gar Flowers compeir of all fashion,
Full craftily conjurèd she the Yarrow,
Which did forth swirk as swift as any arrow.

All present were, in twinkling of an e, [Queen.
Both Beasts, and Birds, and Flowers, before the
And first the Lion, greatest of degree,
Was callèd there: and he, most fair to seen,
With a full hardy countenance and keen,
Before Dame NATURE came; and did incline,
With visage bold, and courage leonine.

This awful beast full terrible was of cheer,
Piercing of look, and stout of countenance,
Right strong of corps, of fashion fair, but feir,
Lusty of shape, light of deliverance,
Red of his colour, as is the ruby glance ;
On field of gold he stood full mightily,
With *fleur-de-lis* encircled lustily.

This Lady lifted up his clawès clear,
And let him listly lean upon her knee ;
And crownèd him with diadem full dear
Of radiant stones, most royal for to see,
Saying, ' The King of Beastès make I thee ;
And the chief protector in woods and shaws !
Unto thy lieges go forth, and keep the laws !

‘Exerce justice, with mercy and conscience ;
And let no small beast suffer scath, nor scorns,
Of great beasts, that be of more puissance!
Do law alike to apes and unicorns!
And let no bowgler, with his busteous horns,
The meek plough-ox oppress, for all his pride ;
But in the yoke go peaceably him beside!’

When this was said, with noise and sound of joy,
All kinds of Beastès, in to their degree,
At once cried loud, ‘*Vive le Roi!*’
And till his feet fell with humility ;
And all, they made him homage and fealty :
And he did them receive with princely laitis ;
Whose noble ire is *parcere prostratis*.

Syne, crownèd she the Eagle, King of Fowls ;
And as steel darts sharpened she his pennis,
And bade him, ‘Be also just to whaupis and owls
As unto peacocks, poppingays, or cranes ;
And make a law for wight fowls and for wrens :
And let no fowl of ravin do effray,
Nor devour birds but his own prey!’

Then callèd she all Flowers that grew on field,
Discerning all their fashions and effeirs.
Upon the awful Thistle she beheld,
And saw him kept with a bush of spears :
Considering him so able for the wars,
A radiant crown of rubies she him gave,
And said, ‘In Field go forth, and ’fend the lave !’

'And, sen thou art a King, thou be discreet!

Herb without virtue thou hold not of such price
As herb of virtue and of odour sweet!

And let no Nettle vile, and full of vice,
Her fellow to the goodly *Fleur de Lis*!

Nor let no wild weed, full of churlishness,
Compare her till the Lily's nobleness!

'Nor hold none other flower in such dainty

As the fresh Rose, of colour red and white!
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty!

Consid'ring that no flower is so perfite,
So full of virtue, pleasance, and delight!

So full of blissful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity!

Then to the Rose she turnèd her visage,

And said, 'O, lusty Daughter! most benign,
Above the Lily, illustrious of lineage,

From the stock royal rising fresh and ying,
But any spot or macule doing spring:

Come, Bloom of Joy! with gems to be crowned;
For, o'er the lave, thy beauty is renowned!

A costly crown, with clarified stones bright,

This comely Queen did on her head enclose,
While all the land illumined of the light:

Wherefore, methought, all flowers did rejoice,
Crying at once, 'Hail, be thou, richest Rose!

Hail, herbs' Empress! Hail, freshest Queen of
Flowers!

To thee be glory and honour at all hours!

Then all the Birdès sang with voice on hight;
Whose mirthful sound was marvellous to hear.
The Mavis sang, 'Hail, Rose most rich and right!
That dost up-flourish under PHŒBUS' Sphere!
Hail, plant of youth! Hail, Princess, daughter dear!
Hail, blossom breaking out of the blood royal;
Whose precious virtue is imperial!'

The Merle, she sang, 'Hail, Rose of most delight!
Hail, of all Flowers Queen and Sovereign!'
The Lark, she sang, 'Hail, Rose, both red and white!
Most pleasant flower, of mighty colours twain!'
The Nightingale sang, 'Hail, Nature's suffragan
In beauty, nurture, and every nobleness!
In rich array, renown, and gentleness!'

The common voice uprose of Birdès small,
Upon this wise, 'O, blessed be the hour,
That thou wast chosen to be our Principal!
Welcome to be our Princess of honour!
Our pearl, our pleasance, and our paramour!
Our peace, our play, our plain felicity!
CHRIST thee conserve from all adversity!'

Then all the Birdès sang with such a shout,
That I anon awoke where that I lay;
And, with a braid, I turnèd me about
To see this Court: but all were went away!
Then up I leaned, halfings in affray;
And thus I wrote, as ye have heard to forrow,
Of lusty May upon the ninth morrow.

THE DANCE OF
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

OF Februar', the fifteenth night,
Full long before the dayè light,
I lay in till a trance;
And then, I saw both Heaven and Hell.
Methought, among the fiendès fell,
MAHOUN gart cry a Dance
Of Shrews that were never shriven,
Against the Feast of Fastern's Even,
To make their observance.
He bade Gallants go graith a Guise;
And cast up gambols to the skies,
That last came out of France.

'Let see,' quod he, 'now who begins?'
With that, the foul Seven Deadly Sins
Began to leap at once.
And first of all in dance was PRIDE,
With hair wyld back, and bonnet on side,
Like to make waste wanis;
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hung, all in rumples, to the heel,
His kethat for the nonce.
Many proud *trompeur* with him tripped:
Through scalding fire, aye, as they skipped,
They grinned with hideous groans.

Proud Harlots, in haughty wise,
Came in, with many sundry guise;
But yet laughed never MAHOUN
Until Priests came in, with bare shaven necks;
Then all the fiends laughed, and made gecks,
BLACK BELLY and BAWSY BROWN.

Then, IRE came in with sturt and strife,
His hand was aye upon his knife.
He brandished like a bear.
Boasters, Braggarts, and Bargainers,
After him, passèd in to pairs,
All ready in feir of war.

In jacks, and scrips, and bonnets of steel,
Their legs were chainèd to the heel,
Forward was their affair:
Some, upon others with brandès beft;
Some jaggèd others to the heft,
With knives, that sharp could shear.

Next, in the Dance, followed ENVY,
Filled full of feud and felony,
Hid malice and despite;
For privy hatred that traitor trembled!
Him followed many freke dissembled,
With feignèd wordès white;

And Flatterers in to men's faces,
And Backbiters of sundry races,
 To lie that had delight;
 And Rowners of false leasings.
 Alas! that Courts of noble Kings
Of them can never be quit!

Next, in the Dance, came COVATICE,
Root of all evil, and ground of vice;
 That never could be content!
 Cowards, wretches, and okerers,
 Misers, hoarders, and gatherers,
All with that warlock went!

Out of their throats, they shot on other[s]
Hot molten gold, methought, a fodder,
 As lightning most fervent:
 Aye, as they emptied them of shot,
 Fiends filled them anew up to the throat,
With gold of all kinds [of] print.

Syne, SWEIRNESS, at the second bidding,
Came like a sow out of a midding,
 Full sleepy was his face.
 Many lazy stupid glutton,
 Many slattern daw and sleepy sloven,
Him servèd aye with sounyie.

He drew them forth in till a chain,
And BELIAL, with a bridle rein,
Ever lashed them on the lunyie.
In Dance, they were so slow of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat;
And made them quicker of counyie.

Then, LECHERY, that loathly corse,
Neighing like a bagit horse;
And IDLENESS did him lead.
There were with him an ugly sort;
And mony stinking foul tramort,
That had in sin been dead.

When they were entered in the Dance,
They were full strange of countenance,
Like turquoise burning red . . .

Then, the foul monster GLUTTONY,
Of wame insatiable and greedy,
To dance he did him dress.
Him followed mony foul drunkard,
With can and collep, cup and quart,
In surfeit and excess.

Full many a waist-less wallydrag,
With wames unwieldy, did forth wag,
In grease that did increase.

‘Drink!’ aye they cried, with many a gape.
The fiends gave them hot lead to lap;
Their lovery was no less.

No Minstrels played to them, but doubt!
For Gleemen there, were holden out
By day, and eke by night:

Except a Minstrel that slew a man;
So till his heritage he wan,
And entered by *Brief of right*.

Then, cried MAHOUN for a Highland Pageant.
Syne, ran a fiend to fetch MAKFADYANE,
Far northward in a nook.

By he the Coronach had done shout,
Erschemen so gathered him about,
In Hell great room they took.

Those termagants, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersche began to clatter;
And croak like raven and rook.

The Devil so devit was, with their yell,
That in the deepest pit of Hell,
He smothered them with smoke.

Now coolèd is Dame VENUS' brand,
True love's fire is aye kindilland ;
And I begin to understand,
 In feignèd love what folly been !
 Now comes Age, where Youth has been ;
 And true love rises from the spleen !

Until VENUS' fire be dead and cold,
True love's fire never burns bold !
So as the one love waxes old,
 The other does increase more keen !
 Now comes Age, where Youth has been ;
 And true love rises from the spleen !

No man has courage for to write
What pleasance is in love perfite,
That has in feignèd love delight ;
 Their kinds are so contrary clean !
 Now comes Age, where Youth has been ;
 And true love rises from the spleen !

Full well is him, that may imprint,
Or any ways his heart consent
To turn to true love his intent ;
 And still the quarrel to sustain.
Now comes Age, where Youth has been ;
And true love rises from the spleen !

I have experience by mysel !
In Love's Court once did I dwell ;
But where I, of a joy could tell,
 I could of trouble tell fifteen !
Now comes Age, where Youth has been ;
And true love rises from the spleen !

Before, where that I was in dread ;
Now, have I comfort for to speed !
Where I had maugre for my meed ;
 I trust reward, and thanks between !
Now comes Age, where Youth has been ;
And true love rises from the spleen !

Where Love was wont me to displease ;
Now find I in to Love great ease !
Where I had danger and dis-ease ;
 My breast all comfort does contain !
Now comes Age, where Youth has been ;
And true love rises from the spleen !

Where I was hurt with jealousy,
And would no Lover were but I;
Now, where I love, I would all wy,
As well as I, lovèd, I ween!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen!

Before, where I durst not, for shame,
My Love discover, nor tell her name;
Now think I worship were and fame,
To all the World that it were seen!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen!

Before no wight I did complain,
So did her danger me derene;
And now, I set not by a bean
Her beauty, nor her two fair een!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen.

I have a Love, fairer of face,
Whom in no danger may have place;
Which will me guerdon give and grace,
And mercy aye, when I me mene!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen!

Unquit I do no thing, nor sain;
Nor wairis a love's thought in vain!
I shall be as well loved again!
There may no jangler me prevene!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen!

A Love so fair, so good, so sweet,
So rich, so ruthful, and discreet,
And for the kind of Man so meet,
Never more shall be; nor yet has been!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen!

Is none so true a Love is He,
That, for true love of us, did de!
He should be loved again, thinks me,
That would so fain our love obtain!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen!

Is none, but grace of GOD, I wiss,
That can in youth consider this!
This false deceiving Worldès bliss
So guides Man, in flowers green!
Now comes Age, where Youth has been;
And true love rises from the spleen!

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

AUGUST 19, 1388.

The army of Sir HENRY PERCY, who was called HOTSPUR, fell upon the Scotch Camp at Otterburn in Redesdale, some thirty miles north-west of Newcastle, in the dusk; and the two armies fought desperately all night, by the light of the moon. DOUGLAS was killed; and PERCY taken prisoner. The English were three to one of the Scotch in this battle. The present text is from a manuscript that was written about 1410.

THE FIRST FIT, OR FYTTE.

It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When husbands win their hay,
The doughty DOUGLAS bound him to ride,
In England to take a prey.

The Earl of FIFE, withouten strife,
He bound him over Solway:
The Great would ever together ride.
That raysse they may rue for aye!

Over Ottercap Hill they came in,
And so down by Rodeley Cragg;
Upon Green Leyton they lighted down,
Stirring many a stag.

And boldly brent Northumberland,
And harried many a town.
They did our Englishmen great wrong;
To battle that were not boun.

Then spake a Berne, upon the bent,
Of comfort that was not cold;
And said, 'We have brent Northumberland!
We have all wealth in hold!

'Now we have harried all Bamburghshire!
All the wealth in the world have we!
I rede we ride to New Castle,
So still and stalworthly!'

Upon the morrow, when it was day,
The Standards shone full bright.
To the New Castle they took the way;
And thither they came full right.

Sir HENRY PERCY lay at the New Castle.
I tell you withouten dread,
He had been a March-man all his days;
And kept Berwick-upon-Tweed.

To the New Castle, when they came,
The Scots, they cried on hight,
'Sir HARRY PERCY! and thou be'st within,
Come to the Field, and fight!

'For we have brent Northumberland,
Thy heritage good and right;
And syne my lodging I have take;
With my brand, dubbed many a Knight!'

Sir HARRY PERCY came to the walls,
The Scottish host for to see,
And said, 'And thou hast brent Northumberland,
Full sore it rueth me!

'If thou hast harried all Bamburgshire,
Thou hast done me great envy!
For the trespass thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die!'

'Where shall I bide thee,' said the DOUGLAS,
'Or where wilt thou come to me?'
'At Otterburn, in the High Way,
There, mayst thou well lodgèd be!

'The roe full reckless there she runs,
To make thee game and glee!
The falcon and the pheasant both,
Among the holts on high!

'There, mayst thou have thy wealth at will!
Well lodgèd there mayst be!
It shall not be long or I come thee till!'
Said Sir HARRY PERCY.

'There, shall I bide thee,' said the DOUGLAS,
'By the faith of my body!'
'Thither shall I come,' said Sir HARRY PERCY,
'My troth I plight to thee!'

A pipe of wine, he gave them over the walls,
Forsooth! as I you say.
There, he made the DOUGLAS drink,
And all his host that day.

The DOUGLAS turned him homeward again,
Forsooth! withouten Nay!
He took his lodging at Otterburn,
Upon a Wednesday.

And there he pitched his Standard down,
His getting more and less;
And, syne, he warned his men to go,
To choose their geldings grass.

A Scottish Knight hoved upon the bent,
A Watch, I dare well say;
So was he 'ware of the noble PERCY,
In the dawning of the day.

He pricked to his Pavilion door,
As fast as he might run,
'Awaken, DOUGLAS!' cried the Knight,
'For his love that sits in throne!

'Awaken, DOUGLAS!' cried the Knight,
'For thou mayst waken with win!
Yonder have I spied the proud PERCY,
And seven Standards with him!'

'Nay! by my troth!' the DOUGLAS said,
'It is but a feigned tale!
He durst not look on my broad banner,
For all England so haylle!

'Was I not, yesterday, at the New Castle,
That stands so fair on Tyne?
For all the men the PERCY had,
He could not gar me once to dine!'

He stepped out at his Pavilion door,
To look and it were less;
'Array you, Lordings! one and all!
For here begins no peace!

'The Earl of MENTEITH, thou art my eme!
The Forward I give to thee!
The Earl of HUNTLEY, cawte and keen,
He shall with thee be!

‘The Lord of BUCHAN, in armour bright,
On the other hand he shall be!
Lord JOHNSTONE and Lord MAXWELL,
They two shall be with me.

‘SWINTON FAIRFIELD, upon your pride,
To battle make you boun!
Sir DAVID SCOT, Sir Walter STEWART,
Sir JOHN of HAGGERSTON!’

THE SECOND FIT, OR FYTTE.

The PERCY came before his host,
Which was ever a gentle Knight,
Upon the DOUGLAS loud can he cry,
‘I will hold that I have hight!

‘For thou hast brent Northumberland,
And done me great envy!
For this trespass thou hast me done,
The one of us shall die!’

The DOUGLAS answered him again,
With great words upon high,
And said, ‘I have twenty against thy one;
Behold! and thou mayst see!’

With that, the PERCY was grievèd sore,
Forsooth! as I you say,
He lighted down upon his feet,
And schoot his horse clean away.

Every man saw that he did so,
That royal was ever in rought,
Every man schoot his horse him fro,
And 'light him round about.

Thus Sir HARRY PERCY took the Field,
Forsooth! as I you say,
JESU CHRIST, in Heaven on high,
Did help him well that day.

But nine thousand, there were no mo!
The *Chronicle* will not layne!
Forty thousand of Scots, and four,
That day, fought them again.

But when the battle began to join,
In haste there came a Knight.
The letters fair forth hath he ta'en,
And thus he said full right.

'My Lord! Your father, he greets you well;
With many a noble Knight!
He desires you to bide,
That he may see this fight.

‘The Baron of GREYSTOKE is come out of the West,
With him a noble company;
All they lodge at your father’s this night,
And the battle fain would they see!’

‘For JESU’s love,’ said Sir HARRY PERCY,
‘That died for you and me,
Wend to my Lord my father again;
And say, “Thou saw’st me not with ye!”

‘My troth is plight to yon Scottish Knight,
It needs me not to layne!
That I should bide him upon this bent;
And I have his troth again!

‘And if that I wind off this ground,
Forsooth! unfoughten, away;
He would me call but a coward Knight,
In his land, another day.

‘Yet had I lever to be rinde and rent,
By MARY that mickle May!
Than ever my manhood should be reproved
With a Scot, another day.

‘Wherefore, shoot, Archers! for my sake;
And let sharp arrows flee!
Minstrels! play up, for your warison;
And well quit ye shall be!

‘Every man think on his True Love;
And mark him to the Trinity!
For to GOD I make mine avow,
This day will I not flee!’

The Bloody Hart in the DOUGLAS Arms,
His Standard stood on high,
That every man might full well know.
Beside stood Starrès Three.

The White Lion, on the English part,
Forsooth! as I you sain;
The Luces and the Crescents both.
Thè Scots fought them again.

Upon St. ANDREW loud can they cry,
And thrice they shout on hight;
And syne marched them on our English men,
As I have told you right.

Saint GEORGE the bright, our Lady’s Knight,
To name they were full fain.
Our English men, they cried on hight;
And thrice they shout again.

With that, sharp arrows began to flee,
I tell you, in certain,
Men of Arms began to join;
Many a doughty man was there slain!

Anonymous.

The PERCY and the DOUGLAS met,
That either of other was fain.
They swapped together, while that they sweat,
With sword of fine Collayne.

Till the blood, from their basnets ran
As the roke doth in the rain,
'Yield thee to me!' said the DOUGLAS,
'Or else thou shalt be slain!

'For I see, by thy bright basnet,
Thou art some man of might!
And so I do, by thy burnished brand,
Thou art an Earl, or else a Knight!'

'By my good faith!' said the noble PERCY,
'Now hast thou rede full right!
Yet will I never yield me to thee,
While I may stand and fight!'

They swapped together, while that they sweat,
With swordès sharp and long;
Each on other so fast they beat,
Till their helms came in pieces down.

The PERCY was a man of strength,
I tell you, in this stound;
He smote the DOUGLAS, at the sword's length,
That he fell to the ground.

Anonymous.

The sword was sharp, and sore can bite,
I tell you in certain.
To the heart it could him smite.
Thus was the DOUGLAS slain.

The Standards stood still, on each side,
With many a grievous groan.
There they fought the day and all the night;
And many a doughty man was slain.

There was no freke that there would fly,
But stiffly in stour can stand;
Each one hewing on other, while they might dry,
With many a baleful brand.

There were slain, upon the Scots side,
Forsooth and certainly!
Sir JAMES A DOUGLAS there was slain,
That day that he could die.

The Earl of MENTEITH, he was slain,
Grisly groaned upon the ground;
Sir DAVID SCOT, Sir WALTER STEWART,
Sir JOHN of HAGGERSTON.

Sir CHARLES MURRAY in that place,
That never a foot would fly;
Sir HUGH MAXWELL, a Lord he was,
With the DOUGLAS did he die.

There were slain, upon the Scots side,
Forsooth! as I you say,
Of four and forty thousand Scots,
Went but eighteen away.

There were slain, upon the English side,
Forsooth and certainly!
A gentle Knight, Sir JOHN FITZ-HUGH,
It was the more pity!

Sir JAMES HARBOTTLE there was slain;
For him, their hearts were sore.
The gentle COVELL there was slain;
That the PERCIES' Standard bore.

There were slain, upon the English part,
Forsooth! as I you say,
Of nine thousand Englishmen,
Five hundred came away.

The others were slain in the Field.
CHRIST keep their souls from woe!
Seeing there were so few friends
Against so many a foe.

Then, on the morn, they made them biers
Of birch and hazel gray:
Many a Widow, with weeping tears,
Their Makes, they fetched away.

Anonymous.

This fray began at Otterburn,
Between the night and the day:
There, the DOUGLAS lost his life;
And the PERCY was led away.

Then was there a Scottish prisoner ta'en,
Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY was his name:
Forsooth! as I you say,
He borrowed the PERCY home again.

Now let us all, for the PERCY pray,
To JESU most of might!
To bring his soul to the bliss of Heaven;
For he was a gentle Knight.

CHEVY CHACE.

Chevy Chace = Cheviot Chase. A Chase was a private Forest for hunting in; but which was not enclosed like a Park. This Poem is a pure invention. But even supposing that the Hunting of the Cheviot did actually occur, the incident must have been some twelve years later than *The Battle of Otterburn*. For the Poem places it between the accession of King HENRY IV on September 30, 1399, and the battle of Homildon, or Humble Down, Hill on September 14, 1402.

HOTSPUR was killed at the battle of Shrewsbury on July 21, 1403.

THE EARLIER VERSION.

This occurs in *Ash. MS.* 48 in the Bodleian Library, which manuscript was written about 1558.

[*THE FIRST FIT, OR FYTTE.*]

THE PERCY, out of Northumberland, and a vow to GOD made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains of Cheviot within days three.
In the maugre of doughty DOUGLAS and all that ever with him be,
The fattest harts in all Cheviot, he said, he would kill, and carry them away!
'By my faith!' said the doughty DOUGLAS again, 'I will let that hunting,
if that I may!'

Then the PERCY out of Bamborough came, with him a mighty meiny,
With fifteen hundred Archers bold of blood and bone, they were chosen
out of shires three.

This began on a Monday, at morn, in Cheviot the hills so he;
The child may rue, that is unborn, it was the more pity!
The drivers, through the woods, went for to raise the deer,
Bowmen bickered upon the bent, with their broad arrows clear;
Then the wild, through the woods, went on every side shear,
Greyhounds through the groves glent, for to kill their deer.
They began in Cheviot the hills above, early on a Monday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon, a hundred fat harts dead there lay.

They blew a Mo[r]t, upon the bent; they assembled, on sides shear,
To the quarry. Then the PERCY went to see the brittling of the deer.
He said, 'It was the DOUGLAS' promise, this day to meet me here;
But I wist he would fail verament!' A great oath the PERCY swore.

At the last, a Squire of Northumberland looked at his hand full nigh,
He was 'ware of the doughty DOUGLAS' coming, with him a mighty meiny.
Both with spear, bill, and brand, it was a mighty sight to see!
Hardier men, both of heart nor hand, were not in Christianity!
There were twenty hundred Spearmen good, without any fail.
They were born along by the water of Tweed, i' th' bounds of Tividale.
'Leave off the brittling of the deer,' he said, 'and to your bows look
ye take good heed; [need!'

For never, sith ye were on your mothers born, had ye never so mickle
The doughty DOUGLAS, on a steed he rode, all his men before.
His armour glittered as did a gleeed, a bolder Barne was never born!
'Tell me, whose men ye are?' he says, 'or whose men that ye be?
Who gave you leave to hunt in this Cheviot Chase, in the spite of mine
and of me?' [PERCY.

The first man that ever him an answer made, it was the good Lord
'We will not tell thee, whose men we are,' he says, 'nor whose men
that we be;

But we will hunt here in this Chase, in the spite of thine and of thee!
The fattest harts in all Cheviot we have killed, and cast to carry them
away!'

'By my troth!' said the doughty DOUGLAS again, 'therefor the one
of us shall die this day!'

Then said the doughty DOUGLAS unto the Lord PERCY,
'To kill all these guiltless men, alas! it were great pity! [country :
But, PERCY! thou art a Lord of land! I am an Earl called, within my
Let all our men upon a party stand, and do the battle of thee and of me!'
'Now CHRIST's curse on his crown,' said the Lord PERCY, 'whosoever
thereto says "Nay!"

By my troth! doughty DOUGLAS!' he says, 'thou shalt never see that day!
Neither in England, Scotland, nor France, nor for no man of a woman
born,

But, and Fortune be my chance, I dare meet him, one man for one!
Then bespake a Squire of Northumberland, RICHARD WITHER-
INGTON was his name,

'It shall never be told in South England,' he says, 'to King HARRY the Fourth, for shame!

I wot you be great Lords two, I am a poor Squire of land. [look on! I will never see my Captain fight on a Field; and stand myself, and But while I may my weapon wield, I will not fail, both heart and hand!'

That day! that day! that dreadful day, the First Fit here I fine; And you will hear any more of The Hunting of the Cheviot, yet is there more behind.

[*THE SECOND FIT, OR FYTTE.*]

The English men had their bows ybent, their hearts were good enough. The first of arrows that they shot off, seven score Spearmen they slew. Yet bides the Earl DOUGLAS upon the bent, a Captain good enough; And that was seen verament, for he wrought them both woe and wouche. The DOUGLAS parted his host in three, like a chief Chieftain of pride: With sure spears of mighty trees, they came in on every side Through our English Archery, gave many a wound full wide; Many a doughty, they gared to die, which gainèd them no pride. The English men let their bows be, and pulled out brands that were bright, It was a heavy sight to see, bright swords on basnets light! Through rich mail and myneyeple many stern the stroke down straight, Many a freke, that was full free, there under foot did light.

At last, the DOUGLAS and the PERCY met. Like two Captains of might and of main, [Milan.

They swapt together till they both swat, with swords that were of fine These worthy frekes for to fight, thereto they were full fain, Till the blood out of their basnets sprent as ever did hail or rain.

'Yield thee, PERCY!' said the DOUGLAS, 'and, in faith! I shall thee bring

Where thou shalt have an Earl's wages of JAMY our Scottish King! Thou shalt have thy ransom free, I hight thee here this thing; For the manfullest man yet art thou, that ever I conquered in Field fighting!'

'Nay!' said the Lord PERCY, 'I told it thee before, That I would never yielded be to no man of a woman born!'

Anonnyous.

With that, there came an arrow hastily forth of a mighty wane,
It hath stricken the Earl DOUGLAS in at the breast-bone.
Through liver and lungs both the sharp arrow is gone,
That never after, in all his life days, he spake mo words but one,
That was, 'Fight ye, my merry men! whiles ye may; for my life days
be gone!'

The PERCY leanèd on his brand, and saw the DOUGLAS die;
He took the dead man by the hand, and said, 'Woe is me, for thee!
To have saved thy life, I would have parted with my lands for years three!
For a better man of heart nor of hand was not in all the North Country!'

Of all that, saw a Scottish Knight, was called Sir HUGH the MONT-
GOMERY, [a trusty tree,
He saw the DOUGLAS to the death was dight. He spendèd a spear,
He rode upon a courser through a hundred Archery,
He never stinted, nor never blane, till he came to the good Lord PERCY.
He set upon the Lord PERCY a dint that was full sore.
With a sure spear of a mighty tree, clean through the body he the
PERCY bore [more.

[Out] at the other side, that a man might see a large cloth-yard and
Two better Captains were not in Christianity than that day slain were
there.

An Archer of Northumberland saw slain was the Lord PERCY.
He bore a bent bow in his hand, was made of trusty tree,
An arrow, that a cloth-yard was long, to the hard steel hauled he.
A dint, that was both sad and sore, he set on Sir HUGH the MONT-
GOMERY.

The dint, it was both sad and sore, that he on MONTGOMERY set;
The swan-feathers, that his arrow bare, with his heart's blood they
were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee; but still in stour did
stand;
Hewing on each other, while they might dree, with many a baleful brand.
This battle began in Cheviot an hour before the noon;
And when Even Song bell was rung, the battle was not half done.
They took, on either hand, by the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand in Cheviot the hills abone.
Of fifteen hundred Archers of England went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred Spearmen of Scotland, but even five and fifty.

Anonymous.

But all were slain Cheviot within, they had no strength to stand on high.

The child may rue, that is unborn, it was the more pity!

There were slain, with the Lord PERCY, Sir JOHN of HAGGERSTON.
Sir ROGER the hende HARTLEY, Sir WILLIAM the bold HERON,
Sir GEORGE the worthy LUMLEY, a Knight of great renown,
Sir RALPH the rich RUGBY; with dints were beaten down.

For WITHERINGTON my heart was woe, that ever he slain should be!
For when both his legs were hewn in two; yet he kneeled and fought
on his knee. [GOMERY;

There were slain, with the doughty DOUGLAS, Sir HUGH the MONT-
Sir DAVID LEWDALE, that worthy was, his sister's son was he.
Sir CHARLES A MURRAY, in that place, that never a foot would flee!
Sir HUGH MAXWELL, a Lord he was, with the DOUGLAS did he die.

So, on the morrow, they made them biers of birch and hazel so gay.
Many Widows, with weeping tears, came to fetch their Makes away.
Tividale may carp of care! Northumberland may make great moan!
For two such Captains as slain were there, on the March parts shall
never be none!

Word is comen to Edinburgh, to JAMY the Scottish King,
That doughty DOUGLAS, Lieutenant of the Marches, he lay slain Cheviot
within.

His hands did he weal and wring. He said, 'Alas! and woe is me!
Such another Captain, Scotland within,' he said, 'i'faith! should
never be.'

Word is comen to lovely London, till the fourth HARRY our King,
That Lord PERCY, chief 'Tenant of the Marches, he lay slain Cheviot
within.

'GOD have mercy on his soul!' said King HARRY. 'Good LORD! if
thy will it be, [was he!

I have a hundred Captains in England,' he said, 'as good as ever
But, PERCY! and I brook my life, thy death well 'quite shall be!'

As our noble King made his avow, like a noble Prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord PERCY, he did the battle of Humble Down;
Where six and thirty Scottish Knights, on a day, were beaten down.
Glendale glittered on their armour bright, over castle, tower, and town.

Anonymous.

This was The Hunting of the Cheviot, that there began this spurn!
Old men, that know the ground well enough, call it The Battle of
Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurn, upon a Monday.
There, was the doughty DOUGLAS slain! The PERCY never went away!
There was never a time, in the March parts, sen the DOUGLAS and
the PERCY met,
But it is marvel and the red blood run not, as the rain does in the street.
JESUS CHRIST, our bale's bete! and to the bliss us bring!
Thus was The Hunting of the Cheviot. GOD send us all good ending!

THE LATER VERSION.

This is found in the *Bishop Percy Folio MS.*, now *Add. MS.* 27,879 in the
British Museum. It was written about 1650.

THE FIRST PART.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
Our lives and safety all!
A woeful Hunting once there was
In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer, with hound and horn,
Earl PERCY took the way;
The child may rue, that is unborn,
The hunting of that day!

The stout Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,
A vow to GOD did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods,
Three summer days to take;

Anonymous.

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase,
To kill and bear away!
These tidings to Earl DOUGLAS came
In Scotland, where he lay.

Who sent Earl PERCY present word,
He would prevent that sport!
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran
To chase the fallow deer.
On Monday, they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain:
Then, having dined, the drovers went
To rouse the deer again. . . .

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
That, with their cries, the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord PERCY, to the quarry went,
To view the tender deer,
Quoth he, 'Earl DOUGLAS promised once
This day to meet me here:

'But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay!'
With that, a brave young Gentleman,
Thus to the Earl did say,

'Lo! yonder doth Earl DOUGLAS come!
His men in armour bright!
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight!

'All pleasant men of Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.'
'O, cease your sports!' Earl PERCY said,
'And take your bows with speed!'

'And now with me, my countrymen!
Your courage forth advance!
For there was never Champion yet,
In Scotland, nor in France,

'That ever did on horseback come;
And, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
With him to break a spear!'

Anonymous.

Earl DOUGLAS, on his milk-white steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

‘Shew me,’ said he, ‘whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here?
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow deer?’

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble PERCY he,
Who said, ‘We list not to declare,
Nor shew, whose men we be!’

‘Yet we will spend our dearest blood
Thy chiefest harts to slay!’
Then DOUGLAS swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say,

‘Ere thus I will outbravèd be,
One of us two shall die!
I know thee well! An Earl thou art,
Lord PERCY! So am I!

‘But, trust me, PERCY! pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Then any of these, our guiltless men!
For they have done none ill.

‘Let thou and I, the battle try;
And set our men aside!’
‘Accursed be he,’ Earl PERCY said,
‘By whom it is denied!’

Then stepped a gallant Squire forth,
WITHERINGTON was his name,
Who said, ‘I would not have it told
To HENRY our King, for shame,

‘That e’er my Captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on!
You be two Earls,’ quoth WITHERINGTON,
‘And I a Squire alone.

‘I’ll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand!
While I have power to wield my sword,
I’ll fight with heart and hand!’

Our English Archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true!
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew!

‘To drive the deer, with hound and horn!’
PERCY bade, on the bent.
Two Captains moved, with mickle might,
Their spears to shivers went.

Anonymous.

They closed full fast, on every side;
No slackness there was found:
But many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O, CHRIST! it was great grief to see,
How each man chose his spear;
And how the blood, out of their breasts
Did gush, like water clear!

At last, these two stout Earls did meet.
Like Captains of great might,
Like lions wood, they laid on load!
They made a cruel fight!

They fought, until they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steel,
Till blood adown their cheeks, like rain,
They trickling down did feel.

‘O, yield thee, PERCY!’ DOUGLAS said,
‘And, in faith! I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high avancèd be,
By JAMES, our Scottish King!

‘Thy ransom I will freely give!
And this report of thee,
“Thou art the most courageous Knight,
That ever I did see!”’

'No! DOUGLAS!' quoth Earl PERCY then,
 'Thy proffer I do scorn!
I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born!'

With that, there came an arrow keen
 Out of an English bow,
Which scorched Earl DOUGLAS on the breast,
 A deep and deadly blow.

Who never said more words than these,
 'Fight on, my merry men all!
For why? My life is at an end!
 Lord PERCY sees my fall!'

Then leaving life, Earl PERCY took
 The dead man by the hand,
Who said, 'Earl DOUGLAS! for thy sake,
 Would I had lost my land!

'O, CHRIST! my very heart doth bleed
 For sorrow, for thy sake!
For, sure, a more redoubted Knight,
 Mischance could never take!'

A Knight, amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw Earl DOUGLAS die;
Who straight in heart did vow revenge
 Upon the Lord PERCY.

THE SECOND PART.

Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY was he called ;
Who, with a spear full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And passed the English Archers all,
Without all dread or fear ;
And through Earl PERCY's body then
He thrust his hateful spear

With such a vehement force and might,
That his body he did gore :
The staff ran through the other side,
A large cloth-yard and more !

Thus did both those Nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain.
An English Archer then perceived
The noble Earl was slain.

He had a good bow in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree.
An arrow of a cloth-yard long,
To the hard head hauled he.

Against Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY,
His shaft full right he set ;
The grey-goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet.

Anonymous.

This fight, from break of day did last
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rang the Evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

With stout Earl PERCY there were slain
Sir JOHN of EGERTON,
Sir ROBERT HARCLIFFE, and Sir WILLIAM,
Sir JAMES, that bold Baron.

And with Sir GEORGE and Sir JAMES,
Both Knights of good account,
And good Sir RALPH REBBY there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For WITHERINGTON needs must I wail,
As one in too full dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps!

And with Earl DOUGLAS, there were slain
Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY ;
And Sir CHARLES MORRELL, that from Field
One foot would never flee.

Sir ROGER HEVER of Harcliffe too,
His sister's son was he :
Sir DAVID LAMBWELL well esteemed ;
But savèd he could not be!

Anonymous.

And the Lord MAXWELL, in like case,
With DOUGLAS he did die.
Of twenty hundred Scottish Spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly!

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy Chase were slain,
Under the greenwood tree.

Next day, did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail:
They washed their wounds in brinish tears;
But all would not prevail!

Their bodies, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away.
They kissed them, dead, a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

The news was brought to Edinborough,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl DOUGLAS suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

'O, heavy news!' King JAMES can say,
'Scotland may witness be,
I have not any Captain more
Of such account as he!'

Like tidings to King HENRY came,
Within as short a space,
That PERCY of Northumberland,
In Chevy Chase was slain.

‘Now, GOD be with him!’ said our King,
‘Sith it will no better be ;
I trust I have, within my realm,
Five hundred as good as he !

‘Yet shall not Scots, nor Scotland, say
But I will vengeance take ;
And be revengèd on them all,
For brave Earl PERCY’s sake !’

This vow the King did well perform
After, on Humble Down.
In one day, fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great renown ;

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus endeth The Hunting in Chevy Chase,
Made by the Earl PERCY.

GOD save our King ; and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace !
And grant henceforth, that foul debate,
‘Twixt Noblemen may cease !

SIR PENNY.

Go bet, PENNY! go bet, go!
For thou mayst make both friend and foe!

PENNY is a hardy Knight!
PENNY is mickle of might!
PENNY, of wrong he maketh right,
In every country where he go!

Though I have a man yslaw,
And forfeited the King's law;
I shall find a Man of Law
Will take my penny, and let me go!

And if I have to do far, or near,
And PENNY be my messenger;
Then am I nothing in dwer,
My cause shall be well ydo!

And if I have pence both good and fine,
Men will bid me to the wine!
'That I have, shall be thine!'
Sickerly they will say so!

And when I have none in my purse,
Penny bet, ne penny worse,
Of me they hold but little force!
'He was a man, let him go!'

TRIBUTES OF HONOUR TO CHAUCER.

I.

WITH heart as trembling as the leaf of asp,
Father! syn that ye me redè to do so;
Of my simple conceit will I the clasp
Undo, and let it at his largè go!
But, wellaway! so is mine heartè woe
That the Honour of the English Tongue is dead;
Of which I wont was have counsel and rede.

O, Master dear! and Father reverent!
My Master, CHAUCER! Flower of Eloquence!
Mirror of fructuous entendement!
O, universal Father in science!
Alas! that thou, thine excellent prudence,
In thy bed mortal, mightst nought bequeath!
What ailèd DEATH? Alas! why would he slay
thee?

O, DEATH! thou didst not harm singular,
In slaughter of him; but all this land it smarteth!
But, natheless, yet hast thou no power
His name [to] slay! His high virtue astarteth,
Unslain, from thee! which aye us lively hearteth
With bookès of his ornate inditing,
That are, to all this land enlumining.

Hast thou not eke my Master, GOWER, slain?
Whose virtue I am insufficient
For to describe, I wot well in certain!
For to slay all this World thou hast ymeant!
But syn our LORD CHRIST was obedient
To thee, in faith! I can no further say!
His creature's mosten thee obey!

II.

Simple is my ghost, and scarce my Literature,
Unto your Excellencè for to write
Mine inward love; and yet in adventure
Will I me put, though I can but lyte.
My dearè Master (GOD his soulè quite!)
And Father, CHAUCER, fain would have me taught;
But I was dull, and learnèd lyte or naught!

Alas! my worthy Master honourable!
This land's very Treasure and Richesse!
Death, by thy death, hath harm irreparable
Unto us done! Her vengeable duress
Despoilèd hath this land of the sweetness
Of Rhetoric: for unto TULLIUS
Was never man so like amongst us!

Also, who was higher in Philosophy
To ARISTOTLE, in our tongue, but thou?
The steppès of VIRGIL in Poesy
Thou followed'st eke, men wot well enow!
That Cumber-world, that thee, my Master! slew,
Would I slain were! DEATH was too hasty
To run on thee, and 'reavè thee thy life!

Death hath but small consideration
Unto the Virtuuous, I have espied!
No more, as sheweth the probation,
Than to a vicious master Losel tried!
Among a heap, every man is mastered
With her, as well the poor as is the rich!
Learnèd and lewd eke standen all alike!

She might have tarried her vengeance a while,
Till that some man had equal to thee be!
Nay! let be that! She knew well that this Isle
May never man forth bringè like to thee!
And her office needès do must she!
GOD bade her so! I trust as for the best!
O, Master! Master! GOD, thy soul rest!

III.

The first Finder of our fair language
Hath said, in case semblable, and others mo,
So highly well, that it is my dotage

For to express, or to touch any of tho!
Alas! My Father from the world is go!
Alas! My worthy Master, CHAUCER! him I mean.
Be thou advocate for him, Heaven's Queen!

As thou well know'st, O, Blessèd Virgin!
With loving heart and high devotion,
In thine honour, he wrote full many a line!
O, now, thine help and thy promotion
To GOD thy Sonnè, make a motion,
How he thy Servant was, Maiden MARY!
And let his soulè flower and fructify!

Although his life be quenched, the resemblance
Of him hath in me so fresh liveliness
That, to put other men in remembrance
Of his person, I have here his likeness
Do makè; to this end, in soothfastness, [mind,
That they, that have of him least thought and
By this painture, may again him find.

[*Here occurs, in the margin, HOCCLEVE'S celebrated
coloured portrait of GEOFFREY CHAUCER.*]

*ADAM BELL, CLIM OF THE CLOUGH,
AND WILLIAM OF CLOUDESLEE.*

[*THE FIRST FIT, OR FYTTE.*]

MERRY it was, in green forest,
Among the leavè green,
Where that men walk[ed], both east and west,
With bows and arrows keen,
To rise the deer out of their den :
Such sights as hath oft been seen,
As by three Yeomen of the North Country ;
By them it is, as I mean.
The one of them hight ADAM BELL,
The other CLIM of the Clough,
The third was WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE,
An Archer good enough.
They were outlawed for venison,
These three Yeomen every each one.
They swore them brethren, upon a day,
To Inglewood for to go.
Now lithe and listen, Gentlemen !
And that of mirths loveth to hear !

Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere :
WILLIAM was the wedded man,
Much more then was his care !
He said to his brethren, upon a day,
To Carlisle he would fare,
For to speak with fair ALICE his Wife,
And with his children three.
'By my troth!' said ADAM BELL,
'Not by the counsel of me!
For if ye go to Carlisle, brother!
And from this wild wood wend,
If [that] the Justice may you take,
Your life were at an end!'
'If that I come not to-morrow, brother!
By Prime to you again ;
Trust not else, but that I am take,
Or else that I am slain !'

He took his leave of his brethren two ;
And to Carlisle he is gone.
There, he knocked at his own window,
Shortly and anon.
'Where be you, fair ALICE, my Wife!
And my children three ?
Lightly let in thine [own] Husband,
WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE !'
'Alas!' then said fair ALICE,
And sighèd wondrous sore,
'This place hath been beset for you,

This half year, and more!
'Now am I here,' said CLOUDESLEE,
'I would that I in were!
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make good cheer!
She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded Wife;
And pleasèd him, with that she had,
Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an Old Wife in that place,
A little beside the fire;
Which WILLIAM had found, of charity,
More than seven year[s].
Up she rose, and walked full still,
Evil might she speed therefore!
For she had set no foot on ground
In seven year[s] before.
She went unto the Justice Hall,
As fast as she could hie.
'This night is come unto this town
WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE!'
Thereof the Justice was full fain,
And so was the Sheriff also,
'Thou shalt not travel hither, Dame! for nought!
Thy meed thou shalt have or thou go!'
They gave to her a right good gown,
Of scarlet it was, as I heard sain;
She took the gift, and home she went,
And couched her down again.

They rised the town of merry Carlisle,
In all the haste that they can;
And came thronging to WILLIAM'S house,
As fast [as] they might go.
There, they beset that good Yeoman
Round about on every side.
WILLIAM heard great noise of folks,
That hitherward [fast] hied.
ALICE opened a back window,
And lookèd all about.
She was 'ware of the Justice and Sheriff both
With a full great rout.
'Alas! treason!' crièd ALICE,
'Ever woe mayst thou be!
Go into my chamber, my Husband!' she said,
'Sweet WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE!
He took his sword and his buckler,
His bow, and his children three;
And went into his strongest chamber,
Where he thought surest to be.
Fair ALICE followed him, as a Lover true,
With a poleaxe in her hand,
'He shall be dead, that here cometh in
This door, while I may stand!'
CLOUDESLEE bent a well good bow,
That was of trysty tree;
He smote the Justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.
'GOD'S curse on his heart,' said WILLIAM,
'This day thy coat did on!

If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone!
'Yield thee, CLOUDESLEE!' said the Justice,
'And thy bow and thy arrows thee fro!
'GOD's curse on his heart,' said fair ALICE,
'That my Husband counselleth so!
'Set fire on the house,' said the Sheriff,
'Sith it will no better be;
And burn we therein WILLIAM,' he said,
'His Wife and children three!
They fired the house in many a place,
The fire flew up on high.
'Alas!' then crièd fair ALICE,
'I see we shall here die!
WILLIAM opened his back window,
That was in his chamber on high,
And, with sheets, let his Wife down,
And his children three.
'Have here my treasure,' said WILLIAM,
'My Wife and my children three!
For CHRISTÈS love! do them no harm;
But wreak you all on me!
WILLIAM shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all gone;
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bow-string burnt in two;
The sparkles burnt, and fell him on,
Good WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE:
But then was he a woeful man,
And said, 'This is a coward's death to me!

Lever I had,' said WILLIAM,
 'With my sword in the rout to run,
Than here, among mine enemies wood,
 Thus cruelly to burn!'
He took his sword and his buckler,
 And among them all he ran;
Where the people were most in press,
 He smote down many a man.
There might no man stand his stroke,
 So fiercely on them he ran.
Then they threw windows and doors on him;
 And so took that good Yeoman.
There, they him bound, both hand and foot;
 And in [a] deep dungeon him cast.

'Now, CLOUDESLEE!' said the High Justice,
 'Thou shalt be hanged in haste!'
'One vow shall I make,' said the Sheriff,
 'A pair of new Gallows shall I for thee make!
And all the Gates of Carlisle shall be shut,
 There shall no man come in thereat!
Then shall not help CLIM of the Clough,
 Nor yet [shall] ADAM BELL;
Though they came with a thousand mo;
 Nor all the devils in Hell!'
Early in the morning, the Justice uprose,
 To the Gates fast gan he go.
And commanded to be shut full close,
 Lightly every each one,
Then went he to the Market Place,

As fast as he could hie;
A pair of new Gallows there did he up set
Beside the Pillory.

A little boy stood them among,
And asked, 'What meant that Gallows tree?'
They said, 'To hang a good Yeoman,
Called WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE.'
That little boy was the Town Swineherd,
And kept there ALICE's swine;
Full oft he had seen CLOUDESLEE in the wood,
And [he had] given him there to dine.
He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the wood did go.
There met he with these wight young men,
Shortly and anon.
'Alas!' then said that little boy,
'Ye tarry here all too long!
CLOUDESLEE is taken, and 'demned to death!
All ready for to hang!'
'Alas!' then said good ADAM BELL,
'That ever we see this day!
He might here with us have dwelled,
So oft as we did him pray.
He might have tarried in green forest,
Under the shadows sheen;
And have kept both him and us in rest,
Out of trouble and teen!'
ADAM bent a right good bow;
A great hart soon had he slain.

‘Take that, child!’ he said, ‘to thy dinner,
And bring me mine arrow again!’
‘Now go we hence,’ said these wight young men,
‘Tarry we no longer here!
We shall him borrow, by God’s grace!
Though we bie it full dear!’

To Carlisle went these good Yeomen,
In a merry morning of May.
Here is a Fit of CLOUDESLEE;
And another is for to say.

[*THE SECOND FIT, OR FYTTE.*]

And when they came to merry Carlisle,
In a fair morning tide,
They found the Gates shut them until,
Round about on every side.
‘Alas!’ then said good ADAM BELL,
‘That ever we were made men!
These Gates be shut so wondrous fast,
That we may not come herein.’
Then spake him CLIM of the Clough,
‘With a wile, we will us in bring!
Let us say, “We be Messengers
Straight come now from our King!”’
ADAM said, ‘I have a letter written well,
Now let us wisely work!
We will say, “We have the King’s seal!”
I hold the Porter, no Clerk!’

Then ADAM BELL beat on the Gates,
With strokès great and strong.
The Porter heard such [a] noise thereat,
And to the Gates he throng.
'Who is there now,' said the Porter,
'That maketh all this knocking?'
'We be two Messengers,' said CLIM of the Clough,
'Be come right from our King!'
'We have a letter,' said ADAM BELL,
'To the Justice we must it bring!
Let us in, our message to do,
That we were again to our King.'
'Here cometh none in,' said the Porter,
'By Him that died on a tree!
Till a false thief be hanged,
Called WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE!'
Then spake the good Yeoman, CLIM of the Clough.
And swore, by MARY free!
'If that we stand long without,
Like a thief hangèd shalt thou be!
Lo! here we have the King's seal!
What! lourdain! art thou wood?'
The Porter had went it had been so;
And lightly did off his hood.
'Welcome be my Lord's seal!' he said,
'For that, ye shall come in!'
He opened the Gate full shortly,
An evil opening for him!
'Now are we in,' said ADAM BELL,
'Whereof we are full fain!

But CHRIST knoweth, that harrowed Hell,
How we shall come out again!’
‘Had we the keys,’ said CLIM of the Clough,
‘Right well then should we speed!
Then might we come out well enough,
When we see time and need.’
They called the Porter to counsel,
And wrung his neck in two;
And cast him in a deep dungeon,
And took his keys him fro.
‘Now am I Porter,’ said ADAM BELL,
‘See, brother! the keys have we here!
The worst Porter to merry Carlisle,
That they had this hundred year!
Now will we our bowès bend,
Into the town will we go,
For to deliver our dear brother,
Where he liveth in care and woe!’
They bent their bows [then full well],
And looked their strings were round.

The Market Place in merry Carlisle
They beset [in] that stound.
And as they lookèd them beside,
A pair of new Gallows there they see;
And the Justice, with a Quest of Swearers,
That had judged CLOUDESLEE there hangèd to be:
And CLOUDESLEE himself lay ready in a cart,
Fast [bound] both foot and hand,
And a strong rope about his neck,

All ready for to [be] hang[ed].
The Justice called to him a lad,
 CLOUDESLEE's clothes should he have,
To take the measure of that Yeoman;
 And thereafter to make his grave.
'I have seen as great a marvel,' said CLOUDESLEE,
 'As between this and Prime,
He that maketh this grave for me,
 Himself may lie therein!'
'Thou speakest proudly,' said the Justice,
 'I shall thee hang, with my hand!'
Full well [that] heard his brethren two,
 There still as they did stand.
Then CLOUDESLEE cast his eyen aside,
 'And saw his two brethren
At the corner of the Market Place,
 Ready the Justice for to chace.
'I see comfort,' said CLOUDESLEE,
 'Yet hope I well to fare!
If I might have my hands at will,
 Right little would I care!'
Then spake good ADAM BELL,
 To CLIM of the Clough so free,
'Brother! see ye mark the Justice well!
 Lo! yonder ye may him see!
And at the Sheriff shoot I will,
 Strongly with [an] arrow keen!'
A better shot in merry Carlisle,
 This seven year was not seen!
They loosed their arrows both at once,

Of no man had they dread,
The one hit the Justice, the other, the Sheriff,
That both their sides gan bleed ;
All men voided, that them stood nigh.
When the Justice fell to the ground,
And the Sheriff fell nigh him by,
Either had his deathès wound,
All the citizens fast gan fly,
They durst no longer abide !
There lightly they loosèd CLOUDESLEE,
Where he with ropes lay tied.
WILLIAM start[ed] to an Officer of the town,
His axe out of his hand he wrung ;
On each side he smote them down,
Him thought he tarried all too long !
WILLIAM said to his brethren two,
' This day let us live and die !
If ever you have need, as I have now,
The same shall you find by me !'
They shot so well, in that tide,
For their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the streets on every side,
That battle did long endure.
They fought together, as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bold ;
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And made many a heart cold.
But when their arrows were all gone,
Men pressed to them full fast :
They drew their swordès then anon,

And their bows from them cast,
They went lightly on their way,
With swords and bucklers round,
By that it was mid of the day,
They made many a wound.
There was many an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
And the bells backward did ring;
Many a woman said, 'Alas!'
And many, their hands did wring!
The Mayor of Carlisle forth come was,
And with him a full great rout.
These Yeomen dread[ed] him full sore,
For of their lives they were in great doubt.
The Mayor came, armed, a full great pace,
With a poleaxe in his hand;
Many a strong man with him was
There, in that stour to stand.
The Mayor smote at CLOUDESLEE with his bill,
His buckler he burst in two;
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
'Alas! treason!' they cried for woe.
'Keep we the Gates fast,' they bade,
'That these traitors thereout not go!'
But all for nought, was that they wrought;
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three, that so manfully fought,
Were gotten without, [at] a braid.
'Here, have your keys!' said ADAM BELL,
'Mine office I here forsake!
[And] if you do by my counsel,

A new Porter do ye make!
He threw their keys at their heads;
And bade them evil to thrive;
And all that letteth any good Yeoman
To come and comfort his Wife!

Thus be these good Yeomen gone to the wood,
As lightly as leaf on linde.
They laugh, and be merry in their mood,
Their enemies were far behind.
When they came to Inglewood,
Under their trysty tree,
There, they found bowès full good,
And arrows full great plenty.
'So GOD me help!' said ADAM BELL
And CLIM of the Clough so free,
'I would we were in merry Carlisle,
Before that fair meiny!'
They set them down, and made good cheer;
And eat and drank full well.
Here is a Fit of these wight young men,
Another I will you tell.

[*THE THIRD FIT, OR FYTTE.*]

As they sat in Inglewood,
Under their trysty tree,
They thought they heard a woman weep;
But her they might not see.

Sore sighèd the fair ALICE,
And said, 'Alas! that ever I saw this day!
For now is my dear husband slain!
Alas! and wellaway!
Might I have spoken with his dear brethren,
Or with either of them twain
[To shew them what him befell],
My heart were put out of pain.'
CLOUDESLEE walked a little beside,
And looked under the greenwood linde;
He was 'ware of his Wife and his children three,
Full woe in heart and mind.
'Welcome, Wife!' then said WILLIAM,
'Under this trysty tree!
I had weened yesterday, by sweet Saint JOHN!
Thou shouldst me never have see!'
'Now, well is me,' she said, 'that ye be here!
My heart is out of woe!'
'Dame!' he said, 'be merry and glad;
And thank my brethren two!'
'Hereof to speak,' said ADAM BELL,
'Iwis it is no boot!
The meat that we must sup withal,
It runneth yet fast on foot!'
Then went they down into a lawn,
These noble Archers all three,
Each of them slew a hart of grease,
The best they could there see.
'Have here the best! ALICE, my Wife!'
Said WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE,

Anonymous.

'Because ye so boldly stood by me,
When I was slain full nigh.'

Then went they to supper
With such meat as they had,
And thankèd GOD of their fortune.
They were both merry and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certain withouten any lease,
CLOUDESLEE said, 'We will to our King!
To get us a Charter of Peace!
ALICE shall be, at our sojourning,
In a Nunnery here beside;
My two sons shall with her go,
And there they shall abide!
Mine eldest son shall go with me,
For him have I no care!
And he shall you bring word again,
How that we do fare!'

Thus, be these Yeomen to London gone,
As fast as they might hie,
Till they came to the King's Palace,
There they would needs be;
And when they came to the King's Court,
Unto the Palace Gate,
Of no man would they ask no leave;
But boldly went in thereat.
They pressed prestly into the Hall;
Of no man had they dread.

The Porter came after, and did them call;
And with them began to chide.
The Usher said, 'Yeomen! what would ye have?
I pray you, tell [to] me!
You might thus make Officers shent!
Good Sirs! of whence be ye?'
'Sir! we be outlaws of the forest,
Certain, without any lease;
And hither we be come to our King,
To get us a Charter of Peace.'
And when they came before the King,
As it was the law of the land,
They kneelèd down, without letting,
And each held up his hand!
They said, 'Lord! we beseech thee here,
That ye will grant us grace!
For we have slain your fat fallow deer
In many a sundry place!'
'What be your names?' then said our King,
'Anon, that you tell me!'
They said, 'ADAM BELL, CLIM of the Clough,
And WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE.'
'Be ye those thieves!' then said our King,
'That men have told of to me?
Here to GOD, I make a vow,
Ye shall be hanged all three!
Ye shall be dead, without mercy,
As I am King of this land!'
He commanded his Officers every each one,
Fast on them to lay hand.

There, they took these good Yeomen;
And arrested them all three.
'So may I thrive,' said ADAM BELL,
'This game liketh not me!
But, good Lord! we beseech you now,
That you grant us grace,
Insomuch as we be to you comen;
Or else that we may from you pass,
With such weapons as we have here,
Till we be out of your place;
And if we live this hundred year,
We will ask you no grace!'
'Ye speak proudly!' said the King,
'Ye shall be hanged all three!'
'That were great pity!' then said the Queen,
'If any grace might be!
My Lord! when I came first into this land,
To be your wedded Wife,
[You said,] "The first boon that I would ask,
Ye would grant it me believe."
And I asked [you] never none till now;
Therefore, good Lord! grant it me!
'Now ask it, Madam!' said the King,
'And granted shall it be!'
'Then, good [my] Lord! I you beseech,
The[se] Yeomen grant ye me!'
'Madam! ye might have asked a boon,
That should have been worth them all three!
Ye might have asked Towers and Towns,
Parks and Forests, plenty!'

‘None so pleasant to my pay,’ she said,
‘Nor none so lief to me!’
‘Madam! sith it is your desire,
Your asking granted shall be!
But I had lever have given you,
Good market towns three!’
The Queen was a glad woman,
And said, ‘Lord! gramercy!
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shall they be!
But, good [my] Lord! speak some merry word,
That comfort they may see!’
‘I grant you grace!’ then said our King,
‘Wash, fellows! and to meat go ye!’

They had not sitten but a while,
Certain, without leasing,
There came Messengers out of the North,
With letters to our King;
And when they came before the King,
They kneeled down upon their knee,
And said, ‘Lord! Your Officers greet you well!
Of Carlisle in the North Country.’
‘How fare[s] my Justice,’ said the King,
‘And my Sheriff also?’
‘Sir! they be slain, without leasing,
And many an Officer mo!’
‘Who hath them slain?’ said the King,
‘Anon, [that] thou tell me!’

'ADAM BELL, and CLIM of the Clough,
And WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE.'
'Alas! for ruth,' then said our King,
'My heart is wondrous sore!
I had lever than a thousand pound,
I had known of this before!
For I have granted them grace;
And that forthinketh me!
But had I known all this before,
They had been hanged all three!'
The King opened the letter anon,
Himself he read it tho,
And found how these three outlaws had slain
Three hundred men and mo.
First, the Justice and the Sheriff,
And the Mayor of Carlisle town;
Of all the Constables and Catchpoles,
Alive was left not one!
The Bailiffs and the Beadles both,
And the Serjeants of the Law,
And forty fo[re]sters of the fee,
These outlaws had yslaw!
And broke his Parks, and slain his deer;
Over all they chose the best!
So perilous outlaws as they were,
Walked not by East nor West!
When the King this letter had read,
In his heart he sighèd sore,
'Take up the table,' anon he bade,
'For I may eat no more!'

The King [then] called his best Archers,
To the butts with him to go.
'I will see these fellows shoot,' he said,
'That in the North have wrought this woe!'
The King's Bowmen buskèd them belive,
And the Queen's Archers also;
So did these three wight Yeomen,
With them they thought to go.
There twice, or thrice, they shot about,
For to assay their hand;
There was no shot these Yeomen shot,
That any prick might stand.
Then spake WILLIAM of CLOUDESLEE,
'By GOD that for me died!
I hold him never no good Archer,
That shooteth at butts so wide!'
'Whereat?' then said our King,
'I pray thee, tell [to] me!'
'At such a butt, Sir!' he said,
'As men use in my country!'
WILLIAM went into a field,
And his two brethren with him;
There, they set up two hazel rods,
Twenty score paces between.
'I hold him an Archer,' said CLOUDESLEE,
'That yonder wand cleaveth in two!'
'Here, is none such,' said the King,
'Nor none that can so do!'
'I shall assay, Sir!' said CLOUDESLEE,
'Or that I farther go!'

CLOUDESLEE, with a bearing arrow,
Clave the wand in two.
'Thou art the best Archer,' then said the King,
'Forsooth, that ever I see!'
'And yet, for your love,' said WILLIAM,
'I will do more mastery!
I have a son, is seven years old;
He is to me full dear!
I will him tie to a stake,
All shall see that be here!
And lay an apple upon his head,
And go six score paces him fro,
And I myself, with a broad arrow,
Shall cleave the apple in two!'
'Now haste thee,' then said the King,
'By Him that died on a tree!
But if thou do not, as thou hast said,
Hangèd shalt thou be!
And thou touch his head, or gown,
In sight that men may see,
By all the Saints that be in Heaven!
I shall hang you all three!'
'That I have promised,' said WILLIAM,
'I will it never forsake!'
And there, even before the King,
In the earth he drove a stake,
And bound thereto his eldest son,
And bade him stand still thereat,
And turned the child's face fro him,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent.
Six score paces, they were out met,
And thither CLOUDESLEE went.
There, he drew out a fair broad arrow,
His bow was great and long ;
He set that arrow in his bow,
That was both stiff and strong.
He prayed the people that were there,
That they would [all] still stand ;
'For he that shooteth, for such a wager,
Behoveth a steadfast hand !'
Much people prayed for CLOUDESLEE,
That his life savèd might be !
And when he made him ready to shoot,
There was many a weeping eye !
Thus CLOUDESLEE cleft the apple in two,
That, many a man might see !

'Our GOD's forbode,' said the King,
'That thou shoot at me !
I give thee Eighteen Pence a day,
And my bow shalt thou bear !
And over all the North Country,
I make thee Chief Rider !'
'And I give thee Twelve Pence a day,' said the Queen,
'By God and by my fay !
Come, fetch thy payment, when thou wilt !
No man shall say thee "Nay !"'

'WILLIAM! I make thee a Gentleman,
Of clothing and of fee;
And thy two brethren, Yeomen of my Chamber!
For they are so seemly to see.
Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my Wine Cellar shall he be;
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Better advanced shall he be!'
'And, WILLIAM! bring me your Wife!' said the Queen,
'Me longeth her sore to see!
She shall be my Chief Gentlewoman,
To govern my Nursery!'
The Yeomen thanked them full courteously,
And said, 'To some Bishop will we wend!
Of all the sins that we have done,
To be assoilèd at his hand!'

So forth be gone these good Yeomen,
As fast as they might hie;
And after came, and dwelled with the King;
And died good men, all three.

Thus endeth the lives of these good Yeomen.
GOD send them eternal bliss,
And all that with hand bow shooteth,
That of Heaven [they] may never miss!

‘How, Gossip mine! Gossip mine!
When will ye go to the Wine?’

I WILL you tell a full good sport,
How Gossips gather them on a sort,
Their sick bodies for to comfort,
When they meet in a lane or street.

But I dare not, for their displeasance,
Tell of these matters half the substance;
But yet somewhat of their governance,
As far as I dare, I will declare!

‘Good Gossip mine! where have ye be?
It is so long sith I you see!
Where is the best wine? Tell you me!
Can you aught tell full well?’

‘I know a draught of merry-go-down!
The best it is in all this town;
But yet would I not, for my gown,
My Husband it wist, ye may me trust!’

Anonymous.

‘Call forth your Gossips by-and-by,
ELEANOR, JOAN, and MARGERY,
MARGARET, ALICE, and CECILY!

For they will come, both all and some.

‘And each of them will somewhat bring,
Goose, pig, or capon’s wing,
Pasties of pigeons, or some other thing!
For a gallon of wine, they will not wring!

‘Go before, by twain and twain,
Wisely, that ye be not seen!
For I must home, and come again,
To wit iwis where my Husband is?’

‘A stripe or two God might send me,
If my Husband might here see me!’
‘She that is afear’d, let her flee!’
Quod ALICE then, ‘I dread no man!’

‘Now be we in Tavern set,
A draught of the best let him fet!
To bring our Husbands out of debt.
For we will spend, till God more send!’

Each of them brought forth their dish;
Some brought flesh, and some fish.
Quod MARGARET meek, now, with a wish, [cheer!’
‘I would ANNE were here! She would make us

‘How say you, Gossips! is this wine good?’
‘That it is,’ quoth ELEANOR, ‘by the rood!
It cherisheth the heart, and comforts the blood!
Such junkets among shall make us live long!’

ANNE bade fill a Pot of Muscadel,
‘For of all wines I love it well!
Sweet wines keep my body in heal; [thought!
If I had of them nought, I should take great

‘How look ye, Gossip, at the board’s end?
Not merry, Gossip? God it amend!
All shall be well, else God it defend!
Be merry and glad, and sit not so sad!’

‘Would God, I had done after your counsel!
For my Husband is so fell,
He beateth me, like the Devil of Hell;
And the more I cry, the less mercy!’

ALICE, with a loud voice, spake then.
‘Iwis,’ she said, ‘little good he can,
That beateth, or striketh, any woman;
And especially his Wife! God give him short life!’

MARGARET meek said, ‘So mot I thrive!
I know no man that is alive,
That gives me two strokes; but he shall have five!
I am not afeared; although I have no beard!’

One cast down her shot, and went her way.
'Gossip!' said ELEANOR, 'what did she pay?'
'Nought but a penny. Lo! therefore I say,
She shall be no more of our lore!

'Such guests we may have enow,
That will not for their shot allow!
With whom came she? Gossip! with you?'
'Nay,' quod JOAN, 'I came alone!'

'Now reckon our shot, and go we hence!
What! cost it each of us but three pence?
Pardie, this is but a small expense
For such a sort; and all but sport!'

'Turn down the street, where ye come out;
And we will compass round about!'
'Gossip!' quoth ANNE, 'what needeth that doubt?
Your Husbands be pleasèd, when ye be reisyd!

'Whatsoever any man think,
We come for nought but for good drink!
Now let us go home and wink!
For it may be seen, where we have been.'

This is the thought that Gossips take.
Once in the week merry will they make,
And all small drink they will forsake;
But wine of the best shall have no rest!

Anonymous.

Some be at the Tavern once in a week :
And so be some every day eke ;
Or else they will groan, and make them sick.
For things usèd will not be refusèd.

‘How say you, Women! is it not so?’
‘Yes, surely, and that ye well know!
And therefore let us drink all a row ;
And of our singing make a good ending!’

‘Now fill the cup, and drink to me ;
And then shall we good fellows be!
And of this talking leave will we ;
And speak then good of Women!’

LONDON LICK-PENNY.

To London once my steps I bent,
Where Truth in no wise should be faint.
To Westminster ward I forthwith went,
To a Man of Law to make complaint.
I said, 'For MARY'S love, that holy Saint!
Pity the poor, that would proceed!'
But, for lack of money, I could not speed!

And as I thrust the press among,
By froward chance, my Hood was gone!
Yet for all that, I stayed not long,
Till to the King's Bench I was come.
Before the Judge I kneeled anon,
And prayed him, for GOD'S sake! to take heed:
But, for lack of money, I might not speed!

Beneath them sat Clerks a great rout;
Which fast did write by one assent.
There stood up one, and cried about
'RICHARD, ROBERT, and JOHN of Kent.'
I wist not well, what this man meant,
He crièd so thick there indeed:
But he that lacked money might not speed!

Unto the Common Place I yodè tho,
Where sat one with a silken hood,
I did him reverence, for I ought to do so;
And told my case as well as I could,
How my goods were defrauded me by falsehood.
I gat not a mum of his mouth for my meed;
And, for lack of money, I might not speed!

Unto the Rolls I gat me from thence,
Before the Clerks of the Chancery;
Where many I found earning of pence,
But none at all once regarded me.
I gave them my Plaint, upon my knee,
They liked it well, when they had it read;
But, lacking money, I could not be sped!

In Westminster Hall, I found out one,
Which went in a long gown of Ray.
I crouched and kneeled before him anon;
For MARY's love! for help I him pray.
'I wot not, what thou meanest!' gan he say.
'To get me thence!' he did me bid.
For lack of money, I could not speed!

Within this Hall, neither rich nor yet poor,
Would do for me aught, although I should die!
Which seeing, I gat me out of the door;
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,

John Lydgate, Monk of Bury.

'Master! what will you copen, or buy?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver; and here you may speed!'

Then to Westminster Gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime.
Cooks to me, they took good intent;
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine.
A fair cloth, they gan for to spread;
But, wanting money, I might not there speed!

Then unto London I did me hie.
Of all the land, it beareth the price.
'Hot peascods!' one began to cry,
'Strawberries ripe! and cherries in the rise!'
One bade me come near, and buy some spice.
Pepper and saffron they gan me bid;
But, for lack of money, I might not speed!

Then to the Cheap, I began me drawn;
Where much people I saw for to stand.
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn;
Another, he taketh me by the hand,
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land!'
I never was used to such things indeed;
And, wanting money, I might not speed!

Then went I forth, by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwick Street;

Drapers much cloth me offered anon.

Then comes me one cried, 'Hot sheeps' feet!' [greet.

One cried 'Mackerel!' 'Rushes green!' another gan

One bade me buy a Hood, to cover my head;

But, for want of money, I might not be sped!

Then I hied me into East Cheap.

One cries, 'Ribbs of beef!' and many a pie.

Pewter pots they clattered on a heap.

There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy.

'Yea! by cock! Nay! by cock!' some began cry.

Some sang of JENKIN and JULIAN, for their meed;

But, for lack of money, I might not speed!

Then into Cornhill anon I yode;

Where was much stolen gear among.

I saw where hung mine own Hood,

That I had lost among the throng.

To buy my own Hood, I thought it wrong.

I knew it well, as I did my *Creed*;

But, for lack of money, I could not speed!

The Taverner took me by the sleeve.

'Sir!' saith he, 'will you our wine assay?'

I answered, 'That cannot much me grieve;

A Penny can do no more than it may!'

I drank a pint, and for it did pay.

Yet sore a-hungred from thence I yede;

And, wanting money, I could not speed!

John Lydgate, Monk of Bury.

Then hied I me to Billingsgate,
And one crièd, 'Ho! go we hence?'
I prayed a Bargeman, for GOD's sake!
That he would spare me my expense.
'Thou 'scap'st not here,' quod he, 'under Two-pence!
I list not yet bestow any alms-deed!'
Thus, lacking money, I could not speed!

Then I conveyed me into Kent;
For of the Law would I meddle no more.
Because no man to me took intent,
I dight me to do as I did before.
Now JESUS, that in Bethlem was bore,
Save London; and send true Lawyers their meed!
For whoso wants money, with them shall not speed!

WHOSO list to love,
GOD send him right good speed!

Some time I loved, as ye may see,
A goodlier there might none be!
Her womanhood in all degree!
Full well she quit my meed

Unto the time, upon a day,
Too soon, there fell a great affray;
She bade me 'Walk forth on my way!'
On me, she gave none heed.

I asked the cause, Why and Wherefore
She displeasèd was with me so sore?
She would not tell; but kept in store.
Pardy! it was no need!

For if I had her displeasèd,
In word or deed, or her grievèd;
Then, if she had been sore movèd,
She had cause indeed!

But well I wot, I had not done
Her to displeas, but in great moan.
She hath me left, and is agone!
For sorrow my heart doth bleed!

Some time She would to me complain,
If She had felt dis-ease or pain;
Now feel I nought but great disdain!
Alas! what is your rede?

Shall I leave off, and let her go?
Nay! ne'er the rather will I do so!
Yet, though unkindness do me woe,
Her will I love and dread!

Some hope that, when She know'th the case,
I trust to GOD that, within short space,
She will me take again to grace!
Then have I well abide.

And for True Lovers shall I pray,
That their Ladies, from day to day
May them reward! so that they may
With joy their livès lead!

Amen pour charité.

Charles de Valois, Duke of Orleans.

This distinguished French nobleman and Poet, the father of King LOUIS XII, had the misfortune, when he was twenty-four years of age, to be captured at the battle of Agincourt; and afterwards, to be confined as a prisoner in England, for the next twenty-five years, 1415-1440, A.D.

Besides writing over a thousand Poems in French, he wrote a number of English Poems; some of them being translations of his French ones.

FRESH Beauty, rich of youth and lustiness,
The smiling looks casten so lovely,
The pleasant speech governed by wittiness,
Body well shaped, of port so womanly,
The high Estate demeaned so sweetly,
The well ensuredness of word and cheer,
Without disdain shewing to low and high;
All thews good, this hath my Lady dear:
For which all folk her praise, and so do I!

So well becometh the noble good Princess
To sing or dance, in all disport, truly,
That of such things She may be callèd Mistress;
What that She doth, is done so prettily
That none it may amenden hardily.
She is the School of all goodly manner,
Who her beholds may learn that is witty;
Or in sight hath her deeds to espy:
All thews good, this hath my Lady dear!

Bounty, Honour, Estate, and Gentleness;
They rule her heart! so are they well worthy!
For Truth, she wanteth none! nor Steadfastness!
Nature in her hath shewed great mastery,
Her for to make and form so properly,
In every point to stand as Dame *sans* peer
Of all that live, God wot! under the sky!
I say not this; but all her seeth with eye!
All thews good, this hath my Lady dear!

She is more like, than woman, a Goddess!
I trow that GOD hath sent her, almighty,
Into this world, to shew his great largess;
What virtue he can set in one body!
She is the sole Phœnix of Araby;
Which may not be through praised in a year!
It to presume as were a great folly;
For none hath wit thereto sufficiently!
All thews good, this hath my Lady dear!

If there be wight yta'en with heaviness,
Behold her sweet demean, and remedy,
I warrant! he shall have of his distress;
As for the time, a release suddenly
Of every pain forgot on his party:
A Paradise, her company is it here!
A whole complete, without grief or annoy;
The more beheld, the more delight! For why?
All thews good, this hath my Lady dear!

Ye Ladies! and all fair, both low and high!
That heareth thus me praising my Lady,
I you beseech to take no displeasure!
I say it not to your dispraise forthy;
But me to shew her Servant till I die!
All thews good, this hath my Lady dear!

My ghostly father! I me confess,
First to GOD and then to you,
That, at a window, wot ye how!
I stole a kiss of great sweetness!
Which done was out avisiness.
But it is done; not undone now!
My ghostly . . .
First to . . .
But I restore it shall doubtless
Again, if so be that I mow!
And that GOD I make a vow,
And else I ask forgiveness.
My ghostly . . .
First to . . .

WHATSO be that I say, pardie!
Of LOVE or of his great rigour:
Yet this, for truth, I you ensure,
A Lady have I chosen me,
Fulfilled of grace and great bounty,
Surmounting every creature!

Whatso . . .

Of Love . . .

But nevertheless yet am I he,
That dare not out his heart discure;
Yet as long as that I life endure
I hers am, and ever so will be!

Whatso . . .

Of Love . . .

Is She not full of all goodly manner?
The which I love in my most faithful wise;
GOD help me so, as when I her advise,
In all this world, methinketh, not her peer!
Ye Lovers now, how say you, 'Let us hear!
What is she worth? Let see set to a prize!'

Is she not . . .

The which . . .

In dance or Song, laughter or sober cheer,
Or what she does, in aught that to her lies,
Say your verdict! Let TRUTH be Justice!
And flatter not on TRUTH, I you require!

Is she not . . .

The which . . .

SYNE that I have, a nonpareil Mistress,
The which hath whole my service and my heart;
I shall be glad, for any grief or smart,
To serve her, in her goodly lustiness!
For, now, I trust to have, doubtless,
More joy than there be stitches in my shirt!

Syne that . . .

The which . . .

Though to envious, it be heaviness;
And sorrow great to do them prick and start:
Yet, by my troth! when that I me advert,
Their displeasure it is my great gladness!

Syne that . . .

The which . . .

MADAM! as long as it doth please you aye
To do me live in this painful manner,
My heart is ready for to bear it here
Without grudging; and shall till that I die!
Only in trust yet of a better day,
Endure I shall, syne it is your pleasure!

Madam! as . . .

To do me . . .

For once, ye will have pity; dare I say!
When ye have well bethought you, Lady dear!
That all is for the love I to you bear!
That wrongfully doth hold me thus away.

Madam! as . . .

To do me . . .

Charles de Valois, Duke of Orleans.

YE are too much as in my debt, Madam!

Ye owe me, Sweet! too many kisses dear!

Which would full fain, if it were your pleasure,
Ye paid them me, in saving of your name.

So that of debt I ought you not to blame;

Which dare not do, methinks, it for danger.

Ye are too . . .

Ye owe me . . .

Wit ye, I have a Writ out for the same,

To 'tach you with! I rede you, pay them here,

Lest ye be 'rested with an Officer

Of Love! Fie! Fie! It were too great a shame!

Ye are too . . .

Ye owe me . . .

YOUR mouth, it saith me, 'Bas me! Bas, Sweet!'

When that I you behold, this seemeth me;

But DANGER stands so nigh, it may not be!

Which doth me sorrow great, I you behete!

But, by your troth! give me it, now we meet,

A privy sweet sweet kiss two or three!

Your mouth . . .

When that I . . .

Danger me hateth! Why? I cannot wit!

And laboureth aye my great adversity:

God grant me, once, forbrent I may him see,

That I might stamp his ashes with my feet!

Your mouth . . .

When that I . . .

LIFE AND DEATH.

THIS Poem, which has been attributed to the latter half of the fifteenth century, is written in Alliterative Non-Rhyming Verse, which had been in use in England from the time of the Anglo-Saxons.

Each line is divided into two parts, by what we should now call an inverted full stop (·); which is sometimes a mark of punctuation, but often is only a prosodical sign.

The Chief Alliterative Letter is, or should be, in the second half of the line; and the Two Sub-Letters are in the first half, though often there is only One. For example, the following is the alliteration of the opening lines of this Poem :—

| SUB-LETTERS. | | CHIEF LETTER. |
|--------------------------------|-----------|---------------|
| Christ, | Christian | cross |
| pains, | Passions | [wanting] |
| grace, | ground | greatly |
| royal, | red | ran |
| winn, | Word | World |
| richer, | renown | rents |
| Prefixes are disregarded, as : | | |
| wasteth | away | worthes |
| begin | God | greaten |

Sometimes the alliteration is unavoidably lost here through the modernization.

The account of the Harrowing of Hell, at pp. 138-140, is taken from WILLIAM LANGLAND'S *Vision of PIERS PLOWMAN*.

One peculiarity of this Poem is that words like *berne, freke, groom, &c.*, hitherto designating only *males*, are in it applied to *female personages*, in the sense of human being.

Some words in the Poem have not yet been explained.

THE FIRST FIT, OR FYTTE.

CHRIST, Christian King! · (that on the cross tholèd,
Had pains and Passions · to defend our souls)
Give us grace, on the ground · thee greatly to serve,
For that royal red blood · that ran from thy side;
And take away of thy win Word · as the World asketh,
That is richer of renown · rents or others.
For boldness of body · nor blitheness of heart,
Cunning of Clerks · ne cost upon earth;
But all wasteth away · and worthes to nought!

Anonymous.

When DEATH driveth at the door · with his darts keen,
Then no truce can be taken · no treasure on earth ;
But all lordships be lost · and the life both.
If thou have pleased the Prince · that Paradise wieldeth,
There is no berne born · that may thy bliss reckon !
But if thou have wrongfully wrought · and wilt not amend,
Thou shalt bitterly bie · or else the Book faileth !
Therefore, begin in GOD · to greaten our works ;
And in his faithful Son · that freely him followeth ;
In hope of the HOLY GHOST · that yield shall never !
GOD, that is gracious · and governs us all,
Bring us into bliss · that brought us out of bale !

Thus fared I through a frith · where flowers were many,
Bright boughs in the bank · breathèd full sweet.
The red railing roses · the richest of flowers,
Laid broad on their banks · with their bright leaves ;
And a river that was rich · ran over the green,
With still stirring streams · that streamed full bright
Over the glittering ground · As I there glode,
Methought, it lengthened my life · to look on the banks !
Then, among the fair flowers · I settled me to sit
Under a huge hawthorn · that hoar was of blossoms.
I bent my back to the bole · and blenched to the streams.
Thus pressed I on apace · under the green hawthorn,
For breme of the birds · and breath of the flowers,
And what for watching and waking · and wandering about,
In my seat, where I sat · I sayed asleep.
Lying edgelong on the ground · left all myself,
Deep dreams and dright · drove me to heart.

Methought, walking that I was · in a wood strong,
Upon a great mountain · where moors were large,

Anonymous.

That I might see on every side · seventeen miles,
Both of woods and wastes · and wallèd towns,
Comely Castles and clear · with carven towers,
Parks and Palaces · and pastures full many,
All the world full of wealth · viewly to behold.
I sat me down softly · and said these words,
'I will not kyre out of kith · before I know more!'
And I waited me about · wonders to know.

And it fairly befell · so fair me bethought,
I saw on the south side · a seemly sight
Of comely Knights full keen · and Knights full noble,
Princes in the press · proudly attired,
Dukes that were doughty · and many dear Earls,
Squires and Swains · that swarmèd full thick,
There was neither hill, nor holt · nor haunt there beside,
But it was planted full of people · the plain and the rough.

There, over that host · eastward I looked
Into a boolish bank · the brightest of others,
That shimmered and shone · as the sheer heaven,
Through the light of a Lady · that longed therein.
She came cheering full comely · with company noble,
Upon clear clothes · were all of clear gold,
Laid broad upon the bent · with broiders full rich,
Before that Fair on the field · where she forth passed.
She was brighter of her blee · than was the bright sun!
Her rudd redder than the rose · that on the rise hangeth!
Meekly smiling with her mouth · and merry in her looks
Ever laughing for love · as she like would;
And, as she came by the banks · the boughs, each one,
They louted to that Lady · and laid forth their branches.
Blossoms and burgeons · breathèd full sweet,

Anonymous.

Flowers flourished in the frith · where she forth stepped,
And the grass, that was gray · greened belive ;
Breme birds, on the boughs · busily did sing ;
And all the wild, in the wood · winly they joyed.
Kings kneelèd on their knees · knowing that Lady ;
And all the Princes, in the press · and the proud Dukes,
Barons, and Bachelors · all they bowed full low.
All proffered her to please · the poor and the rich.
She welcomed them full winly · with words full hende ;
Both bernes and birds · beasts and fowls.

Then that lovely Lady · on land where she standeth,
That was comely clad · in kirtle and mantle
Of goodliest green · that ever groom wore :
For the kind of that cloth · can no Clerk tell ;
And she the most gracious groom · that on the ground longed.
Of her druries to deem · too dull be my wits !
And the price of her [perrie] · can no person tell !
And the collar of her kirtle · was carven full low,
That her blissful breasts · bernes might behold ;
With a naked neck · that nighed her till,
That gave light on the land · as beams of the sun.
All the Kings christened · with their clear gold,
Might not buy that ilk brooch · that buckled her mantle ;
And the crown on her head · was carven in Heaven ;
With a sceptre set in her hand · of selcuth gems :
Thus lovely to look upon · on land she abideth.

Merry were the meiny · of men that she had,
Blithe bernes of blee · bright as the sun !
Sir COMFORT, that Knight · when the Court dineth,
Sir HOPE and Sir HENDE · that sturdy be both,
Sir LIFE and Sir LIKING · and Sir LOVE also,

Anonymous.

Sir CUNNING and Sir COURTESY · that courteous were of
deeds ;

And Sir HONOUR over all · under herself,

A stout man and a stalworthy · her Steward iwis.

She had Ladies of love · 'longed her about, [hende,

Dame MIRTH, and Dame MEEKNESS · and Dame MERCY the

DALLIANCE and DISPORT · two damsels full sweet,

With all beauty and bliss · bernes to behold.

There was minstrelsy made · in full many a wise,

Whoso had craft or cunning · kindly to shew.

Both birds and beasts · and bernes in the leaves,

And fishes of the flood · fain of her were :

Birds made merry with their mouths · as they in mind could.

Tho I was moved with that mirth · that marvel, methought,

What woman that was · that all the world louted ?

I thought speedily to spy · speed if I might !

Then I kyred to a Knight · Sir COMFORT the good,

Kneeling low on my knees · courteously him prayed ;

I willed him, of his worship · to wit me the sooth

Of yonder Lady of love · and of her royal meiny.

He cherished me cheerly · by cheek and by chin,

And said, ' Certes, my son · the sooth thou shalt know !

This is my Lady, Dame LIFE · that leadeth us all.

She is worthy and wise · the wielder of joy,

Greatly governeth the ground · and the green grass.

She hath fostered and fed thee · sith thou wast first born ;

And yet before thou wast born · she bred in thy heart !

Thou art welcome, iwis · unto my win Lady !

If thou wilt wonders wit · fear not to fraine !

And I shall kindly thee ken · care thou no more !'

Anonymous.

Then I was fearful enough · and faithfully thought,
' That I should long with Dame LIFE · and love her for ever!
There shall no man upon mould · my mind from her take,
For all the glittering gold · under the God of Heaven!'

Thus in liking, this living · the longer the more,
Till that it nighed near noon · and one hour after,
There was ridng and revel · that rung on the banks;
All the world was full wood · win to behold.
Or it turned from twelve · till two of the clock,
Much of this melody · was maimed and marred.

In a nook of the North · there was a noise heard,⁹
As it had been a horn · the highest of others,
With the biggest bere · that ever berne wist,
And the burliest blast · that ever blown was,
Through the rattling rout · rung over the fields.
The ground goggled for grief · of that grim Dame.
I went near out of my wit · for wailing care;
Yet I bode on the bent · and boldly looked.
Once again into the North · mine eye then I cast,
I there saw a sight · was sorrowful to behold.

One of the ugliest ghosts · that on the earth go,
There was no man, of this sight · but he was afraid!
So grisly and great · and grim to behold,
And a quintful Queen · came quaking before,
With a carved crown on her head · all of pure gold;
And she, the foulest freke · that formed was ever,
Both of hide and hue · and hair also.
She was naked as my nail · both above and below.
She was lapped about · in linen breeches.
A more fearful face · no freke might behold;

Anonymous.

For she was long, and lean · and loathly to see.
There was no man on the mould · so mighty of strength,
But a look of that Lady · and his life passed!
Her eyes faren as the fire · that in the furnace burns;
They were hollow in her head · with fully heavy brows.
Her cheeks were lean · with lips full side;
With a marvellous mouth · full of long tusks.
And the neb of her nose · to her navel hanged;
And her leer like the lead · that lately was beaten.
She bare in her right hand · an unrid weapon,
A bright burnished blade · all bloody berunnen;
And in the left hand · like the leg of a Gripe,
With the talons that were touching · and teenful enough.
With that, she burnished up her brand · and broadened out
her gear.

And I, for fear of that freke · fell in a swoon.
Had not Sir COMFORT come · and my care stinted;
I had been slain with that sight · of that sorrowful Lady!

Then he louted to me low · and learned me well;
Said, 'Be thou not abashed · but abide there a while!
Here mayst thou sit and see · selcuths full many!
Yonder Damsel is DEATH · that dresseth her to smite!
Lo! PRIDE passeth before · and the price beareth;
Many sorrowful soldiers · following her fast after.
Both ENVY and ANGER · in their yerne weeds,
MOURNING AND MOAN · Sir MISCHIEF, his fere,
SORROW and SICKNESS · and SIGHING in heart.
All that were loathing of their life · were lent to her Court.
When she draweth up her darts · and dresseth her to smite,
There is no groom under GOD · may gar her to stint!'
Then I blushed to that berne · and balefully looked.

Anonymous.

She stepped forth barefooted · on the bents brown,
The green grass, in her gait · she grindeth all to powder.
Trees tremble for fear · and tip to the ground ;
Leaves 'lighten down low · and leave their might ;
Fowls failed to fly · when they heard wapen,
And the fishes in the flood · failed to swim,
For dread of Dame DEATH · that dolefully threatens.

With that, she hieth to the hill · and the herd findeth.
In the roughest of the rout · she reacheth forth darts,
There, she fell, at the first flap · fifteen hundred
Of comely Queens with crown · and Kings full noble.
Proud Princes in the press · prestly she quelleth ;
Of Dukes that were doughty · she dang out the brains.
Merry Maidens on the mould · she mightily killeth !
There might no weapon them warrant · nor no wallèd town !
Young children, in their cradles · they dolefully dien ;
She spareth for no speciality · but spilleth the gainest !
The more woe she worketh · more mighty she seemeth !

When my Lady, Dame LIFE · looked on her deeds,
And saw how dolefully · she dung down her people,
She cast up a cry · to the high King of Heaven ;
And he hearkened it hendly · in his high throne.

He called on COUNTENANCE · and bade his course take !
'Ride thou to the rescue · of yonder wrought Lady !'
He was boun at his bid · and broad on his way,
That wight as the wind · that wappeth in the sky,
He ran out of the rainbow · through the ragged clouds,
And 'light on the land · where the Lords [lay] slain ;
And unto doleful DEATH · he dresses him to speak.
Saith, 'Thou wrathful Queen ! · that ever woe worketh !

Cease of thy sorrow · thy Sovereign commandeth!
And let thy burnished blade · on the bent rest!
That my Lady, Dame LIFE · her liking may have!’

Then DEATH glowed and gran · forgrim of her talk;
But she did, as she ’dained · durst she no other!
She pight the point of her sword · in the plain earth;
And, with a look full loath · she looked on the hills.

Then my Lady, Dame LIFE · she looketh full gay,
Kyreth to COUNTENANCE · and him comely thanks,
Kissed kindly that Knight · then carpèd she no more;
But unto doleful DEATH · she dresseth her to speak.
Saith, ‘Thou woeful wretch! · weakness of care!
Bold birth, full of bale · bringer of sorrow!
Dame Daughter of the Devil · DEATH is thy name!
But if thy fare be the fairer · the Fiend have thy soul!
Couldst thou any cause find · thou caitiff wretch!
That neither reason nor right · may reign with thy name?’

‘Why kill’st thou the body · that never care wrought?
The grass, nor the green trees · grievèd thee never!
But come forth, in their kinds · Christians to help,
With all beauty and bliss · that berne might devise.
But of my meiny thou marreth · marvelled I have,
How thou dar’st do them to death · each day so many!
And the handiwork of Him · that Heaven wieldeth!
How keepest thou his commandments · thou caitiff wretch!
Whereas banely he them blessed · and biddeth them thrive,
Wax forth in the world · and worth unto many!

‘And thou let them of their leake · with thy lidder turns!
But with wondering and with woe · thou waitest them full
yerne ;

Anonymous.

And, as a thief in a rout · thou throngest them to death!
That neither NATURE nor I · for none of thy deeds,
May bring up our bairns · Their bale thee betide!
But if thou blinn of that bine · thou bie must fall dear!
They may wary the week · that ever thou wast formed!

Then DEATH dolefully · drew up her brows,
Armed her to answer · and upright she standeth,
And said, 'O, lovely LIFE · cease thou such words!
Thou painest thee with prating · to pray me to cease!
It is reason and right · that I may rent take,
Thus to kill of the kind · both Kings and Dukes,
Loyal lads and lively · of ilk sort some.
All shall drye with the dints · that I deal with my hands!

'I would have kept the commandment · of the high King
of Heaven;

But the berne it brake · that thou bredd'st up first!
When ADAM and EVE · of the earth were shapen,
And were put into Paradise · to play with themselves,
And were brought into bliss · bide if they would!
He warned them nothing in the world · but a wretched branch
Of the faintest fruit · that ever in frith grew!
Yet his bidding they brake · as the Book recordeth,
When EVE fell to the fruit · with fingers white,
And plucked them off the plant · and poisoned them both.
I was fain of that fray · my falchion I griped;
And dealt ADAM such a dint · that he dolve ever after!
EVE and her offspring · I hit them, I hope;
For all the musters that they made · I met with them once!
Therefore, LIFE! thou me leave · I love thee but a little!
I hate thee, and thy household · and thy hinds all!
Me gladdeth not of their glee · nor of their gay looks!

Anonymous.

At thy dalliance and thy disport · no dainty I have!
Thy fair life and thy fairness · feareth me but little!
Thy bliss is my bale · briefly of others!
There is no game under heaven · so gladly I wish,
As to have a slap, with my falchion · at thy fair state!

THE SECOND FIT, ÒR FYTTE.

Then LIFE on the land · ladylike, she speaks,
Saith, 'These words thou hast wasted · wait thou no other!
Shall thy bitter brand never · on my body bite!
I am grounded in GOD · and grow for evermore!
But to these men of the mould · marvel, methinketh,
In what hole of thy heart · thou thy wrath keepeth!
Where joy and gentleness · are joined together .
Between a wight and his Wife · and his win children ;
And when faith and fellowship · are fastened for aye,
Love and charity · which our LORD liketh :
Then thou waleth them with wrack · and wrathfully beginneth !
Uncourteously thou cometh · unknown of them all,
And lacheth away the land · that the LORD holdeth ;
Or worry his Wife · or walts down his children.
Mickle woe thus thou waketh · where mirth was before.
This is a deed of the Devil · DEATH! thou usest!
But if thou leave not thy lake · and learn thee a better ;
Thou wilt lach, at the last · a loathly name !'

'Do away, Damsel!' quoth DEATH · 'I dread thee nought!
Of my losse that I lose · lay thou no thought!
Thou provest me full prestly · of many proper things!
I have not all kinds so ill · as thou me upbraidest!

Anonymous.

Were I went on my way · the World will depart!
Bernes would be over-bold · bales for to want,
The Seven Sins for to serve · and set them full ever;
And give no glory unto GOD · that sendeth us all grace.
If the dint of my dart · deered them never,
To let them work all their will · it were little joy!
Should I, for their fairness · their foolishness allow?
My life (give thou me leave!) · no leed upon earth
But I shall master his might · maugre his cheeks,
As a Conqueror keen · biggest of others,
To deal doleful dints · and do as me list!
For I failed never in fight · but I the Field wan,
Sith the first freke · that formèd was ever;
And will not leave, till the last be · on the bier laid.
But sit sadly, thou, LIFE! · and sooth thou shalt know!
If ever any man upon mould · any mirth had,
That leaped away with thee, LIFE! · and laughed me to scorn;
But I dang them with my dints · unto the derfe earth!
Both ADAM and EVE · and ABEL I killed!
MOSES and METHUSELAH · and the meek AARON!
JOSHUA and JOSEPH · and JACOB the smooth!
ABSALOM and ISAAC · and ESAU the rough!
SAUL, for all his fingers · I slew, with my hands,
And JONATHAN, his gentle son · in Gilboa hills!
DAVID died on the dints · that I dealt oft;
So did SOLOMON his son · that was sage holden:
And ALEXANDER also · to whom all the World louted,
In the midst of his mirth · I made him to bow!
The high honour that he had · helped him but little,
When I swang him on the swire · to swelt him behoved!
ARTHUR of England · and HECTOR the keen,
Both LANCELOT and LEONIDAS · with other leeds many;
And GALAHAD, the good Knight · and GAWAIN the hende,

Anonymous.

And all the rout I rent · from the Round Table!
Was none so hardy nor so high · so holy nor so wicked;
But I burst them, with my brand · and brought them asunder!
How should any wight ween · to winn me on ground?
Have not I joustèd gently · with JESU of Heaven?
He was 'fraid of my face · in freshest of time; [heart!]
Yet I knocked him on the cross · and carved through his

And with that, she cast off her crown · and kneelèd down low;
When she named the name · of that noble Prince.
So did LIFE upon land · and her leeds all,
Both of Heaven, and of Earth · and of Hell fiends:
All they louted down low · their LORD to honour.

Then LIFE kneeled on her knees · with her crown in her
hand;

And looketh up a long while · towards the high Heaven.
She riseth up rathly · and dresseth her to speak.
She calleth to her company · and biddeth them come near,
Both Kings and Queens · and comely Dukes.
'Work wisely by your wits · my words to hear,
That I speak for your speed · and spare it no longer.'
She saith, 'Dame DEATH! of thy deeds · now is thy doom
shapen!

Through thy witless words · that thou hast carped;
Which thou makest with thy mouth · and mightily avowest!
Thou hast blown thy blast · bremely abroad!
How hast thou wasted this world · sith wights were first;
Ever murdered and marred · thou makest thy vaunt!
Of one point let us prove · or we part asunder!
How didst thou joust at Jerusalem · with JESU my LORD?
Where thou deemed'st his death · in one day's time;
There, wast thou shamed, and shent · and stripped for aye!

Anonymous.

When thou saw'st the King come · with the cross on his
shoulder,
On the top of Calvary · thou camest him against!
Like a traitor untrue · treason thou thought'st!
Thou laid'st upon my liege LORD · loathly hands!
Sithen, beat him on his body · and buffeted him rightly,
Till the railing red blood · ran from his sides!
Sith, rent him on the rood · with full red wounds!
To all the woes that him wasted · I wot not few; [ever!
Thou deemed'st [him] to have been dead · and dressed for
But, DEATH! how didst thou then · with all thy derfe words,
When thou pricked'st at his pap · with the point of a spear;
And touched the tabernacle · of his true heart,
Where my bower was bigged · to abide for ever?
When the glory of his Godhead · glinted in thy face,
Then wast thou feared of this fare · in thy false heart!
Then thou hied'st into Hell hole · to hide thee belive!
Thy falchion flew out of thy fist · so fast thou thee hied!
Thou durst not blush once back · for better or worse!
But drew thee down full · in that deep Hell;
And bade them bar bigly · BEELZEBUB his gates.
Then thou told'st them tidings · that teened them sore,
How that King came · to kithen his strength, [taken,
And how he had beaten thee on thy bent · and thy brand
With everlasting life · that longed him till.
Then the sorrow was full sore · at SATAN's heart.
He threw fiends in the fire · many fell thousands,
And, DEATH! thou dang it on · whilst thou dree might!
For fault of thy falchion, thou fought'st with thy hand!
Boast thus never of thy red deeds · thou ravished bitch!
Thou mayst shrink for shame · when the sooth hear'st!
Then I leapt to my LORD · that caught me up soon,
And, all wounded as he was · with weapon in hand,

Anonymous.

He fastened foot upon earth · and followed thee fast
Till he came to the Cave · that cursed was holden.
He abode before Barathron · that berne, while he liked,
That was ever merk as midnight · with mourning and sorrow.
He cast a light on the land · as leams of the sun.
Then cried that King · with a clear steven,
'Pull open your Ports · you Princes within!
Here shall come in the King · crowned with joy,
Which is the highest berne · in battle to smite.'
There was fleeing of fiends · through the fire gainest!
Hundreds hurled in heaps · in holes about.
The broad Gates, all of brasse · brake all in sunder,
And the King, with his cross · came in before.
He leapt unto LUCIFER · that LORD himself:
Then he went to the tower · where chains were many;
And bound him so bigly · that he for bale roared!
DEATH! Thou dared'st that day · and durst not be seen
For all the glittering gold · under GOD himself!
Then to the tower he went · where chains were many,
He took ADAM and EVE · out of the old world,
ABRAHAM and ISAAC · and all that he would,
DAVID and DANIEL · and many dear bernies;
That were put into prison · and pained full long.
He betook me the treasure · that never shall have end,
That never danger of death · should me deer after!
Then we went forth · winly together [midst!
And left the dungeon of devils · and thee, DEATH! in the
And now thou prickest for pride · praising thyself!
Therefore, be not abashed · my bairns so dear!
Of her falchion so fierce · nor of her fell words!
She hath no might, nay, no mean[s] · no more you to grieve;
Nor on your comely corses · to clap once her hands!
I shall look you full lively · and latch full well;

Anonymous.

And kyre ye further of this kith · above the clear skies!
If ye love well the Lady, that hight is the Maiden,
And be christened with chrisom · and in your *Creed* believe;
Have no doubt of yonder DEATH, my dear children!
For yonder DEATH is damned · with devils to dwell,
Where is wondering and woe · and wailing for sorrow.
DEATH was damned that day · daring full still; [host,
She hath no might, nor no main · to meddle with yonder
Against EVERLASTING LIFE · that Lady so true!'
Then my Lady, Dame LIFE · with looks so gay,
That was comely clad · with kirtle and mantle,
All the dead on the ground · doughtily she raiseth,
Fairer by two-fold · than they before were.
With that, she hieth over the hills · with hundreds full many.

I would have followed on that Fair · but no further I might!
What with wandering and with woe · I waked belive.
Thus fared I through a frith · in a fresh time,
Where I sayd asleep · in a slade green.
There dreamed I the dream, which dread all befrighted;
But he, that rent all was on the rood · right it himself,
And bring us to his bliss · with blessings enow!
Thereto, JESU of Jerusalem · grant us thy grace,
And save there our house · holy for ever! Amen.

By a forest as I gan fare,
Walking all myself alone,
I heard a mourning of a hare,
Ruefully she made her moan.
'Dearworth God! how shall I live,
And lead my life in land?
From dale to down I am ydrive!
I not where I may sit, or stand!
I may neither rest, nor sleep,
By no valley that is so derne;
Nor no covert may me keep,
But ever I run from herne to herne!

'Hunters will not hear their *Mass*,
In hope of hunting for to wend;
They couple their hounds more and less,
And bring them to the field's end.
Raches run on every side,
In furrows they hope me to find;
Hunters take their horses and ride,
And cast the country by the wind.
Anon, as they come me behind,
I look a-low, and sit full still and low.

The first man that me doth find
Anon he crieth, "So ho! So ho!"
"Lo!" he saith, "where sitteth a hare!
Arise up, Wat! and go forth belive!"
With sorrow and with much care,
I 'scape away with my life!

'At Winter, in the deep snow,
Men will me seek for to trace;
And by my steps I am yknow,
And follow me from place to place.

'And if I to the town come, or turn,
Be it in worts or in leeks,
Then will the Wives also ye run,
Fear me with their dogs heyke.
And if I sit and crop the cole,
And the Wife be in the way,
Anon she will swear, "By cock's soul!
There is a hare in my hay!"
Anon she will clepe forth her knave,
And look right well where I sit.
Behind she will, with a stave,
Full well purpose me to hit.
"Go forth, Wat! with CHRIST's curse!
And if I live, thou shalt be take!
I have a hare-pipe in my purse;
It shall be set, all for thy sake!"
Then hath this Wife two dogs great,
On me she biddeth them go;

And as a shrew she will me threat,
And ever she crieth, "Go, dog! go!"
But always thus must I go!
By no bank I may abide!
Lord God! that me is woe!
Many a hap hath me betide!
There is no beast in the world, I ween,
Hart, hind, buck, ne doe,
That suffers half so much teen
As doth the silly Wat, go where he go!

'If a Gentleman will have any game,
And find me in form, where I sit,
For dread of losing of his name,
I wot well, he will not me hit!
For an acre's breadth, he will me see,
Or he will let his hounds run.
Of all the men that be alive,
I am most beholden to Gentlemen!

'As soon as I can run to the Lay,
Anon the greyhounds will me have!
My bowels be ythrown away,
And I am borne home on a staff.
As soon as I am come home,
I am yhung high up on a pin;
With leeks, worts, I am eat anon,
And whelps play with my skin!
Amen, &c.'

NAY, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis!
Let Holly have the mastery, as the manner is!

Holly stands in the Hall, fair to behold!
Ivy stands without the door! She is full sore a-cold!
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis! &c.

Holly and his merry men, they dance and they sing!
Ivy and her maidens, they weep and they wring!
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis! &c.

Ivy hath a kibe, she caught it with the cold;
So may they all have, that with Ivy hold!
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis! &c.

Holly hath berries as red as any rose.
The Fo[re]ster, the Hunters, keep them from the does.
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis! &c.

Ivy hath berries as black as any sloes.
There comes the owl, and eats them as she goes.
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis! &c.

Holly hath birds, a full fair flock,
The nightingale, the poppingay, the gentle laverock.
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis! &c.

Good Ivy! what birds hast thou?
None but the owlet that cries 'How! How!'
Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be, iwis! &c.

ROBENE AND MAKYNE.

ROBENE sat on [a] good green hill,
Keeping a flock of fe ;
Merry MAKYNE said him till,
‘ROBENE! thou rue on me!
I have thee lovèd, loud and still,
These years two or three!
My dole in dern, but if thou dill,
Doubtless, but dread, I die!’

ROBENE answerèd, ‘By the rood!
Nothing of love I know ;
But keep my sheep under yon wood,
Lo! where they raik on row!
What has marrèd thee, in thy mind?
MAKYNE, to me thou show!
Or what is Love, or to be loved?
Fain would I learn that law!’

‘ At Lovès lore, if thou wilt leir,
Take there an A B C!
Be hende, courteous, and fair of feir,
Wise, hardy, and free,
So that no danger do thee deir,
What dole in dern thou dre!
Press thee, with pain, at all power!
Be patient, and privy!’

ROBENE answerèd her again,
‘ I wot not what is Love!
But I have marvel, incertain,
What makes thee this wanrufe?
The weather is fair, and I am fain,
My sheep go whole above;
And we would play us in this plain,
They would us both reprove!’

‘ ROBENE! take tent unto my tale,
And work all as I rede;
And thou shalt have my heart all hail,
Eke and my maidenhead!
Since GOD sends boot for bale,
And for mourning, remeid;
In dern with thee, but if I dail,
Doubtless I am but dead! . . .

‘ROBENE, thou ’reavest me roiff and rest!
I love but thee alone!’

‘MAKYNE, Adieu! The sun goes west!
The day is near-hand gone!’

‘ROBENE, in dole I am so drest,
That love will be my bane!’

‘Go, love, MAKYNE! wherever thou list,
For Leman I love none!’

‘ROBENE! I stand in such a styll,
I sigh, and that full sore!’

‘MAKYNE! I have been here this while;
At home GOD if I were!’

‘My honey, ROBENE! talk a while!
If thou will do no more.’

‘MAKYNE! some other man beguile,
For homeward I will fare!’

ROBENE on his wayès went,
As light as leaf of tree.

MAKYNE mourned in her intent,
And trowed him never to see.

ROBENE braid attour the bent,
Then MAKYNE cried on high,

‘Now mayst thou sing! for I am shent,
What ails love at me?’

MAKYNE went home withouten fail
Full weary after could weep,
Then ROBENE in a full fair dale
Assembled all his sheep.
By that, some part of MAKYNE's ail,
Out-through his heart could creep:
He followed her fast, there to assail;
And to her took good keep.

'Abide! abide! thou fair MAKYNE!
A word for any thing!
For all my love, it shall be thine,
Withouten departing!
All whole, thy heart for to have mine,
Is all my coveting!
My sheep to-morn, till hours nine,
Will need of no keeping!'

'ROBENE! thou hast heard sung and say,
In Gestis and stories old,
*The man that will not, when he may,
Shall have not, when he would! . . .*'

‘ROBENE, that World is all away,
And quite brought to an end;
And never again thereto, perfoy!
Shall it be as thou wend!
For of my pain, thou mad’st it play;
And all in vain I spend!
As thou hast done, so shall I say,
“Mourn on, I think to mend!”’

‘MAKYNE, the hope of all my heal!
My heart on thee is set!
And evermore to thee be leal,
While I may live, but let!
Never to fail, as others fail,
What grace that ever I get!’
‘ROBENE! with thee, I will not deal!
Adieu! for thus we met!’

MAKYNE went home, blithe enough,
Atour the holtès hoar.
ROBENE mournèd, and MAKYNE laughed;
She sang, he sighèd sore:
And so left him, both woe and wreuch,
In dolour and in care;
Keeping his herd under a huche,
Among the holtès hoar.

THE BLOODY SARK.

THIS hinder year I heard been told,
There was a worthy King :
Dukes, Earls, and Barons bold,
He had at his bidding.
The Lord was ancient and old,
And sixty years could ring ;
He had a daughter, fair to fold,
A lusty Lady ying.

Of all fairhead, she bore the flower ;
And eke her father's heir :
Of lusty laits and high honour,
Meek, bot, and debonair.
She winnit in a bigly bower,
On fold was none so fair.
Princes loved her, *par amour*,
In countries o'er everywhere.

There dwelt a lyte beside the King,
A foul Giant of one ;
Stolen he has the Lady ying,
Away with her is gone ;
And cast her in his dungeon,
Where light she might see none.
Hunger, and cold, and great thirsting,
She found in to her waine.

He was the loathliest on to look,
That on the ground might gang;
His nails were like an hellis-crook,
Therewith five quarters long.
There was none that he o'ertook,
In right, or yet in wrong,
But all in sunder he them shook!
The Giant was so strong.

He held the Lady, day and night,
Within his deep dungeon.
He would not give of her a sight,
For gold, nor yet ransom;
But if the King might get a Knight,
To fight with his person,
To fight with him, both day and night,
Until one were dungin down.

The King gart seek, both far and near,
Both by sea and land,
Of any Knight, if he might hear,
Would fight with that Giant.
A worthy Prince, that had no peer,
Has ta'en the deed in hand,
For the love of the Lady clear;
And held full true cunnand.

That Prince came proudly to the town,
Of that Giant to hear:
And fought with him, his own person,
And took him prisoner;
And cast him in his own dungeon
Alone, withouten fere,
With hunger, cold, and confusion,
As full well worthy were.

Syne brake the bour, had home the Bright
Unto her father dear.
So evil wounded was the Knight,
That he behoved to die.
Unlovesome was his likame dight,
His Sark was all bloody.
In all the world was there no wight
So piteous for to see!

The Lady mourned; and made great moan,
With all her mickle might.
'I lovèd never Love but one,
That dolefully now is dight.
GOD send my life were from me ta'en,
Or I had seen yon sight!
Or else in begging ever to go
Forth with yon courteous Knight!'

He said, 'Fair Lady! now mon I
Die; trestly ye me trow!
Take ye my Sark, that is bloody,
And hang it forrow you!
First think on it, and syne on me,
When men come you to woo!'
The Lady said, 'By MARY free!
Thereto I make a vow!'

When that she lookèd on the Sark,
She thought on the person;
And prayed for him, with all her heart,
That loosed her from bandon,
Where she was wont to sit full merk
In that deep dungeon:
And ever, while she was in quert,
That was [to] her a lesson.

So well the Lady loved the Knight,
That no man would she take!
So should we do our GOD of might,
That did all for us make!
Which foully to death was dight,
For sinful Man's sake:
So should we do, both day and night,
With prayers to him make.

MORALITAS.

This King is like the Trinity,
Both in Heaven and here.
The Man's Soul, to the Lady.
The Giant, to LUCIFER.
The Knight, to CHRIST, that died on tree,
And coft our sinnès dear.
The pit, to Hell, with painès fell:
The sin, to the Wooer.

The Lady was wooed; but she said 'Nay!'
With men that would her wed;
So should we wryth all sin away,
That in our breast is bred!
I pray to JESUS CHRIST verray,
For us his blood that bled,
To be our help on Doomèsday,
Where laws are straitly led.

The Soul is GOD's daughter dear,
And eke his handiwork,
That was betrayed by LUCIFER,
Who sits in Hell full merk:
Borrowed with CHRISTÈS angel clear,
Hende men! will ye not hark?
For his love, that bought us dear,
Think on the Bloody Sark!

THE TESTAMENT OF CRESSEID.

A DOOLY season to a careful Dyte
Should correspond, and be equivalent;
Right so it was, when I began to write
This Tragedy, the weather right fervent,
When Aries in midst of the Lent,
Showers of hail can from the North descend;
That scantly from the cold I might defend.

Yet nevertheless, within mine oratory
I stood, when TITAN had his beamès bright
Withdrawen down, and sylit under cure;
And fair VENUS, the beauty of the night,
Uprose, and set unto the West full right
Her golden face, in opposition
Of God PHÆBUS direct descending down.

Throughout the glass, her beamès burst so fair
That I might see, on every side me by,
The northern wind had purified the air,
And shed the misty cloudès from the sky.
The frost freezèd, the blastès bitterly
From Pole Arctic came whistling loud and shrill;
And causèd me remove against my will.

For I trusted that VENUS, Love's Queen,
To whom some time I hecht obedience,
My faded heart, of love she would make green :
And thereupon, with humble reverence,
I thought to pray her high magnificence ;
But, for great cold, as then I letted was,
And, in my chamber, to the fire can pass.

Though Love be hot ; yet, in a man of age,
It kindles not so soon as in youthhead,
Of whom the blood is flowing in a rage :
And, in the old, the courage doif and dead ;
Of which the fire outward is best remeid.
To help, by physic, where that Nature failed
I am expert ; for both I have assailed.

I mend the fire, and beikit me about :
Then took a drink, my sp'rits to comfort ;
And armed me well from the cold thereout.
To cut the winter-night, and make it short,
I took a Quair, and left all other sport,
Written, by worthy CHAUCER glorious,
Of fair CRESSEID and worthy TROILUS.

And there I found, after that DIOMEDE
Receivèd had that Lady bright of hue,
How TROILUS near out of wit abraid :
And weepèd sore, with visage pale of hue ;
For which wanhope his tears can renew,
Until HESPERUS rejoicèd him again.
Thus while in joy he lived, while in pain.

Of her behest he had great comforting ;
Trusting, to Troy that she should make retour,
Which he desirèd most of earthly thing ;
For why she was his only Paramour !
But when he saw passèd both day and hour
Of her gaincome, then sorrow can oppress
His woeful heart, in care and heaviness.

Of his distress, me needs not [to] rehearse !
For worthy CHAUCER, in the samen book,
In goodly terms, and in jolly verse,
Compilèd has his cares ; who will, look !
To break my sleep, another Quair I took ;
In which I found the fatal destiny
Of fair CRESSEID, that ended wretchedly.

Who wots if all that CHAUCER wrote was true ?
Nor I wot not if this Narration
Be authorized, or feignèd of the new,
By some Poet, through his invention,
Made to report *The Lamentation*
And woeful End of this lusty CRESSEID ;
And what distress she tholèd, and what deid.

When DIOMEDE had all his appetite,
And more, fulfillèd of this fair Lady,
Upon another he set his whole delight ;
And sent to her a *Libel of Repudy*,
And her excluded from his company.
Then, desolate, she walkèd up and down ;
And, some men say, into the Court comen.

O, fair CRESSEID! the Flower and *A per se*
Of Troy and Greece! how wast thou fortunate!
To change in filth all thy femininity,
And be with fleshly lust so maculate!
And go among the Greeks, air and late,
So, giglot-like, taking thy foul pleasance!
I have pity, thou shouldst fall such mischance!

Yet, nevertheless, whatever men deem, or say
In scornful language, of thy brukkilness;
I shall excuse, as far forth as I may,
Thy womanhood, thy wisdom, and fairness;
The which FORTUNE has put to such distress
As her pleased: and nothing, through the guilt
Of thee, through wicked language to be spilt.

This fair Lady, in this wise destitute
Of all comfort and consolation,
Right privily, but fellowship, on foot,
Disguisèd, passèd far out of the town
A mile or two, unto a mansion
Buildd full gay; where her father CALCHAS,
Which then among the Greeks dwelling was.

When he her saw, the cause he can inquire
Of her coming. She said, sighing full sore,
'Fra DIOMEDE had gotten his desire,
He waxed weary, and would of me no more!'
Quod CALCHAS, 'Daughter! weep thou not therefore!
Peradventure, all comes for the best!
Welcome to me! Thou art full dear a guest!'

This old CALCHAS, after the law was tho,
Was Keeper of the Temple, as a Priest,
In which VENUS and her son CUPIDO
Were honoured; and his Chamber was them nighest:
To which CRESSEID, with bale enough in breast;
Usèd to pass, her prayers for to say;
Until, at the last, upon a solemn day,

As custom was, the people far and near,
Before the noon, into the Temple went,
With sacrifice, devout in their manner.
But still CRESSEID, heavy in her intent,
Into the Kirk would not herself present;
For giving of the people any deeming
Of her expulse from DIOMEDE the King:

But passed into a secret Oratory,
Where she might weep her woeful destiny.
Behind her back, she closèd fast the door;
And on her kneès bare fell down in hie.
Upon VENUS and CUPID angerly
She crièd out, and said on this same wise,
'Alas! that ever I made you sacrifice!

'Ye gave me once a divine responsail,
"That I should be the Flower of Love in Troy!"
Now am I made an unworthy outwail;
And all in care translated is my joy!
Who shall me guide? who shall me now convoy,
Sen I from DIOMEDE and noble TROILUS
Am clean excluded, as abject odious?'

'O, false CUPID! is none to wyte but thou;
And thy mother, of Love the blind Goddess!
Ye causèd me always understand and trow,
The Seed of Love was sown in my face;
And aye grew green, through your supply and grace!
But now, alas! that Seed with frost is slain;
And I, from Lovers left, and all forlorn!'

When this was said, down in an ecstasy,
Ravished in sp'rit intill a dream she fell:
And, by appearance, heard, where she did lie,
CUPID, the King, ringing a silver bell;
Which men might hear from Heaven unto Hell.
At whose sound, before CUPID[o] appear
The Seven Planets, descending from their Spheres;

Which have power, of all things generable
To rule and steer, by their great influence,
Weather, and wind, and courses variable.
And, first of all, SATURN gave his sentence;
Which gave to CUPID little reverence,
But as a busteous churl, in his manner,
Came crabbedly, with austere look and cheer.

His face frozen, his lyre was like the lead,
His teeth chattered, and cheverit with the chin.
His eyes drowpit, how sunken in his head.
Out of his nose the meldrop fast can rin:
With lippès bla, and cheekès lean and thin.
The icicles, that from his hair down hung,
Were wonder great, and as a spear as long.

Atour his belt his lyart locks lay

Feltered unfair, o'erfret with frostès hoar.

His garment and his guise full gay of gray ;

His withered weed from him the wind out-wore.

A busteous bow within his hand he bore :

Under his girdle a flasche of felloun flanes,

Feathered with ice, and headed with hailstones.

Then JUPITER right fair and amiable,

God of the stars in the firmament,

And Nurse to all things generable,

From his father SATURN far different ;

With burly face, and browès bright and brent,

Upon his head a garland wonder gay

Of flowers fair, as it had been in May.

His voice was clear, as crystal were his ene,

As golden wire so glittering was his hair,

His garment and his guise full [gay] of green,

With golden listès gilt on every gair.

A burly brand about his middle bare.

In his right hand, he had a grounden spear,

Of his father the wrath from us to weir.

Next after him came MARS, the God of ire,

Of strife, debate, and all dissension :

To chide and fight as fierce as any fire,

In hard harness, helmet, habergeon ;

And, on his haunch, a rusty fell falchion ;

And, in his hand, he had a rusty sword ;

Writhing his face, with many angry word.

Robert Henryson.

Shaking his sword, before CUPID he came,
With red visage, and grisly glow'ring een;
And at his mouth a bullar stood of foam,
Like to a boar whetting his tuskès keen.
Right tuilyeor-like, but temperance in teen.
A horn he blew with mony busteous brag;
Which all this world with war has made to wag.

Then fair PHŒBUS, Lantern and Lamp of Light,
Of man and beast both fruit and flourishing,
Tender nurse, and banisher of night,
And of the world causing, by his moving
And influence, life in all earthly thing[s]:
Without comfort of whom, of force, to nought
Must all go die, that in this world is wrought.

As King Royal, he rode upon his Chair;
The which PHÆTON guided sometime unright.
The brightness of his face, when it was bare,
None might behold, for piercing of his sight!
This golden Cart, with fiery beamès bright,
Four yokèd steeds, full different of hue,
But bait, or tiring, through the Spheres drew:

The first was sorrel, with mane as red as rose,
Called Eous, in to the Orient.

The second steed to name hecht Ethios,
White and pale, and some deal ascendent.
The third Peros, right hot and right fervent.
The fourth was black, called Phlegon;
Which rolls PHŒBUS down into the sea.

VENUS was there present, that Goddess [gay]
(Her son's quarrel for to defend, and make
Her own complaint), clad in a nice array,
The one half, green; the other half, sable black.
White hair, as gold, combèd and shed aback:
But, in her face, seemèd great variance;
At times perfect truth, and at times inconstancy.

Under smiling, she was dissimulate.
Provocative, with blinkès amorous;
And suddenly changèd and alterèd,
Angry as any serpent venomous,
Right pungitive, with wordès odious.
Thus variant she was, who list take keep!
With one eye laugh, and with the other weep:

In tokening that all fleshly *par amour*,
Which VENUS has in rule and governance,
Is sometime sweet, sometime bitter and sour!
Right unstable, and full of variance!
Mingled with careful joy and false pleasance!
Now hot, now cold! now blithe, now full of woe!
Now green as leaf, now withered and ago!

With book in hand, then came MERCURIUS,
Right eloquent and full of Rhetoric,
With polite termès and delicious;
With pen and ink to report all redes,
Setting Songs, and singing merrily:
His hood was red, heckled atour his crown,
Like to a Poet of the old fashion.

Boxes he bore with fine electuaries,
And sugared syrups for digestion;
Spices belonging to the 'Pothecaries,
With many wholesome sweet confection.
Doctor in Physic, clad in a scarlet gown
And furrèd well, as such one ought to be;
Honest and good, and not a word could lie!

Next after him came Lady CYNTHIA,
The last of all, and swiftest in her Sphere,
Of colour black, arrayed with hornès two;
And in the night she listès best appear.
Haw as the lead, of colour nothing clear:
For all her light she borrows at her brother
TITAN, for of herself she has none other.

Her guise was gray, and full of spottès black:
And on her breast a Churl painted full even,
Bearing a bunch of thornès on his back, [Heaven.
Which, for his theft, might climb no nearer the
Thus, when they gathered were, these Gods Seven,
MERCURIUS they chose, with one assent;
To be Fore-Speaker in the Parliament.

Who had been there, and likened for to hear
His facund tongue, and termès exquisite
Of Rhetoric, the practice he might leir
In brief sermon, a pregnant sentence write.
Before CUPID valing his cap a lyte,
Speirs the cause of that vocation;
And he, anon, shewed his intention.

‘Lo!’ quod CUPID, ‘who will blaspheme the name
Of his own God, either in word or deed,
To all Goddès he does both lak and shame;
And should have bitter painès to his meed!
I say this, by yon wretched CRESSEID; [Love,
The which, through me, was sometime Flower of
Me and my mother starkly can reprove!

‘Saying, of her great infelicity
I was the cause, and my mother, VENUS!
“A blind Goddess” her called, “that might not see!”
With slander and defame injurious.
Thus, her living unclean and lecherous,
She would return on me and my mother!
To whom I shewed my grace above all other.

‘And sen ye are, all Seven, deificate,
Participant of divine sapience;
This great injury done to our high Estate,
Methinks, with pains we should make recompense!
Was never to Gods done such violence!
As well for you, as for myself, I say
Therefore, Go, help to revenge, I you pray!’

MERCURIUS to CUPID gave answer,
And said, ‘Sir King! my counsel is, that ye
Refer you to the highest Planet here;
And take to him the lowest of degree,
The pains of CRESSEID for to modify!
As God SATURN, with him take CYNTHIA!’
‘I am content,’ quod he, ‘to take those two!’

Then thus proceeded SATURN and the Moon,
When they the matter ripely had digest[ed],
'For the despite to CUPID she had done,
And to VENUS open and manifest,
In all her life with pain to be opprest,
And torment sore, with sickness incurable;
And to all Lovers be abominable!'

This doleful sentence SATURN took in hand,
And passèd down where careful CRESSEID lay;
And on her head he laid a frosty wand,
Then, lawfully, on this wise can he say:
'Thy great fairness, and all thy beauty gay,
Thy wanton blood, and eke thy golden hair,
Here I exclude from thee for evermore!

'I change thy mirth in to melancholy;
Which is the mother of all pensiveness!
Thy moisture and thy heat, in cold and dry!
Thine insolence, thy play and wantonness,
To great disease! thy pomp and thy riches,
Into mortal need and great penury!
Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar die!'

O, cruel SATURN! froward and angry!
Hard is thy doom, and too malicious!
On fair CRESSEID, why hast thou no mercy?
Which was so sweet, gentle, and amorous!
Withdraw thy sentence, and be gracious
As thou wast never, so shew'st thou thy deed!
A wreakful sentence given on fair CRESSEID!

Then CYNTHIA, when SATURN passed away,
Out of her seat descended down belive,
And read a Bill on CRESSEID, where she lay,
Containing this sentence definitive.

‘From heat of body I thee now deprive;
And to thy sickness shall be no recure,
But in dolour thy dayès to endure!

‘Thy crystal ene mingled with blood I make!
Thy voice, so clear, unpleasant, hoarse, and hacc!
Thy lusty lyre, overspread with spots black;
And lumpès haw appearing in thy face!
Where thou com’st, each man shall flee the place!
Thus shalt thou go begging from house to house,
With Cup and Clapper, like a Lazarous!’

This dooly dream, this ugly vision,
Brought to an end; CRESSEID from it awoke:
And all that Court and Convocation
Vanished away. Then rose she up, and took
A polished glass, and her shadow could look.
And when she saw her face so deformèd,
If she in heart was woe enough, God wot!

Weeping full sore, ‘Lo! what it is,’ quod she,
‘With froward language, for to move and stir
Our crabbed Gods; and so is seen on me!
My blaspheming now have I bought full dear!
All earthly joy and mirth I set arear!
Alas! this day! Alas! this woeful tide,
When I began with my Gods for to chide!’

By this was said, a child came from the Hall,
To warn CRESSEID the supper was ready,
First knockèd at the door, and syne could call,
'Madam! your father bids you come in hie!
He has marvel so long on grouf ye lie!
And says, "Your prayers be too long some deal!
The Gods wot all your intent full well!"'

Quod she, 'Fair child! go to my father dear;
And pray him, come to speak with me anon!'
And so he did, and said, 'Daughter! what cheer?'
'Alas!' quod she, 'father! my mirth is gone!'
'How so?' quod he; and she can all expone,
As I have told, the vengeance and the wreak,
For her trespass, CUPID on her could take.

He lookèd on her ugly leper face,
The which before was white as lily flower;
Wringing his hand oftentimes, he said, 'Alas!
That he had lived to see that woeful hour!'
For he knew well, that there was no succour
To her sickness; and that doubled his pain!
Thus there was care enough betwixt them twain!

When they together mournèd had full long,
Quod CRESSEID, 'Father! I would not be kened!
Therefore, in secret wise, ye let me gone
Unto yon Hospital, at the town's end;
And thither some meat, for charity, me send
To live upon: for all mirth, in this earth,
Is from me gone! Such is my wicked weird!'

Then, in a mantle and a bavar hat,
With Cup and Clapper, wonder privily,
He opened a secret gate, and out thereat
Convoyèd her, that no man should espy,
Unto a village, half a mile thereby;
Delivered her in at the Spital House:
And daily sent her part of his almous.

Some knew her well; and some had no knowledge
Of her, because she was so deformèd,
With boils black o'erspread in her visage,
And her fair colour faded and alterèd:
Yet they presumed, for her high regrait
And still mourning, she was of noble kin;
With better will therefore they took her in.

The day passed, and PHÆBUS went to rest:
The clouds black overwhelmèd all the sky.
God wot! if CRESSEID was a sorrowful guest,
Seeing that uncouth fare and harbery!
But meat or drink, she dressèd her to lie
In a dark corner of the House alone;
And, on this wise, weeping, she made her moan.

THE COMPLAINT OF CRESSEID.

' O, sop of sorrow, sunken into care !
O, caitiff CRESSEID ! for, now, and evermore,
Gone is thy joy, and all thy mirth in earth !
Of all blitheness now art thou blackened bare !
There is no salve may salve thee of thy sore !
Fell is thy fortune ! wicked is thy weird !
Thy bliss is banished, and thy bale on breird !
Under the earth, GOD gif I graven were ;
Where none of Greece, nor yet of Troy, might hear !

' Where is thy chamber wantonly beseen,
With burely bed and bankouris broidered been ?
Spices and wine to thy collation ?
The cuppès all of gold and silver sheen ?
The sweet meatès servèd in platès clean,
With saffron sauce of a good season ?
Thy gay garments, with mony goodly gown ?
Thy pleasant lawn pinnèd with golden prene ?
All is arear, thy great royal renown !

' Where is thy garden, with these grasses gay ?
And fresh flowers, which the Queen FLORA
Has painted pleasantly in every pane ?
Where thou wast wont full merrily, in May,
To walk, and take the dew, by it was day,

*And hear the merle and mavis mony one!
With Ladies fair, in carolling to go;
And see the royal Rinks, in their array,
In garments gay, garnished in every grain!*

*'Thy great triumphing fame and high honour,
Where thou wast called of earthly wights [the] Flower;
All is decayed, thy weird is weltered so!
Thy high Estate is turned to darkness dour!
This leper Lodge take for thy burely Bower;
And for thy bed, take now a bunch of straw!
For waillit wine, and meatès, thou hadst tho,
Take mouldy bread, perry, and cider sour!
But Cup and Clapper, now is all ago!*

*'My clear voice and courtly carolling,
Where I was wont with Ladies for to sing,
Is raw as rook; full hideous hoar and hoarse!
My pleasant port, all others precelling,
Of lustiness I was held most condign,
Now is deformed! The figure of my face,
To look on it no leid now liking has!
Soppèd in site, I say, with sore sighing,
Lodgèd among the leper leid, alas!*

*“O, Ladies fair of Troy and Greece! attend
My misery, which none may comprehend!
My frivol fortune! my infelicity!
My great mischief, which no man can amend!
Be 'ware in time! Approaches near the end;*

Robert Henryson.

And, in your mind, a mirror make of me!

As I am now, peradventure that ye,

For all your might, may come to that same end!

Or else worse, if any worse may be!

“Nought is your fairness, but a fading flower!

Nought is your famous laud and high honour,

But wind inflated in other men's ears!

Your rosy red to rotting shall retour!

Example make of me, in your memoir;

Which of such thingès woeful witness bears!

All wealth in earth, away as winds it wears!

Be 'ware, therefore! Approaches near the hour!

FORTUNE is fickle, when she begins and stirs.”

Thus chiding with her dreary destiny,

Weeping, she woke the night from end to end:

But all in vain! Her dole, her careful cry

Might not remeid; nor yet her mourning mend!

A leper lady rose, and till her wend,

And said, ‘Why spurnest thou against the wall?

To slay thyself, and mend nothing at all?

‘Sen thy weeping doubles but thy woe;

I counsel thee, make virtue of a need!

To learn to clap thy Clapper to and fro;

And learn after the law of leper leid!’

There was no boot: but forth with them she yede

From place to place; while cold and hunger sore

Compellèd her to be a rank beggar.

That samen time, of Troy the garrison,
Which had to Chieftain worthy TROILUS,
Through jeopardy of war, had stricken down
Knightès of Greece in number marvellous.
With great triumph and laud victorious,
Again to Troy, right royally they rode
The way, where CRESSEID with the lepers bode.

Seeing that company, they came all, with one steven
They gave a cry, and shook Cups good speed,
Said, 'Worthy Lords! for GOD's love of Heaven!
To us lepers, part of your almous-deed!'
Then to their cry noble TROILUS took heed,
Having pity, near by the place can pass
Where CRESSEID sat; not witting who she was.

Then upon him, she cast up both her ene;
And, with a blink, it came into his thought,
That he, sometime, her face before had seen:
But she was in such plight he knew her not.
Yet then her look into his mind it brought
The sweet visage, and amorous blinking,
Of fair CRESSEID, sometime his own darling.

No wonder was, suppose in mind that he
Took her figure so soon! and lo! now Why?
The idol of a thing, in case, may be
So deep imprinted in the fantasy,
That it deludes the wits outwardly;
And so appears in form and like estate
Within the mind, as it was figurèd.

A spark of love then to his heart could spring,
And kindled all his body in a fire,
With hot fever; a sweat and trembling
Him took, until he was ready to expire.
To bear his shield his breast began to tire.
Within a while, he changèd mony hue;
And nevertheless not one, another knew!

For knightly piety, and memorial
Of fair CRESSEID; a girdle can he take,
A purse of gold, and mony gay jewel,
And in the skirt of CRESSEID down can swak.
Then rode away, and not a word [he] spake,
Pensive in heart, until he came to the town;
And, for great care, oftsi[the]s almost fell down.

The leper folk, to CRESSEID then can draw,
To see the equal distribution
Of the almous: but when the gold they saw,
Each one to other privily can roun,
And said, 'Yon Lord has more affection,
Howe'er it be, unto yon Lazarous,
Than to us all, we know by his almous.'

'What Lord is yon?' quod she, 'have ye no feill,
Has done to us so great humanity?'
'Yes,' quod a leper man, 'I know him well!
Sir TROILUS it is, gentle and free!'
When CRESSEID understood that it was he,
Stiffer than steel there started a bitter stound
Throughout her heart; and fell down to the ground.

When she, o'ercome with sighing sore and sad,
With many careful cry, and called, 'Ochane!
Now is my breast, with stormy stounds stad!
Wrapped in woe, a wretch full will of wane!'
Then swoonèd she oft, or she could refrain;
And, ever in her swooning, cried she thus.
'O, false CRESSEID! and true Knight TROILUS!

'Thy love, thy loy'lty, and thy gentleness,
I counted small in my prosperity;
So elevat[ed] was I in wantonness:
And clam upon the fickle Wheel so high!
All faith and love I promised to thee!
Was in myself fickle and frivolous!
O, false CRESSEID! and true Knight TROILUS!

'For love of me, thou kep'st good continence!
Honest and chaste in conversation!
Of all women protector and defence
Thou wast, and helpèd their opinion!
My mind, in fleshly foul affection,
Was inclinèd to lusts lecherous!
Fie! false CRESSEID! O, true Knight TROILUS!

'Lovers! be 'ware, and take good heed about
Whom that ye love! for whom ye suffer pain!
I let you wit, there are right few thereof,
Whom ye may trust to have true love again!
Prove when ye will, your labour is in vain!
Therefore I rede, ye take them as ye find!
For they are sad as weathercock in wind!

'Because I know the great unstableness,
Brukkil as glass, in to myself I say,
Trusting in others' as great unfaithfulness,
As unconstant, and as untrue of faith.
Though some be true, I wot right few are they!
Who findèd truth, let him his Lady ruse!
None but myself, as now, I will accuse!'

When this was said, with paper, she sat down;
And, on this manner, made her TESTAMENT.

*'Here I betake my corpse and carrion
With worms and with toads to be rent!
My Cup and Clapper, and mine ornament,
And all my gold, the leper folk shall have;
When I am dead, to bury me in grave.*

*'This royal ring, set with this ruby red,
Which TROILUS in dowry to me sent,
To him again I leave it, when I am dead,
To make my careful death unto him kenned.
Thus I conclude shortly, and make an end.
My sp'rit I leave to DIANE, where she dwells,
To walk with her in waste woods and wells—*

'O, DIOMEDE! thou hast both brooch and belt;
Which TROILUS gave me in tokening
Of his true love!' And with that word, she swelt!
And soon a leper man took off the ring;
Syne buried her withouten tarrying.
To TROILUS forthwith the ring he bore;
And of CRESSEID the death he can declare.

When he had heard her great infirmity,
Her legacy, and lamentation;
And how she ended in such poverty:
He swelt for woe, and fell down in a swoon.
For great sorrow, his heart to burst was boun!
Sighing full sadly, said, 'I can no more!
She was untrue; and woe is me therefore!'

Some said, he made a tomb of marble gray,
And wrote her name and superscription,
And laid it on her grave, where that she lay,
In golden letters containing this reason.
LO! FAIR LADIES! CRESSEID, OF TROY'S TOWN,
SOMETIME COUNTED THE FLOWER OF WOMANHOOD,
UNDER THIS STONE, LATE LEPER, LIES DEAD.

Now, worthy women! in this Ballet short,
Made for your worship and instruction,
Of charity, I 'monish and exhort,
Ming not your love with false deception!
Bear in your mind, this short conclusion
Of fair CRESSEID, as I have said before!
Sen she is dead, I speak of her no more!

MAN upon mould, whatsoever thou be,
I warn utterly thou gett'st no degree,
Ne no worship abide with thee,

But thou have the Penny ready to take to!

If thou be a Yeoman, a Gentleman would be,
Into some Lord's court then put thou thee!

Look thou have spending large and plenty,
And always the Penny ready to take to!

If thou be a Gentleman, and wouldst be a Squire,
Ridest out of country as wild as any fire,

I thee warn, as my friend, thou fail'st of thy desire,
But thou have the Penny ready to take to!

If thou be a Squire, and wouldst be a Knight,
And darest not in Arms put thee in fight,

Then to the King's Court hie thee full tite;
And look thou have the Penny ready to take to!

If thou be a Lettered Man, to bear State in School,
A pillion, or tabard, to wear in heat or cool,

Thee to busy thereabout I hold thee but a fool,
But thou have the Penny ready to take to!

If thou be a Bachelor, and wouldst ever thrive,
Prickest out of country, and bringest home a Wife;

In much sorrow and care leadest thou thy life,
But thou have the Penny ready to take to! . . .

JOHN ROUS, or ROSSUS (1411-1491), the Warwickshire Antiquary, has preserved parts of the following Poem in his *Historia Regum Angliæ*, printed at Oxford in 1716; and states that they were written by Lord RIVERS, during his imprisonment at Pontefract; where he was beheaded, without any trial, on June 25, 1483. A fuller text of these Prison Verses is contained in ROBERT FAIRFAX'S musical manuscript, now *Add. MS.* 5,465 in the British Museum; and is the one given here.

SOMEWHAT musing,
And more mourning,
In remembering
 The unsteadfastness;
This World being
Of such wheeling,
Me contrarying,
 What may I guess?

I fear, doubtless,
Remediless,
Is now to cease
 My woeful chance!
For unkindness,
Withouten less,
And no redress,
 Me doth advance.

With displeasance,
To my great grievance,
And no 'surance
 Of remedy!
Lo! in this trance,
Now in substance,
Such is my dance,
 Willingly to die.

Methinketh, truly,
Bounden am I,
And that greatly,
 To be content!
Saying plainly,
'FORTUNE doth wry
All contrary
 From mine intent!'

My life was lent
To an intent;
It is nigh spent!
 'Welcome, FORTUNE!'
But I ne went
Thus to be shent!
But she it meant!
 Such is her won!

A FAITHFUL friend would I fain find,
To find him there he might be found;
But now is the World waxed too unkind,
That Friendship is fall to the ground.
Now a friend I have found,
That I will neither ban ne curse!
But of all friends, in field or town,
Ever gramercy, mine own Purse!

My Purse, it is my privy Wife!
This Song I dare both sing and say.
It parteth men of much strife,
When every man for himself shall pay!
As I ride in rich array,
For gold and silver, men will me flourish!
By this matter, I dare well say,
'Ever gramercy, mine own Purse!'

Dame Juliana Bernes.

As I ride, with gold so red,
And have to do with landès law,
Men, for my money, will make me speed;
And, for my goods, they will me know!
More and less to me will draw,
Both the better and the worse;
By this matter, I say in saw,
'Ever gramercy, mine own Purse!'

It fell by me, upon a time,
As it hath done by many one mo,
My horse, my neat, my sheep, my swine,
And all my goods, they fell me fro.
I went to my friends, and told them so;
And home again, they bade me truss!
I said again, when I was woe,
'Ever gramercy, mine own Purse!'

Therefore, I rede you, Sirès all,
To assay your friends, or ye have need!
For and ye come down, and have a fall,
Full few of them for you will grieve!
Therefore assay them, every each one,
Both the better and the worse!
Our LORD, that shope both sun and moon,
Send us spending in our purse!

THE NUT-BROWN MAID

BE it right or wrong, these Men among, on Women do complain :
Affirming this, How that it is a labour spent in vain
To love them well : for never a deal they love a man again !
For let a man do what he can, their favour to attain ;
Yet if a new to them pursue, their first True Lover then
Laboureth for nought ; and from her thought he is a banished man !

I say not 'Nay!' ; but that, all day, it is both writ and said,
That Women's faith is, as who saith, all utterly decayed :
But, nevertheless, right good witness, in this case, might be laid,
That they love true, and continue, record the Nut-brown Maid !
Which from her Love, when her to prove, he came to make his moan,
Would not depart ! for, in her heart, she loved but him alone.

Then, between us, let us discuss, what was all the manner
Between them two ! We will also tell all the pain, in fere,
That she was in ! Now I begin, so that ye me answer !
Wherefore all ye, that present be, I pray you give an ear !
I am the Knight. I come by night, as secret as I can,
Saying, 'Alas ! Thus standeth the case ! I am a banished man !'

Anonymous.

*And I your will for to fulfil, in this will not refuse ;
Trusting to shew in wordès few, that Men have an ill use,
To their own shame, Women to blame, and causeless them accuse.
Therefore to you, I answer now, all Women to excuse,
' Mine own Heart dear! With you, what cheer? I pray you, tell anon!
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone !'*

It standeth so, a deed is do, wherefore much harm shall grow ;
My destiny is for to die a shameful death, I trow !
Or else to flee! The one must be! None other way I know,
But to withdraw, as an outlaw, and take me to my bow !
Wherefore, Adieu! my own Heart true! None other rede I can ;
For I must to the green wood go alone, a banished man !

*O, LORD! what is this Worldès bliss, that changeth as the moon!
My summer's day, in lusty May, is darked before the noon!
I hear you say, ' Farewell!' Nay! Nay! we depart not so soon!
Why say ye so? Whither will ye go? Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare, to sorrow and care should change, if ye were gone!
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone !*

I can believe, it shall you grieve, and somewhat you distraign ;
But afterward, your painès hard, within a day or twain,
Shall soon aslake ; and ye shall take comfort to you again.
Why should ye not? For to make thought, your labour were in vain!
And thus I do, and pray you too, as heartily as I can.
For I must to the green wood go alone, a banished man !

*Now, sith that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mind ;
I shall be plain to you again, like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so, that ye will go, I will not leave behind!
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid was to her Love unkind!
Make you ready! For so am I, although it were anon ;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone !*

Anonymous.

Yet I you rede, to take good heed what men will think and say!
Of young and old, it shall be told, That ye be gone away,
Your wanton will for to fulfil, in green wood you to play;
And that ye might, from your delight no longer make delay.
Rather than ye should thus, for me, be called an ill woman;
Yet would I to the green wood go alone, a banished man!

*Though it be sung of old and young, that I should be to blame;
Theirs be the charge, that speak so large in hurting of my name!
For I will prove that faithful love, it is devoid of shame,
In your distress and heaviness, to part with you the same:
And sure all those that do not so, True Lovers are they none!
But, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

I counsel you, remember how it is no Maiden's law,
Nothing to doubt; but to run out to wood with an outlaw!
For ye must there, in your hand bear, a bow ready to draw;
And, as a thief, thus must ye live ever in dread and awe:
By which to you, great harm might grow! Yet had I lever then
That I had to the green wood gone alone, a banished man!

*I think not 'Nay!'; but, as ye say, it is no Maiden's lore!
But Love may make me, for your sake, as ye have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot to get us meat in store:
For so that I your company may have, I ask no more!
From which to part, it maketh mine heart as cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

For an outlaw, this is the law, That men him take and bind;
Without pity, hangèd to be, and waver with the wind.
If I had need, as God forbid! what rescue could ye find?
Forsooth! I trow you and your bow should draw, for fear, behind!
And no marvel! For little avail were in your counsel then;
Wherefore I to the wood will go alone, a banished man!

Anonymous.

*Full well know ye, that Women be full feeble for to fight!
No womanhead is it, indeed, to be bold as a Knight!
Yet, in such fear, if that ye were, among enemies day and night,
I would withstand, with bow in hand, to grieve them as I might;
And you to save, as Women have from death many [a] one!
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

Yet take good heed! For ever I dread that ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys, the snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat! For, dry or wet, we must lodge on the plain;
And us above, none other roof but a brake, bush, or twain!
Which soon should grieve you, I believe; and ye would gladly then,
That I had to the green-wood gone alone, a banished man.

*Sith I have here been partener with you of joy and bliss;
I must also part of your woe endure, as reason is!
Yet am I sure of one pleasure! and shortly it is this,
That where ye be, meseemeth, perdie! I could not fare amiss!
Without more speech, I you beseech that we were soon agoine;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

If ye go thither, ye must consider, when ye have lust to dine,
There shall no meat be for to get; nor drink, beer, ale, ne wine!
Ne sheetès clean, to lie between, made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs to cover your head and mine!
Lo! mine Heart sweet! this ill diet should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I to the wood will go alone, a banished man!

*Among the wild deer, such an Archer as men say that ye be,
Ye may not fail of good vitaille, where is so great plenty,
And water clear of the river shall be full sweet to me;
With which in heal, I shall right well endure, as ye shall see!
And, ere we go, a bed or two I can provide anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

Anonymous.

Lo! yet before, ye must do more, if ye will go with me!
As cut your hair up by your ear; your kirtle, by the knee!
With bow in hand, for to withstand your enemies, if need be;
And, this same night, before daylight, to wood-ward will I flee!
If that ye will, all this fulfil, do it shortly, as ye can;
Else will I to the green wood go alone, a banished man!

*I shall, as now, do more for you that 'longeth to womanhead,
To short my hair, a bow to bear, to shoot in time of need.
O, my sweet mother! before all other, for you have I most dread!
But now, Adieu! I must ensue where Fortune doth me lead!
All this make ye! Now, let us flee, the day comes fast upon!
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

Nay! Nay! Not so! Ye shall not go; and I shall tell you Why?
Your appetite is to be light of love, I well espy;
For right as ye have said to me, in like wise hardily,
Ye would answer, whosoever it were, in way of company!
It is said of old, *Soon hot! soon cold!* and so is a woman;
Wherefore I to the wood will go alone, a banished man!

*If ye take heed, it is no need, such wordès to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and long assayed, or I you lovèd, perdie!
And though that I, of ancestry, a Baron's daughter be;
Yet have you proved, how I you loved, a Squire of Low Degree!
And ever shall, whatso befall, to die therefore anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

A Baron's child to be beguiled, it were a cursèd deed!
To be fellow with an outlaw, Almighty GOD forbid!
Yet better were the poor Squire alone to forest yede,
Than ye shall say, another day, 'That by my wicked deed,
Ye were betrayed!' Wherefore, good Maid! the best rede that I can,
Is that I to the green wood go alone, a banished man.

Anonymous.

*Whatso'er befall, I never shall of this thing you upbraid;
But if ye go, and leave me so, then have ye me betrayed!
Remember you well, how that ye deal! For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind your Love, the Nut-brown Maid;
Trust me truly, that I shall die soon after ye be gone!
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

If that ye went, ye should repent! For, in the forest now,
I have purveyed me of a Maid, whom I love more than you!
Another fairer than ever ye were, I dare it well avow!
And of you both, each should be wroth with other, as I trow!
It were mine ease to live in peace; so will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go alone, a banished man!

*Though, in the wood, I understood ye had a Paramour;
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your[s]!
And she shall find me soft and kind, and courteous every hour;
Glad to fulfil all that she will command me, to my power!
For had ye, lo! a hundred more, yet would I be that one!
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

Mine own dear Love! I see the proof that ye be kind and true!
Of Maid and Wife, in all my life, the best that ever I knew!
Be merry and glad! Be no more sad! The case is changèd new!
For it were ruth that, for your truth, you should have cause to rue!
Be not dismayed! whatsoever I said to you when I began.
I will not to the green wood go! I am no banished man!

*These tidings be more glad to me, than to be made a Queen!
If I were sure they should endure. But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak the wordès on the spleen!
Ye shape some wile, me to beguile, and steal from me, I ween!
Then were the case worse than it was; and I, more woe-begone!
For, in my mind, of all mankind, I love but you alone!*

Anonymous.

Ye shall not need further to dread! I will not disparage
You, GOD defend! sith you descend of so great a lineage.
Now understand, to Westmorland, which is my heritage,
I will you bring, and with a ring, by way of marriage!
I will you take, and Lady make, as shortly as I can!
Thus have ye won an Earlès son; and not a banished man!

Here may ye see, that Women be, in love, meek, kind, and stable;
Let never Man reprove them then, or call them variable!
But rather pray GOD, that we may to them be comfortable!
Which sometime proveth such as [He] loveth, if they be charitable.
For sith Men would that Women should be meek to them each one:
Much more ought they, to GOD obey; and serve but Him alone!

GOD be with TRUTH, where he be!
I would he were in this country!

A man that should of TRUTH tell,
With Great Lords he may not dwell!
In true story, as Clerks tell,
TRUTH is put in low degree.

In Ladies' Chambers cometh he not.
There dare TRUTH setten none foot!
Though he would, he may not
Come among the high meiny!

With Men of Law he hath none space!
They loven TRUTH in none place!
Methinketh, they have a ruely grace,
That TRUTH is put at such degree!

In Holy Church he may not sit;
From man to man they shall him flit!
It rueth me sore, in my wit!
Of TRUTH I have great pity.

Religious, that should be good,
If TRUTH come there, I hold him wood!
They should him rend coat and hood;
And make him bare for to flee!

A man that should of TRUTH espy,
He must seeken easily
In the bosom of MARY!
For there he is, forsooth!

*HERE BEGINNETH A LITTLE TREATISE CALLED
THE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN
A LOVER AND A JAY,*

LATELY COMPILED.

THE PROLOGUE.

THOUGH laureate Poets, in old antiquity,
Feigned Fables under cloudy sentence;
Yet some intituled fruitful Morality,
Some of Love wrote great circumstance,
Some of Chivalrous Acts made remembrance,
Some as good Philosophers naturally indited;
Thus wisely and wittily their time they spende.

OVID of Love made matters wonderful,
Good to be known, for eschewing more evil:
But CALUNACE and TIBULL', with style much painful,
Tenderly wrote of Love delectable.
GALLUS and SAPPHO be nothing profitable
For young folks to read, of lusty courage;
Lest they be tagged in VENUS' bondage.

CHAUCER, Flower of rhetoric eloquence,
Compiled books pleasant and marvellous;
After him, noble GOWER, expert in science,
Wrote moralities hard and delicious:
But LYDGATE's Works are fruitful and sententious;
Who of his books hath read the fine,
He will him call a famous Rhetorician.

Young STEPHEN HAWES, whose soul GOD pardon!
Treated of Love so clerkly and well:
To read his Works is mine affection,
Which he compiled for *La belle Pucelle*.
Remembering stories fruitful and delectable;
I, little, or nought, expert in Poetry,
Of lamentable Love have made a Ditty.

HERE BEGINNETH In an arbour;
THE AUTHOR. Late as I were,
The fowls to hear
Was mine intent.
Singing in fere,
With notès clear,
They made good cheer,
On boughès bent.

Their tunes sweet
Moved me to sleep;
Further to fleet

I could not restrain.
To take my rest,
Methought it best.
It was my lust
Still to remain.

The flowers flourished,
The trees burnished,
The odour me nourished
With great suavity,
That still I lay,
All the long day,
In sport and play,
By Songs of melody.

Methought, in slumber,
I heard a Lover,
Without recover,
Crying, 'Alas!
My Love unkind,
That did me bind,
Hath changed her mind,
For no trespass!'

With rueful Song,
His hands he wrung,
Enduring long,
His heart was thro.

Both earth and heaven,
With Planets Seven,
Might bear his steven,
Where he did go.

His colour red
Was pale as lead,
Like ashes dead,
For grievous pain.
In heart can dare
And loathly fare,
In greater care
Was never man!

His heart was faint,
For great complaint.
His hair he rent,
Without pity;
And fell to the ground,
Oftentimes that stound.
With mortal wound,
He cried on high.

AMATOR.

'O, heart unfeign!
Thou mayst complain
Of thy Leman
And Lady sweet!
For lack of comfort,
Or goodly sport,
Thou must resort,
And wail and weep!

'O, pains outrageous,
Great and contagious,
No mirth solacious
 May you abate!
But ever to renew,
And ever to extue!
She is untrue!
 Alack! Alack!

'O, inward sorrow,
Both even and morrow,
Saint GEORGE to borrow,
 Thou hast great wrong!
Without one thought
Availing nought;
For Love hath wrought
 Thee in such throng!

'O, wonderful love,
That me did move,
Without reprove
 Of thought untrue!
O, love right clean
As PHŒBUS' beam,
Sith the first time
 That I thee knew!

'O, love constrained
O, love sore pained!
O, love not feigned!
 O, love of liking!

Where is thy solace?
Where is thy Mistress?
Where is thy gladness?
Where is thy Sweeting?

'O, gentle flower!
Reclaim thy Paramour,
Wounded right sore
With Love's lance!
Reclaim! reclaim!
And think no shame!
Exile disdain
From your remembrance!

'Let Pity lead
Your womanhead;
And Mercy guide
Your tender age!
O, famous *Pucelle*!
Meek, courteous, and gentle!
Seeming to be right well
Of noble parentage!

'Return! return!
Behold, I mourn!
Was never none born,
That Love more grieved!
Full little it iwis
Know ye, I guess,
What pain it is
To love, unloved!

' Alas! O, Nature!
Why did ye figure
So fair a creature
 Of flesh and bone,
Except that She
To Love would ply;
And have pity
 On her true man!

' O, CUPID, King
Of Love and loving!
Great is thy working
 And violent power!
Constrain, constrain
To me again
Mine own Leman
 And Paramour!

' O, VENUS high!
Of Gods chief!
Behold my grief
 And woeful cheer!
Redress my smart;
And cause my sweet Heart
Shortly revert
 To her Prisoner!

' O, marvellous FORTUNE!
That hath dominion;
And in thy bandon,
 Every living wight!

Help to prevail
My painful travail!
I weep and I wail,
Both day and night!

'Sith you me brought
To Love, unsought;
Methinks, you ought,
By reason good,
To wound her sore,
With dints of armour,
That pity pure
May change her mood!

'O, DEATH! do swerve,
My heart-vein to carve,
That I may sterve!
My life is lorn!'
He fell in swoon;
Recovering soon,
He set him down
Under a thorn.

THE AUTHOR. The birds about
Sang in a rout,
With tunè's stout
Of harmony,
Him to assuage.
Falling in rage
Of Love's bondage
For his Lady,

Could not refrain
His mortal pain;
But did complain,
 With heaviness.
'Alas!' said he,
'What cause hath She
Unkind to be,
 For no trespass?'

GRACULUS
LOQUITUR
AMATORI.

In that affray,
A jangling Jay
Sang on a spray,
 Both to and fro.
'Thou, careful man!
That doth complain,
In heart unfeign,
 Why dost thou so?'

AMATOR.

'With woeful cheer
And sorrows sere,
Was nought afraid
 Truth to report,
That unkindness
Of his Mistress
Was painfulness,
 Without comfort!'

GRACULUS.

'To let thy mind,
On one unkind,
Thy wits were blind!
 Yet, nevertheless,

Thyself to spill!
Do way! Be still!
For after trouble
Cometh joyfulness.

'Exile despair!
To mirth repair!
For sorrow and care
Availeth nought!
To good request
Be always prest!
For wit is best,
When it is bought!'

AMATOR.

'Her beauty pure
And countenance demure
Is printed sure
In mine heart's root!
No remedy,
But I must die;
Without that She
Will be my boot!

'With great torment,
And sighs fervent,
I make complaint
To God above!
Was never wight
So dolefully dight,
By day nor night,
And all for Love!

'Early or late,
No rest I take;
But, for her sake,
Mourneth still!
Trusting for grace;
But none can purchase!
Adieu! alas!
GOD know'th my will!'

GRACULUS.

'Sith FORTUNE'S chance
Hath made instance
Thee to advance
In VENUS' play;
Beware again
Of false disdain,
That, with guile and train,
Will thee betray!

'When thou ween'st least,
And trusteth best;
Thou shalt be first
Deceived indeed!
For Love is vain,
And never certain;
But full of pain,
And folly to meed.

'Love is delicious!
Love is primrose!
Love is more precious
Than gold and tapasion!

Love is a pretty cage
For fowls of tender age!
Love is but dotage,
 When we have all done!

‘Love is great pleasure
To every young creature!
Love is a treasure,
 That wasteth fast!
Love is comfortable!
Love is oft variable!
Love is deceivable,
 And nought at the last!

‘What thing is Love,
That so doth move?
Fain would I prove
 How it doth come!
Nothing Love is
But Nature, I guess!
And from Nature it comes
 By faithful affection.

‘Though Nature move
And bid thee love;
Yet Wisdom would prove,
 Or it be hot!
When Fortune sour
Doth on thee lour;
Thou gett’st an hour
 In COCK LOREL’S boat!

‘Advise thee well,
And take good counsel!
Thou hast free will
 To rule and guide!
For Love is dangerous,
False, and contagious;
And as sure as a mouse
 Tied at a thread!

‘I cannot contrary
But Man’s most felicity
Is close[d] in feminity,
 By affection natural:
Yet, truly, it is but folly
To love continually!
A thing that is transitory,
 And not perpetual!

‘Thou mayst take ensample
Of *GRAND AMOUR*, and *GRISEL*,
JASON and *HYPSIPYLE*!
 Further to pursue,
Of *THISBE* and *PYRAMUS*,
HELEN and *PARIS*,
SCYLLA and *MINOS*,
 That were Lovers true!

‘What is become
Of *PHYLLIS* and *DEMOPHOON*,
ALCMENA and *AMPHITRYON*,
 With many thousands mo?

POLYXENA and ACHILLES,
DEIANIRA and HERCULES?
Where is their great gladness
And amiable joy?

‘Where are SEMELE and JOCASTA,
CLEOPATRA and IXIONA,
SEMIRAMIS and SYLVIA,
So fair of favour?
What availeth the beauteousness
Of MEDEA and LUCRECE,
Sith all things are vanities,
And fade as a flower?

‘While FORTUNE was friendly,
And turned her Wheel kindly,
They had much felicity
In love and liking!
Great was their affection
In carnal delectation!
Now, are they all gone,
For all their loving!

‘PENELOPE was faithful,
CIRCE was deceitful,
NIOBE was careful,
And HESTER was good!
Their pageants are past;
And ours wasteth fast!
Nothing doth aye last
But the grace of GOD!

‘Therefore, well consider
This World’s joy is slidder!
Nothing is more sweeter,
And decayeth so soon!
With Reason be content,
For fear thou repent!
To my counsel consent,
And let Love alone!’

AMATOR.

‘O, fowl of fairness!
Sweet are thy Stories,
That thou dost express
To me in dolour!
Yet, nevertheless,
Nature is fresh;
And woundeth me, doubtless,
With dints of armour!’

‘I know right well,
No love is durable!
When FORTUNE, unstable,
Turneth her face,
On wretches to writhe,
And her power kithe;
Be they wroth, or blithe,
She changeth their solace!’

‘Yet my poor heart
Cannot away start
From the penetrable dart
Of blind CUPIDO!’

His daughter, WILL,
Woundeth me still
With pains unmedicinable,
Wherever I go!

' Thus am I wrapped,
And in woe belapped;
Such love hath me trapped,
Without any cure!
Sir TRISTRAM the good,
For his Lemman ISOUD,
More sorrow never bode
Than I do endure!

' LAMWELL and LAMAROCK,
GAWAIN and LANCELOT,
GARETH and CRADDOCK,
With the Table Round,
Sir BEVIS, Sir EGLAMORE,
Sir TERRY, Sir TRYAMORE,
In more grievous dolour,
Were never in bound!

' PHÆDRA and THESEUS,
PROGNE and TEREUS,
PASIPHÆ and TAURUS,
Who liketh to prove,
CANACE and MACAREUS,
GALATEA and POLYPHEMUS,
Were never more dolorous!
And all for true love!

‘DIDO and DEIDAMIA,
LEDA and LAVINIA,
MYRRHA and MEDUSA,
And TOMYRIS so hinde;
CANDACE and CYRENE,
CALLISTO and CYDIPPE,
Were never none like me
In true heart and mind!

‘CREUSA and CLYTEMNESTRA,
SMILAX and LATONA,
BYBLIS, and ATALANTA
Of Arcady the Queen;
DAPHNIS, HYPERMNESTRA,
DIRCE and CLYTIE,
HIPPOLYTE and DIANA,
All these, Lover hath been!

‘I have searched, of late,
Many Poet laureate,
That divers books did make,
And Stories registered;
Yet, in comparison
Of my true affection,
Scarcely can I find one,
Sith TROILUS reigned,

‘That was true and faithful,
In love that is painful,
Without fraud deceitful,
Or privy strife!

Therefore, as I find,
I will shew my mind!
Right few of GRISELD's kind
Are now left on life!

'This World is altered!
Conditions are changed!
As is daily proved
By true experience!
Trust is now Treachery,
And Love is but Lechery!
All things decayeth daily
Without repentance!

'Though I more speak,
My heart will break!
So Love will wreak
On me with teen!
Farewell, delectation!
Welcome, my fortune!
I must be content with Reason,
As others have been!'

GRACULUS. 'For thy distress
And grievingness,
I will express,
In wordès plain,
That Women frail
Are seldom leal!
The truth to tell,
I will not layne!

‘They will consent,
And soon repent!
It is them lent,
 And given by Nature!
Therefore, beware
To prove over-far!
For to Love’s danger,
 They will thee flatter!

‘Their words’ soft blandishing
Is quaint with flattering!
And, with countenance feigning,
 They can make it nice!
Covered above falsely,
Forging frauds craftily,
That they have brought many
 To a Fool’s Paradise!

‘Like serpents furious,
Among flowers odious,
Their venom hideous
 Remaineth still!
The sugar appeareth,
The gall behind leaveth!
What man that proveth,
 Shall like them full ill!

‘Their speech is amiable,
Their hearts are changeable,
Their minds are variable
 With mutability!

They are worthy no praise!
They are so tempered with always;
And, as GUIDO says,
“They are never in surety!”

‘In tears, they seem careful;
And, inwardly, they are deceitful!
Right few that be faithful!
For sickness,
They will speak fair outward;
And think the contrary!
Thus do they always vary,
With doubleness!

‘Record of CRESSEID!
Whom TROILUS loved,
And was sore pained.
CHAUCER doth tell
Her love was feignèd,
And worsely changèd;
And given to DIOMEDE,
With Greeks to dwell.

‘Who trusteth them best,
He shall be the first
Deceived, I trust,
By FORTUNE even!
Then may he go
Where he came fro,
With sorrow and woe,
JACK unshriven!

‘ Ofttimes, they smile,
In Lovè's style,
And doth beguile
 Young Lovers faint,
With sports and plays :
But, nowadays,
He that truth says,
 He shall be shent !

‘ Very few, or none,
Is content with one ;
But, as the moon,
 Oftentimes they change !
Therefore, let a man
Do as well as he can !
For Little Britain
 Is no Grange !

‘ Search Scripture and Policy,
Chronicle and Philosophy ;
The frauds of femininity,
 With guileful train,
Hath brought to confusion
Many a chief champion,
As SAMSON and SOLOMON ;
 Whose Stories are plain.

‘ DAVID the Conqueror,
ARISTOTLE the Philosopher,
HERCULES, and ARTHUR,
 With many other mo,

Defamed were craftily,
Through women's frailty!
Answer let us see!

Is it not so?

'Many cities and towns,
Many countries and regions,
Many Earls, Dukes, and Barons,
Destroyed hath been!
Many a King and Emperor,
And bold Knights of adventure,
Hath died with dolour;
And all for Women!

'PYRAMUS and PARIS,
HECTOR and ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS and PALAMEDES,
DYEPHOLUS a roy,
Many a noble freke
Of Asia, and of Greek,
For fair HELEN's sake,
Were slain at the Siege of Troy!

'How should I more write,
Or yet indite!
My heart doth weep,
To think thereupon!
What mischief, what murmur,
What slander and manslaughter,
What disdain and what murder,
That hath been for Women!

' Further to proceed,
Methinks, no need,
To register indeed
 Their properties perilous!
Yet who would hear
Mo crafts of them sere;
Let him read and lere
 GUIDO and SECUNDUS!

' Thus, in conclusion,
Women are confusion
And final destruction
 To Man, at the end!
Yet shame it is
To blame them, doubtless;
For, as Clerks say,
 They have it of kind!

' Therefore, remember
Their young ages tender!
That to Love is eager,
 With lusty courage.
To love, in youth,
Is pleasure enough;
And, in age, forsooth!
 It is but dotage!

' Trust not their words;
Nor merry bordes!
For Knights and Lords
 Deceived have been!

They are oft mutable!
They are false and variable!
Therefore, trust them but little,
For all their fair eyen!

‘Take comfort good,
And change thy mood!
For, by the sweet rood!
They turn as the wind!
On the sea I have been;
And many jeopardies seen!
What need I more to reckon?
Thou knowest my mind!

‘Remember well! I say.
I must away!
Passèd is the day!
I may not abide!’
She took her flight,
And flew forthright;
And the woeful wight
Fast after yede!

THE AUTHOR. With that, I awoke,
And took my book;
Thereon to look
Was my solace.
Like as I heard,
I was not afeared;
But, word by word,
I wrote this Treatise.

L'ENVOY OF THE AUTHOR.

Go, little book! with rudeness replete!
Present thee humbly, before lecture literal;
Excusing thy Maker, by way or by street,
And pronounce thy sentence with language liberal!
Pray them to correct thy pains rustical!
For made thou wast of short advisement,
By marvellous instance of a Lover, verament!

Feigned thou art, with word opprobrious,
Registering the acts and properties of Women,
That some man will judge thee envious!
Nay! truly, then were he to blame!
This is his mind and entendment certain:
Where as they read and find them guilty,
Let them amend! This counsel giveth he.

Who liketh my sentence, and pondereth it right,
Conjecturing well in his remembrance,
Know may he truly, that by a Lady bright,
Thou wast compiled, by pastime's pleasance.
Such great unkindness, which causèd variance,
Was shewed to a Lover, called F. T.
Her name[s] also beginneth with A. B.

*THUS ENDETH THE TREATISE OF
THE LOVER AND A JAY,*

LATELY COMPILED BY ME, THOMAS FEILDE.

THIS BOOK, CALLED
THE EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE,

WAS MADE AND COMPILED BY

STEPHEN HAWES,

ONE OF THE GROOMS OF THE MOST HONOURABLE
CHAMBER OF OUR SOVEREIGN LORD, KING HENRY VII,
THE NINETEENTH YEAR [1503-4]

OF HIS MOST NOBLE REIGN;

AND BY HIM PRESENTED TO OUR SAID SOVEREIGN LORD.

By *Example* we are to understand a Pattern of excellence; the life of one whose conduct ought to be imitated. King HENRY VII was half a Welshman, and was fond of the Arthurian Romances: so one of his Grooms of the Chamber wrote this kind of *Pilgrim's Progress* in verse; of which the hero is a Knight, who is first called YOUTH, and afterwards VIRTUE. STEPHEN HAWES is sometimes called 'the SPENSER before SPENSER.'

THE PROLOGUE.

- I. WHEN I advert, in my remembrance,
The famous draughts of Poets eloquent;
Which their minds did well enhance,
Books to contrive, that were expedient
To be remembered, without impediment,
For the profit of humanity.
This was the custom of Antiquity.

2. I now simple and most rude,
And naked in depurèd eloquence,
For dullness Rhetoric doth exclude,
Wherefore, in making I lack intelligence;
Also considering my great negligence,
It feareth me sore, for to indite;
But, at adventure, I will now write!
3. As very blind in the Poet's art,
For I thereof can nothing skill,
Wherefore I lay it all apart;
But somewhat, according to my will,
I will now write, for to fulfil
Saint PAUL's words and true sentiment,
'All that is written is to our document.'
4. O, prudent GOWER! in language pure,
Without corruption, most facundious!
O, noble CHAUCER! ever most sure
Of fruitful sentence right delicious!
O, virtuous LYDGATE! much sententious!
Unto you all, I do me excuse,
Though I your cunning do now use.

Explicit Prologus.

THE EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE.

1. IN September, in falling of the leaf,
When PHŒBUS made his declination;
And all the wheat gathered was in the sheaf,
By radiant heat and operation;
When the Virgin had full domination,
And Diane entered was one degree
Into the Sign of Gemini;
2. When the golden stars clear were 'splendent
In the firmament purified clear as crystal,
By imperial course with incumberment;
As Jupiter and Mars that be celestial,
With Saturn and Mercury that were supernal,
Mixed with Venus that was not retrograde,
That caused me to be well fortunate:
3. In a slumb'ring sleep, with sloth opprest,
As I in my naked bed was laid,
Thinking all night to take my rest,
MORPHEUS, to me then made abreyd;
And, in my dream, methought, he said,
'Come, walk with me in a meadow amorous,
Depainted with flowers that be delicious!'

4. I walkèd with him into a place,
Where that there grew many a fair flower,
With joy replete and full of solace;
And the trees distilling redolent liquor,
More sweeter far than the April shower:
And tarry I did there by long space,
Till that I saw, before my face,
5. A right fair Lady, of middle stature,
And also enduèd with great virtue.
Her apparel was set with pearls pure,
Whose beauty always did renew.
To me she said, 'And ye will extue
All wildness, I will be your guide!
That ye to frailty shall not slide.'
6. Unto her I answered, 'O, Lady glorious!
I pray you, tell me, what is your name?
For ye seem to be right precious;
And I am young, and sore to blame,
Of vices full, and in virtue lame:
But I will be ruled now, by your pleasure;
So that your order be made by measure.'
7. 'Ycleped I am,' she said, 'DISCRETION;
And if ye will be ruled by me,
Ye shall have joy without reprehension,
And never fall into fragility!
Youth lacking me, it is great pity;
For in what place I am exiled,
They be with sin right oft defiled!

8. 'It 'longeth ever unto my property,
Youth to give courage for to learn.
I will not meddle with no duplicity:
But faithfulness I will discern,
And bring thy soul to bliss eterne,
By wise example and moral doctrine.
For Youth having me is a good sign.
9. 'Forsake also all evil company;
And be found true in word and deed!
Remember that this world is transitory!
After thy desert shall be thy meed!
Love GOD always! and eke him dread;
And, for no man's pleasure, be thine own foe!
Give them fair words, and let them go!
10. 'Be to thy King ever true subject!
As thou shouldst be, by right and reason.
Let thy heart lowly on him be set,
Without any spot of evil treason;
And be obedient, at every season,
Unto his Grace, without rebellion,
That thou with TRUTH mayst be companion!
11. 'Love never, unloved! for that is pain.
While that thou liv'st, of that beware!
Love, as thou seest thee loved again;
Or else it will turn thee to care!
Be never taken in that fast snare!
Prove, or thou love! That is most sure;
And then thou in doubt shalt not endure!

12. 'Beware! believe no flattering tongue!
For Flatterers be most deceivable.
Though that they company with thee long;
Yet, at the end, they will be variable!
For they, by reason, are not favourable;
But evermore false and double,
And with their tongues cause of great trouble.
13. 'This brittle World, aye full of bitterness,
Always turning like to a ball!
No man in it can have no sickerness:
For when he climbeth, he hath a fall!
O, wavering shadow! bitter as gall!
O, fatal wealth! full soon at end;
Though thou right high do oft ascend.'
14. When she to me had made relation
Of all these Proverbs, by good conclusion;
She gave to me an information,
For to deprive all ill abusion,
And to consider the great derision
Which is in Youth, that may not see
Nothing appropred to his prosperity.
15. Forth then we went to a haven's side;
Where was a ship lying at road,
Tarrying after the wind and tide,
And with much spices right well load[ed].
Upon it looking, we long abode,
Till ÆOLUS, with blasts, began to roar;
Then we her aboarded with pain right sore.

16. This water yclepèd was Vain Glory,
Ever with jeopardy and tempestuous;
And the ship callèd was right truly,
The Vessel of the Passage Dangerous.
The waves were high and greatly troublous.
The Captain callèd was GOOD COMFORT;
And the Steersman, FAIR PASSPORT.
17. Long were we driven with wind and weather,
Till we arrivèd in a fair Island;
Where was a boat, tied with a tether,
Of marvellous wood, as I understand.
Precious stones lay upon the sand,
And pointed diamonds grew on the rocks;
And coral also, by right high stocks.
18. Amazèd I was, for to behold
The precious stones under my feet;
And the earth glistering of gold;
With flowers fair, of odour sweet.
Dame DISCRETION I did then greet;
Praying her, to me to make relation,
Who of this Island hath domination?
19. She said, 'Four Ladies, in virtue excellent;
Of which the eldest is Dame NATURE,
That daily formeth, after her intent,
Every beast and living creature,
Both foul and fair, and also pure.
All that depending in her ordinance;
Where that she favoureth, there is great
pleasance!

20. 'The second is callèd Dame FORTUNE;
Against whom can be no resistance.
For she doth set the strings in tune
Of ev'ry person, by her magnificence:
When they sound best, by good experience,
She will them loose, and let them slip;
Causing them fall by her turning trip.
21. 'The third callèd is Dame HARDINESS,
That often ruleth by her Chivalry.
She is right stout, and of great prowess,
And the Captain of a lusty company;
And ruleth them ever full hardly:
And to get honour and worldly treasure,
She putteth her oft in adventure.
22. 'The fourth is WISDOM, a Lady bright,
Which is my sister, as ye shall see:
Whom I do love with all my might!
For she inclineth ever to benignity,
And meddleth not with fraud nor subtilty;
But maketh many noble Clerks,
And ruleth them in all their works.
23. 'They dwell all in a fair Castle,
Beside a river much deep and clear;
And be expert in featès manual,
That unto them can be no peer
Of earthly person that liveth here.
For they be so fair and wondrous,
That them to see, it is solacious.

24. 'Long have they traversed greatly in the law,
Which of them should have the pre-eminence:
And none of them their case will withdraw,
Till of Dame JUSTICE they know the sentence.
They argue often, and make defence
Each unto other, withouten remedy.
I will no longer of them specify.
25. 'Come on, fair YOUTH! and go with me
Unto that place that is delectable,
Buildd with Towers of curiosity;
And yet, though that ye be lamentable,
When you are there, you will be comfortable,
To see the marvels that there be wrought!
No man can print it in his thought!'
26. A path we found, right greatly used,
Wherein we went till, at the last,
A Castle I saw, whereof I mused,
Not fully from me a stone's cast.
To see the Towers, I was aghast,
Set in a valley, so strongly fortified,
So gently compassed and well edified.
27. The Towers were high, of diamond stones,
With fanes, wavering in the wind,
Of right fine gold, made for the nonce;
And roebucks ran under the linde,
And hunters came them far behind.
A joy it was, such saw I never.
'Abide!' quod she, 'ye shall see a better!'

28. Forth she me led to the Castle ward,
Where we were let in by HUMILITY;
And so after, she led me forward
Till that I saw a royal tree,
With buds blossomed of great beauty:
And then we went into the Hall,
That glazèd was truly with crystal;
29. And hangèd was with Cloths of Arras,
Made of fine gold, with a noble Story.
'How that there sometime reigning was,
In the region of high Italy,
A valiant Emperor and a mighty,
That had to name, forsooth! TIBERIUS;
Which did inquire of prudent JOSEPHUS,
30. 'Why he, his Officers so long kept?
Unto him, he answered, "A good cause Why?
Sometime I saw a man that slept,
That wounded was full piteously,
And on his wounds sucking many a fly.
I then, for pity, movèd them away:
By which he woke, and to me did say,
31. "'Where that thou trowed'st to me comfort;
Thou now hast done me double grievance!
Putting away the flies that did resort
To me, being full of bloody sustenance;
By this, thou mayst have good perseverance,
That now will come the flies most hungry,
That will me bite ten times more grievously!"'

32. The roof was wrought by marvellous geometry,
Coloured with azure, gold, and gowls;
With knottès carven full right craftily,
And set also with wanton fowls,
As Popingays, Pies, Jays, and Owls:
And as I looked on my right side,
A Lady I saw, of marvellous pride,
33. Sitting in a chair, at the upper end
Of all the Hall, as a Lady and Princess,
Among many Kings, that did intend
To be obedient to her high nobleness.
Her apparel was made of much fair richesse,
Set with rubies most pure and rubicund,
Embroidered with pearls and many a diamond.
34. Beside her sat the Worthies Nine;
And she among them a Wheel turning.
Full low to her, they did then incline,
She sometime laughing, and sometime louring.
Her condition was to be dissimuling;
And many exalten upon her Wheel,
Giving them great falls, that they did feel.
35. Then said DISCRETION, 'Behold, and see
That in Dame FORTUNE is no stableness!
This World also is but a vanity!
A dream! a pomp! nothing in steadfastness!
For FORTUNE is false, and full of doubleness!
When she most flattereth, she is not sure!
As thou mayst see daily in ure.'

36. Forth then we went unto the habitacle
Of Dame HARDINESS most pure and fair,
Above all places a right fair spectacle,
Strewèd with flowers that gave good air.
Of virtuous turquoise there was a Chair,
Wherein she sat, in her coat armour;
Bearing a shield, the field of azure;
37. Wherein was set a ramping lion,
Of fine gold, right large and great.
A sword she had of marvellous fashion,
As though a thousand she should beat.
No man the victory of her might get.
A noble Virgin there did her serve,
That first made harness, called MINERVE.
38. The chamber, where she held her Consistory,
The dew aromatic did oft *degoût*,
Of fragrant flowers, full of delicacy;
That all ill airs did incense out.
A carbuncle there was, that all about
Enlumined the chamber, both day and night.
Methought, it was a heavenly sight!
39. Nine Queens I saw, that sat her by,
Being all armed, of great fortitude,
In many a stour they won the victory;
And were endued with facund pulchritude.
For to haunt Arms was their consuetude.
Many a region they often wan;
And also vanquished many a noble man.

40. Next unto her sat the high Queen AZIA,
That was a Conqueress so puissant!
And beside her, the Queen of Saba;
Which in great riches was triumphant:
And also HIPPOLYTA in Arms valiant,
Sat with her, beside Queen HECUBA,
And yet also the Queen EUROPA.
41. Present there, were the wiche Queen JUNO,
And Queen PENTHESIL, with fair Queen HELEN:
And yet I saw by her then also
The noble virgin, young POLYXENE,
That was destroyed, at the last ruin
Of Troy the great, by cruel PYRRHUS,
The son of ACHILLES that was so chivalrous.
42. As I did look, I had commandment
Of Dame DISCRETION, for to remember
These noble Ladies so pure and excellent,
Hardy in courage, of age right tender;
Yet, notwithstanding, [to] DEATH did surrender,
And all their strength and lusty courage:
For he spareth neither Youth ne Age!
43. Forth we walked to the dwelling-place
Of Dame SAPIENCE so full of bliss,
Replete with joy, virtue, and grace;
Nothing there lacked that possible is
Man for to comfort withouten miss:
Though he were dark in worldly folly,
He should there be enlumined shortly!

44. Her Tower was made of workè curious :
I can nothing extend the goodliness
Of her Palace so good and glorious,
Builded in the place Soothfastness,
Withouten taste of worldly bitterness!
No person can extol the sovereignty
Of her worthy and royal dignity!
45. She each estate should have in governance,
As them to rule, or that they repent!
For better it is to have good purveyance
At the beginning, as is expedient,
Than for to wish for things misspent;
That might be savèd long afore,
And with a forewit kept in store.
46. Her Chamber was glazed with beryl clarified,
Depainted with colours of delectation.
A place of pleasure so heavenly glorified
In virtue, heal, life, and salvation,
Without any stormy tribulation
That might annoy the heavenly health;
But always comfort to the soul's wealth.
47. There sat Dame PRUDENCE, in virtue magnified.
Impossible it is to shew her goodlihead!
She was so fair and clearly purified,
And so discreet and full of womanhead,
That and I trow Virtue were dead,
It should revive yet in her again!
She was so gentle and without disdain.

48. It was great comfort unto my heart,
For to behold that heavenly sight.
DISCRETION said, I should not depart,
Till I had spoken with her sister bright.
Forth she me led, with all her might,
Unto that Princess and royal Sovereign;
Ergo my labour was not in vain.
49. Then spake Dame PRUDENCE, with meek counten-
'Welcome, DISCRETION, my sister dear! [ance.
Where have ye been, by long continuance?'
'With YOUTH,' she said, 'that ye see here!
And, for my sake, I you require,
Him to receive into your service;
And he shall serve you in goodly wise.'
50. 'Welcome!' she said, 'for my sister's sake;
And yet also now, for your own!
Into my service I will you take;
Sithens that your wildness is overblown,
The seed of Virtue on you shall be sown,
Vice to deprive, by his good authority,
As for to subdue all ill iniquity.
51. 'Of other men's words be thou not bold;
And of their promise make no behest!
And if thou hear an ill tale told,
Give no judgement, but say the best!
So shalt thou live evermore in rest.
Who little meddleth is best at ease;
For well were he, that all might please!

52. 'Beware! keep thee from great offence,
That thou condemned be not by RIGHTEOUSNESS,
When she doth give her mortal sentence;
Without PEACE, or MERCY, cause her release
Her judgement of mortal heaviness:
That the best friend to thee will be,
Thee for to succour in great necessity.
53. 'But yet in them have none affiance,
As first to sin, thinking that they
At the end to thee will be deliverance!
Nay! RIGHTEOUSNESS will drive them away!
For of all sins, without delay,
Such sin in hope, it is the most!
For it is the sin of the HOLY GHOST!
54. 'Now I admit you into your room,
In the which ye shall yourself apply,
Of mine own Chamber ye shall be Groom!
Look ye be diligent; and do not vary
From my commandments never specially!
For, and ye will them well observe,
A much better room ye do deserve!
55. 'The first commandment that I give thee,
Think on the end, or thou begin!
For thou, by right, mayst know the certainty,
That death is fine of every sin!
Be never taken in diabolical engine,
But that repentance may loose thee soon
Of that great sin that thou hast done.

56. 'Trust not too much in FORTUNE's grace!
Though that she laugh on thee a while;
For she can suddenly turn her face,
When that she list thee to beguile.
She, wealth and joy can soon defile;
And plunge thee in the pit of poverty!
Wherefore in her have thou no surety.
57. 'Presume no further than thee behoveth!
For it will turn thee to great shame.
For who that from his room removeth,
He is often full greatly to blame;
And meddleth with others in them lame,
As nothing cunning nor expert,
They may him say, "Sir MALAPERT!"
58. 'Or that thou speak, call to remembrance
Unto what matter thy word shall signify!
Look, that it turn no man to grievance!
Though that it be spoken merrily,
Yet many a one will take it grievously;
Which that might cause wrath and debate.
While that thou liv'st, beware of that!
59. 'For a thing lost without recover,
Look that thou never be too pensive!
Thank GOD of it, think to have another!
Let wisdom then be to thee comfortive!
That to thy brain is best preservative;
For, evermore, right wise is he
That can be patient in adversity.

60. ' Prove thy friend in a matter feigned,
Or thou have need! Then shalt thou see,
Whether he be justly with thee retained,
Thee for to succour, in thy necessity.
By proof, thou mayst know the verity :
For proof afore that need require,
Defeateth doubt ever in fere.
61. ' Be thou never so blind in will,
Yet look thou be reformed by REASON!
Then shalt thou my mind fulfil,
And thou thereto thyself abandon.
Strive not with REASON, for none encheason!
For where she lacketh, there is great outrage;
And, without her, may not assuage.
62. ' Eschew also the sin of Pride!
The mother and the fervent root
Of all the sins, at every tide:
Wherefore tread thou her under foot,
With help of Virtue so sweet and soot;
Which is [the] best salve to heal thy sore,
And to thy health thee to restore.
63. ' Woe worth sin without repentance!
Woe worth bondage without release!
Woe worth Man without good governance!
Woe worth infinal pain and distress!
Woe worth vice put far in press!
Woe worth sovereignty having disdain;
And woe worth pity that doth refrain!

64. 'Woe worth right that may not be heard!
Woe worth friendship without stability!
Woe worth true sentence that is deferred!
Woe worth the man full of duplicity!
Woe worth him without benignity!
Woe worth liberty withouten peace;
And woe worth cruelty that may not cease!
65. 'Woe worth cunning that is abused!
Woe worth promise withouten payment!
Woe worth virtue that is refused!
Woe worth trouble without extinguishment!
Woe worth folly, on message sent!
Woe worth reason that is exiled;
And woe worth truth that is defiled!
66. 'Woe worth the trust without assurance!
Woe worth grace not set by!
Woe worth justice kept in distance!
Woe worth wealth replete with envy!
Woe worth the battle without victory!
Woe worth beginning without good end;
And woe worth wrong that doth defend!'
67. These commandments I put in memory,
Them for to keep doing my diligence.
With Dame SAPIENCE I did long tarry;
Which did me teach, with parting influence,
Of her delicate and dulcet complacence.
Then spake DISCRETION anon to me,
In the presence of her sister's majesty,

68. 'Thou art beholding to my sister reverent,
That thee retainèd hath unto her servant;
Wherefore be thou to her obedient,
And, at every hour, to her attendant:
And riotous company do thou not haunt,
For that will 'pair and ill thy name;
Wherefore of virtuous mirth let be thy game!'
69. DISCRETION further forth me led
Unto the solemn and royal mansion
Of Dame NATURE in human stead.
Right pleasant was her habitation,
Of marvellous work and situation;
And she herself held her Estate
In a glorious Chamber without checkmate.
70. Her Tower was gilded full of sunbeams,
And within hanged with Cloth of Arras.
The roof was painted with golden streams,
And like crystal depurèd was.
Every window about of glass;
Where that she sat as a fair Goddess,
All things creating by her business.
71. Methought, she was of marvellous beauty,
Till that DISCRETION led me behind;
Where that I saw all the privity
Of her work and human kind:
And, at her back, I did then find
Of cruel DEATH a doleful image,
That all her beauty did persuage.

72. Full wondrous was her operation
In every kind eke and right degree,
Withouten rest or recreation.
I will not meddle with her secret,
For it nothing 'longeth to my faculty:
But somewhat, after, I will express
Of her great power and worthiness.
73. But in my book well for to proceed,
Dame DISCRETION further me brought
Into a fair Chamber, as ye may rede,
Of fine geometry right well wrought.
To comfort Man there lacked nought;
But that, methought, there was no company,
Save only Dame DISCRETION and I.
74. We had been but a little while there,
But that we saw a Lady clear,
Right well appavelled in sad gear,
Mild in her 'haviour, discreet of cheer,
That came us by; and, very near,
Ascending up into her high seat,
Garnished with pearl[s], and with gold beat.
75. Then said DISCRETION, ' This is Dame JUSTICE,
Clean of conscience, without corruption,
And never bespotted with the sin of covatice;
But true as steel in the intention
Of right, evermore without destruction
Giving always a rightful judgement.
Obey, thou, YOUTH! this Lady reverent!

76. 'A Judge fulfilled with the sin of avarice,
Or with favour of kin made blind,
Must needs do wrong by great prejudice.
For favour should not conscience bind
Right to dissimule, as I now find
In problems written of antiquity,
Made by Philosophers of authority.'
77. As we stood talking thus together,
Up came Dame FORTUNE so gaily glorified,
Impossible it is for me to discover
How gorgeous she was and greatly magnified ;
Full like a Goddess, that had been deified !
Clothèd with gold, set full of rubies, [quoise.
And tinsted with emeralds and many a tur-
78. And, next to her, there did ensue
Dame HARDINESS, that noble Lady ;
After whom, anon, did pursue
Dame SAPIENCE, which did not tarry ;
Then came Dame NATURE appavelled royally ;
And all the others, clad in gold,
Set with diamonds many a fold.
79. They louted all unto the ground
Afore Dame JUSTICE, for obeisance ;
That sat there, both whole and sound,
Withouten any discontinuance,
Giving good ear unto the utterance
Of these four Ladies, pleading at Bar ;
Which all their cases did well avar.

80. First, Dame HARDINESS began to plead,
Saying, She was to Man most profitable:
For she the hearts hath often fed
Of Conquerors, as it was convenable,
'And by my courage have made them able
Regions to win, their enemies to subdue:
And if I were not, they had it rue!
81. 'And if a man be never so wise,
Withouten me, he getteth none utterance!
Wherefore his wisdom may not suffice
All only, without mine allegiance!
For I, by right, must needs enhance
A low-born man to a high degree,
If that he will be ruled by me.
82. 'Have I not caused many a noble warrior
To win the battle, by my great might?
Without me, was made never Conqueror;
Nor yet man courageous, when he did fight!
No man, without me, may defend his right!
I may be worst from him forborne;
For, and I were not, he were forlorn!
83. 'Did I not cause the noble HERCULES,
By my power, to win the victory
Of the sturdy and strong PHILOTES?
As is recorded in books of memory.
For, without me, can be no Chivalry;
And, under the wing of my protection,
All rebels brought be to subjection.

84. 'A realm is upholden by things three.
The first and the chief, it is the Sword ;
Which causeth it to be in good surety,
And other realms, of it to be afear'd :
By which the usurpers be deferred
From their will, with treason knit ;
And by me slain, for their false fit.
85. 'The second is Law, that ever serveth,
But within the realm only ;
For other nations, our Law ne dreadeth :
But our Sword they do in specially,
For, and they rose against us proudly,
As they have done often in times past ;
Yet, with our Sword, they should be overcast !
86. 'The third be Merchants, that do multiply
In this realm wealth and prosperity.
For of every thing they often occupy,
Every man like unto his faculty.
For, without Merchants, cannot be
No realm upholden in wealth and pleasure !
For it to us is a special treasure.
87. 'Also yet HERCULES, the puissant giant,
Did slay the monster afore Troy the great,
And, with his strokes, he did him daunt ;
They were so peisantly on him set,
That he, the victory on him did get.
Had I not been comfort unto his heart,
Such victory had been laid apart !

88. 'Did he not vanquish, in the forest of Nemeë,
The three mortal lions, by his great hardiness;
And rived their jaws, as was to see,
Between his hands, by chivalrous prowess?
And yet, by Arms and knightly excess,
In Egypt, he slew the tyrant BUSIRE;
And brent him after, in a great fire.
89. 'Also he slew the tyrant CACUS,
For his tyranny and great mischief;
Because his deeds were so odious,
For he did murder, and was a thief!
Wherefore his death to many was lief.
Who more of his acts will have report,
To the Trojan's story let him resort!
90. 'Also the worthy and the noble HECTOR,
That yclepèd was the Trojans' Champion,
And of all Chivalry called the Flower,
In his time reigning, and of renown;
Of whose noble deeds the bruit and sound
Was spread by every strange habitation,
That they of his feats did make relation.
91. 'By his power and hardy courage,
He put the Greeks full often to flight;
And beat them down by a great outrage,
That well was he that him save might!
Full often he brought them to the plight!
His deeds were pure, without magician,
And without negromancy, or such corruption.

92. 'Did I not cause also King DAVID,
A lion's jawbones to rend and tear;
That did devour his sheep in the frith,
As he sat keeping of them there?
The lion's cruelty might not him fear!
And he, in his youth, so hardy was,
That he did slay the giant GOLIAS.
93. 'Did I not cause the noble JULIUS,
Emperor of Rome for to be elect,
Because he was so strong and chivalrous?
When in Arms he knew the affect,
He all his enemies did abject;
And, by the support of my chief succour,
He governed himself like a noble Emperor.
94. 'And also ARTHUR, King of Britain,
With all the Knights of the Round Table,
Never adventures had sought, certain,
And I thereto had not been 'greeable,
They for to fight had not been able!
Who that me lacketh is but a coward;
And shame is ever his reward!
95. 'Also King CHARLEMAGNE, King of France,
With his douzepers ROLAND and OLIVER,
With all the residue of his alliance,
That in all Arms so noble were,
On GOD's enemies brake many a spear;
Causing them to flee, to their great villany.
Hardiness was cause that they had victory!'

96. O, worthy hardiness! the shining star!
Always to Man's heart the comfort!
When that it is the time of war,
Unto what party that thou resort,
They win the battle, by thy support!
And where that thou lettest thy beams descend,
They often high to honour ascend!
97. Then said Dame HARDINESS unto the Judge,
'I pray you, that right I may have,
Sithens I to Man am chief refuge!
When that he listeth of me to crave,
I make him courageous and his worship save!
Wherefore I ought to have the pre-eminence,
By right reason and good experience.'
98. 'That I deny you!' said Dame SAPIENCE.
'Of whom have you order of pleading?
For ye never can have none intelligence,
But by the means of mine informing!
For I am always your mind teaching;
And, without me, your tale were but a fable!
For ye, without wit, should always babble!
99. 'This will I prove, by mine opinion,
That I am ground of the Arts Seven,
And of all good works in communion;
For no man, without me, can go to Heaven!
My deeds be marvellous for Man to neven,
When they be wrought into their degree!
Who that will learn them, he hath the liberty!

100. 'Of my deeds books do make record;
The which Clerks put into remembrance,
For an example, without discord,
Of heavenly way by virtuous governance.
Without me, Man can have no pleasance;
Nor yet him rule in no manner wise!
A man without wit is to despise.
101. 'Hardiness, without prudence, may not avail,
' Though that a man be never so sturdy!
For a wise man feeble may win the battle
Of him that is right strong and mighty!
For better it is, for to be right witty
In the defence of his good safeguard;
Than often to strike, and to run forward.
102. 'That thing that hardiness may not win,
May be gotten by my high sovereignty;
And, with the help of subtle engine,
It may be brought to the extremity.
Where that it might not by possibility
Of hardiness long afore be won;
Yet by great wisdom it may be done!
103. 'Unto divers cases I take exception
Of Dame HARDINESS, which are no law.
Unto the first, under your correction,
She said, "And she her power did withdraw,
No rebel then should stand in awe!"
And she is the chief, as I know well,
That causeth him for to be rebel!

Stephen Hawes.

104. 'By her folly and foolish hardiness,
She causeth men to rise against their Lord!
She is the cause of mortal heaviness,
When she doth break the good concord:
Wherefore, methinks, by one accord,
For to exile her, it is now the best!
Then Man should live in peace and rest.

105. 'And where she said, "That she exalted
JULIUS CÆSAR, by her great excellence,"
In that case, she right clearly varied!
For it was I, by my great diligence,
That never was out of his presence;
But ruled him, and made him worthy
To be chosen Emperor of all Italy.

106. 'Chosen he was, by the common assent,
For the great wisdom that in him shone,
With a great voice and a whole intent:
For like unto him was there none
That was so able as he alone
For to occupy an Emperor's dignity!
Of his promotion, he might thank me!

107. 'I, SAPIENCE, am endued with grace,
And the load-star of heavenly doctrine;
The spring of comfort, joy, and solace!
Who that list, to me for to incline,
He shall know things that be divine;
And, at his end, behold the Deity,
That is one GOD and Persons three!'

108. It pleasèd the Father, that is omnipotent,
His Son to send to be incarnate
Of the Virgin MARY, the star most excellent!
Maiden and Mother yet not violate,
Like a vessel chosen and made ornate,
All only for to be GOD's Mother;
And he himself, unto Man Brother.
109. But a strife there was between GOD and Man,
When Man consented to sin deadly.
By that, the discord first began;
When he, the Son of GOD on high,
That is his Brother, again will crucify,
If he had power; by which is offended
The Father of Heaven, as is intended.
110. Therefore, let us to our Brother go,
Named JESUS CHRIST, and axe him mercy,
With a good intent and heart also!
There is for us none other remedy,
That any tongue truly can specify;
And he will take it for a correction,
And of all vengeance cease the affection.
111. That we may of him have forgiveness
Of our great sin, with reformation
Of peace between the Father's Highness
Of Heaven and us in suspiration.
Therefore, if thou dread the amotion
Of his righteousness, look, that thou flee
Right fast unto his merciful pity!

112. For his mercy is more than all our misery;
And eke above his works all,
As DAVID sheweth in his prophecy,
Saying, 'His mercy is over all!'
To whom, I pray ever, in especial,
To give me grace well my pen to lead,
That quaketh aye for dread.
113. Dame SAPIENCE said, 'I do proceed
Of the strength of the HOLY GHOST;
That is, and shall be, matter indeed,
GOD and Lord of Might's most:
Whose infinal power was never lost,
And yet never had no beginning;
But always like strong, without ending.
114. 'Where that Dame HARDINESS, in her pleading,
Made herself to Knights most necessary,
By the means of her power shewing;
That I, by right, do now well deny!
For, in that case, she did much vary:
For six there are, that more profit be;
Of which the least is better than she!
115. 'The first is prudence. That is the chief
That him doth rule and is his guide;
And keepeth him from great reproof,
And causeth his worship for to abide.
So every Christian man should provide,
By his wit, to withstand the Devil,
That he consent not to do evil.

116. 'The second is, that he should be true
To his Sovereign Lord that on him reigneth;
And all treason for ever to eschew,
In which great shame often remaineth;
And by which he his kin distaineth.
So a Christian man should be true ever
To JESU CHRIST, that was his Redeemer.
117. 'The third is, that he should be liberal
Among his commons, withouten let.
That is the cause ever in general
That he the love of them doth get;
For it causeth their hearts on him be set.
So every true Christian man should be
To good intended with liberality.
118. 'The fourth is, that he should be strong,
His right ever for to defend:
And never to no man for to do wrong,
But wrongs for to direct and amend,
As far as his power will extend.
So a true Christian man should exclude
All manner of vices, by his fortitude.
119. 'The fifth is, that he should be merciable
In all his deeds, withouten furor.
For that to him is greatly convenable,
And eke to keep him out of error;
For he of Mercy should be a Mirror!
So unto them it is right necessary,
Who that will be saved, for to have mercy.

120. 'The sixth is, a Knight ought for to keep
The poor folk, in their great need;
That often for hunger and thirst do weep.
He ought with alms them for to feed;
And the better he shall then speed.
So every true Christian man should do,
As far as his power cometh unto.
121. 'I, SAPIENCE, am of the King's Council;
Which is clothed with purple, that signifieth
The grace and the pulchritude, without fail,
Of great virtues that in him shineth.
For to no vices he never inclineth;
Having on his head a fair crown royal,
That sheweth his dignity to be regal.
122. 'Which to his people is the chief glory;
Through whom his subjects be direct,
And made obedient to him certainly,
At every hour, by right true effect.
But furthermore by good aspect,
He beareth a ball in his left hand;
The which betokeneth, as I understand,
123. 'A King to be a good administrator
Unto his subjects, in every place;
And to be for them a good provisor,
As reason requireth in every case.
I, SAPIENCE, do rule his noble Grace.
In his right hand he hath a sceptre,
That doth signify, by right, his rigour

124. 'Ill men to punish, for their offence.
By his righteousness, whom the love
Of virtue shining in experience
Doth not extol, nor yet now remove.
A lamp doth hang his head above,
Always 'light and clearly brenning;
Which signifieth the mercy of a King.
125. 'The old Philosophers, by their prudence,
Found[ed] the Seven Sciences Liberal;
And, by their exercise and great diligence,
They made their deeds to be memorial:
And also Poets, that were fatal,
Craftily coloured, with cloudy figures,
The true sentence of all their scriptures.
126. 'O, JUSTICE! Lady and Sovereign Goddess!
Give you true sentence now upon me!
As ye be surmounting in virtue and noblesse,
Let me, Dame SAPIENCE, have the sovereignty!
As is according to my royal dignity.
For I am most profitable unto Man;
And ever have been, since the world began.'
127. Then said Dame FORTUNE, 'Ye are imperfect,
Without that I thereto be accordant!
For all your hardiness and prudence perfect,
I unto you must be well exuberant,
And with your works ever concordant!
Where that I favour, they have good comfort
In all their deeds, by my sweet resort.

128. 'I, FORTUNE, am the rule and steer
Of every person like to my will,
That in this world now liveth here.
When that I list for to fulfil
My mind, right soon I can distill
The dew of comfort, wealth, and richesse,
To Man, exalting him to nobleness.
129. 'Though that a man were never so hardy,
Without me, he might not attain!
And though that a man were never so witty,
And I did my power from him refrain,
All his labour were lost in vain!
So hardiness and prudence, in no wise,
Without good fortune, may well suffice!
130. 'Though that a man were but a fool,
If I consent that he be fortunate,
He needeth not to make no great dole!
For I shall maintain so his estate,
That he in richesse shall be so elevate,
Fulfilled with wealth and worldly treasure,
That he shall lack no manner of pleasure.
131. 'Where that Dame HARDINESS would affirm,
By her cases, that are so unsure!
That she, by her power, doth confirm
The Knights of victory for to be sure,
When she doth take their hearts in cure;
If FORTUNE be away, she may not avail!
For they, by reason, must lose the battle.

132. 'Yet, furthermore, as I do well consider,
How Dame HARDINESS did express,
Sithens the time that I came hither,
That she promoted had to worthiness
HECTOR, DAVID, and the noble HERCULES,
With many others: whereof she faileth;
For it was FORTUNE! as she well knoweth.
133. 'For, in old time, the noble warriors,
For to eschew ever my great danger,
In which time they were idolators,
Then they, to put them out of fear,
To idols went, that their gods were,
For to have answer, If they should win
The battle? or they did begin.
134. 'What need I plead, by long continuance,
As Dame SAPIENCE did, in matters high;
It were of time but discontinuance!
But, O, Dame JUSTICE! the gentle Lady!
Look that ye judge my matter righteously!
That I of HARDINESS may be the principal;
And of Dames PRUDENCE and NATURE withal!
135. Then said Dame NATURE, 'That may not be,
As I can prove by right and reason.
For I am most comfort to Humanity,
As Man well knoweth, at every encheason;
And cannot be forborne for none season.
For where I lack, without any delay,
Man is but dead, and turned to clay.

136. 'That NATURE giveth, by her power,
WISDOM nor HARDINESS may not defeat!
For I to Man am the chief doer,
During his life, without retreat.
Also Dame FORTUNE may not well let
Me of my course, though she it thought
In sundry wise; my deeds are so wrought.
137. 'Though that a man were infortunate,
And though that he were never so foolish,
And a great coward, to fight not able;
Yet should he live, and never perish,
Till that my power of him doth finish.
Which fail must once, it is my property;
And that was given me by the Deity.
138. 'I am the original of Man's creation;
And by me always the World doth multiply
In wealth, pleasure, and delectation;
As I will shew now, in this party.
My deeds be subtle and wrought craftily.
What were the World, if I were not?
It were soon done, as I well wot!
139. 'The Law of NATURE doth Man bind,
Both beast, fowl, and fish also,
In their degree, to do their kind.
Blame them not, if they go so!
For hard it is ever to overgo
The kind of NATURE, in her degree:
For every thing must shew his property.

140. 'Who of their properties list to read,
Let him look in the book of BARTHOLOMEW,
And to his scripture take good heed:
That right nobly of them doth shew,
With all their acts, being not a few;
But wondrous many by alteration,
For like hath like his operation.
141. 'I, NATURE, nourish, by mine affection,
Man's human parts superficial;
And am the spring of his complexion:
The fountain of his veins inferial,
To him conserve most dear and special.
Though he were hardy and wise, he might
not me forbear; [a pear!
Nor FORTUNE, without me, availeth not him
142. 'Wherefore, Dame JUSTICE! be you now indifferent!
Consider that I am most dear and lief
Unto every man, that is eliquilent,
And above all medicines to him most chief;
And by my strength unto him relief
In his disease; wherefore, as think[eth] me,
I ought of reason to have the sovereignty!'
143. Then spake Dame JUSTICE, with meek countenance,
'I will all your controversy now redress:
For I of your reasons have good perseverance,
And, after your cases, both more and less.
Wherefore, I, JUSTICE, by good righteousness,
Give now upon you a final judgement.
That ye four agree, by a whole assent,

144. 'Man for to please at every hour,
Without disagreement or contradiction;
And, in his need, to do him succour,
With loving heart and true affection.
He shall be in your good jurisdiction;
And you of him shall be co-partners,
Both of his life and of his manners.'
145. Then said Dame HARDINESS, 'I agree thereto.'
'And so do I,' then said Dame SAPIENCE.
Then said Dame FORTUNE, 'I, also, do
Agree unto Dame JUSTICE's sentence.'
'And I, Dame NATURE, will do my diligence,
Like as ye do, Man for to please;
And him to strength in his disease.'
146. With that, Dame JUSTICE up arose,
Unto the Ladies bidding farewell;
And went into her Chamber close,
Yclepèd Conscience, where she did dwell:
As Dame DISCRETION did me tell.
Then HARDINESS and FORTUNE went down the
stair;
And, after them, NATURE so clear and fair.

147. Dame SAPIENCE tarried a little while
Behind the others, saying to DISCRETION,
And began on her to laugh and smile,
Asking her, 'How I stood in condition?'
'Well,' she said, 'in good perfection:
But best it is that he married be,
For to eschew all ill sensuality!
148. 'I know a Lady of marvellous beauty,
Sprung out of high and noble lineage,
Replete with virtue, and full of bounty,
Which unto YOUTH were a good marriage;
For she is comen of royal apparage:
But hard it will be to get her love,
Without YOUTH frailty do sore reprove.'
149. I kneelèd down then upon my knee,
Afore Dame SAPIENCE, with humble cheer,
Beseeching her, of me to have pity;
And also DISCRETION, her sister dear.
Then Dame SAPIENCE came me near,
Saying, 'YOUTH! will ye have a Wife,
And her to love during her life?'
150. 'Yea! Madam! that would I fain.
If that she be both fair and bright,
I will her love evermore, certain;
And please her always with all my might!
Of such a person, would I have a sight,
With all my heart, now at this hour!
Would to GOD I had so fair a flower!'

151. Then said DISCRETION, 'There is a King
Dwelling far hence, in a fair Castle,
Of whom I oft have heard great talking;
Which hath a daughter, as I you tell,
I trow that YOUTH will like her well!
She is both good, eke fair and pure,
As I report me unto Dame NATURE.
152. 'But if that YOUTH should her go seek,
Ye must, sister! then him well endue
With your great power, so good and meek,
That he all frailty may eschew.
For, by the way, it will oft pursue
On him by flattery and great temptation,
That shall bring him in tribulation.'
153. 'As for that,' said she, 'he shall not care!
For he shall them soon overcome,
And of their flattery right well beware!
For I to him shall give great wisdom,
Their deeds to withstand and make them dumb;
Wherefore, dear sister! as I you pray,
Unto her lead him now on the way!
154. 'Look, that ye send me, in his necessity,
By Dame SWIFTNESS, full soon a letter;
By which that I may know the certainty,
That I may come to aid him better,
So that frailty to him be no fretter:
And, though I be not always visible,
With him, my power he hath invincible.'

155. Then said Dame SAPIENCE to DISCRETION,
‘Farewell, dear sister! I may not tarry.
Look, ye of YOUTH have the tuition,
That he fall not into vainglory;
And that ye purvey for him shortly,
That he may wed the fair Dame CLEANNESSE;
Which, for her love, hath been in duress.’
156. With that, Dame SAPIENCE down went
Into her place, that was the Doctrinal
Of famous Clerks in cunning splendent,
A Mirror of Learning that was divinal,
With all the crafts artificial. [mansion;
Before her, Dame FORTUNE went to her
And eke Dame HARDINESSE to her habitation.
157. Forth then went DISCRETION and I
Out of the Castle into a Green,
Where birdès sang by great melody.
There danced also the fair Queen,
Beside a river named Ephesene;
Over which we went to the other side,
That was a meadow both long and wide.
158. Long there we wandered till, at the last,
We came unto a right great Wilderness.
By that time PHŒBUS was overpast;
Wherefore we walked in great darkness,
The which to me was a great heaviness:
For LUCINA eke did her shroud
Under a black and misty cloud.

159. For she was hornèd, and nothing clear ;
And entered into the Sign of Capricorn,
Right far from PHŒBUS' fulgent Sphere,
And not against him the crown had worn.
I went up and down till, on the morn,
That PHŒBUS his golden rays did spread.
Then DISCRETION further forth me led
160. Among thorns sharp, and beastès wild :
There were the lion, the wolf, and the bear ;
But I could meet neither man ne child,
But many serpents, that did me fear ;
And, by a sweet smell, I knew a panther.
So forth I went, by long continuance,
'Till that I saw a herber of pleasance,
161. To which I took anon my way ;
Where that I saw a Lady excellent
Riding, on a goat, in fresh array,
Right young of age, and lusty of intent,
Praying me, to her for to assent,
As to fulfil the fleshly pleasure,
Which she desired me out of measure.
162. 'Nay!' said DISCRETION, 'that may not be !'
'No!' said I, 'in no manner of wise,
To her request I will now agree :
But evermore her foul lust despise !
For I myself do now advise
To keep me chaste, that I may marry
Fair Dame CLEANNESSE, that noble Lady !'

163. So forth I went, walking my journey,
Meeting a Lady old and amiable,
Sitting in a castle both fresh and gay,
On an elephant's back, in strength so stable,
Which it to bear was good and able;
Having in her hand a cup of gold,
Set with pearls right many a fold.
164. She said she was the Lady of Richesse,
The Queen of Wealth and Worldly Glory;
Praying me to company with her nobleness,
And she then would promote me shortly
To innumerable riches; and make me worthy!
Where I am poor and set by nought;
By her to worship I should be brought!
165. Unto her I answered, 'I would not so,
As for to hunt in the Park of Pride;
The which to CLEANNESSE is mortal foe!
But with DISCRETION I will abide,
Which doth a Wife for me provide;
By whom I shall have the possession
Of Heavenly Kingdom and great renown!'
166. So forth I went, and had great travail,
Without the comfort of any person
Save of DISCRETION; which did me counsel,
As she went walking with me alone.
Unto her I made [a] full great moan;
And likened the Wilderness, by moral sense,
Unto worldly trouble, by good experience.

167. She said the first Lady that I did meet,
Yclepèd was Dame SENSUALITY;
Which can well flatter with wordès sweet,
Causing a man to fall into fragility,
And for to haunt the carnal frailty;
Which unto CLEANNESS is abominable,
For they, in work, be greatly variable.
168. The second was PRIDE, endued with covatice,
A Lady of right fruitless meditation;
Delighting greatly in the sin of avarice,
The which is cause of her damnation:
For she, by her false supportation,
Blindeth many a man's conscience,
And driveth, right oft, far in absence.
169. So further I went till, at the last,
I was in a Maze, going in and out,
There was none other way. I was aghast;
But forth I walkèd in great doubt,
Now here, now there, and so round about.
Then said unto me Dame DISCRETION,
'Ye are in the business of worldly fashion.'
170. Therein I travelled, by long space,
Till that I met a Lady glorious,
Endued with virtue and great grace,
To whom I said, 'O, Lady precious!
As ye seem to be good and virtuous,
I you beseech now, without delay, [way!
Unto Dame CLEANNESS to teach me the

171. 'I, SAPIENCE, now will show to thee
The right way unto fair CLEANNESSE;
And, if thou wilt be ruled by me,
Thou shalt marry that noble Princess!
'Yes! that will I!' said [I] then doubtless.
DISCRETION said she would be my surety!
SAPIENCE said, 'None better might be!'
172. Then said DISCRETION to Dame SAPIENCE,
'Welcome to us, my sister dear!'
And I to her did humble reverence,
Saying, 'Who had went to find you here?'
'Yes!' she said, 'I have been near
You oftentimes sith my departing;
And have been cause of your good guiding.
173. 'Come on your way! walk on apace!
For ye long for to have a sight
Of Dame CLEANNESSE' so clear a face!
So goodly of body, in beauty bright,
That there cannot be so fair a wight!
So forth we walked to a river['s] side,
That ebbd and flowed at every tide.
174. Then I saw a Castle, a Palace royal,
Builded with marble black as the jet,
With glass windows as clear as crystal,
Which on the other side was set.
No man to the Castle might get
But, over the water, on a little Bridge,
Not half so broad as a house-ridge.

175. But as I cast mine eye then aside,
I saw a Lady wondrous fair,
Demure of countenance, without pride,
That went herself for to repair
By the water side to take the air.
‘Behold, and see!’ then said Dame SAPIENCE,
‘Yonder is Dame CLEANNESSE, the star of
excellence!’
176. Full glad was I then in my mind,
For to see that flower of complacence!
The sight of her did my heart bind
Ever her to love, with piercing influence.
Unto her I said, ‘O, well of continence!
Unto your Grace fain would I go,
Ner letting of this water blo!’
177. To me she answered then again,
Saying, ‘This World, withouten miss,
Is but a vanity! nothing certain!
In the like wise as this water is.
Ye cannot come to me now iwis,
But by that Bridge that goeth over
This stormy, troublous, and wavy water!’
178. ‘Thereof,’ said SAPIENCE, ‘he shall not let!’
‘Well,’ said CLEANNESSE, ‘be you his guide;
And DISCRETION also for to be set
For to uphold him, unto the other side,
That he do not in the water slide.’
So to the Bridge they did me lead;
I quakèd then for fear and dread.

179. I saw there written this literal sense,
NO MAN-THIS BRIDGE MAY OVER GO
BUT HE BE PURE WITHOUT NEGLIGENCE,
AND STEADFAST IN GOD'S BELIEF ALSO.
IF HE BE IGNORANT, AND DO NOT SO,
HE MUST NEEDS INTO THIS WATER FALL
OVER THE HEAD, AND BE DROWNED WITHAL!
180. They led me over this Bridge so perilous,
Till that I came to a privy place,
Where was written, with letters glorious,
THIS IS THE KINGDOM OF GREAT GRACE.
NO MAN BEYOND THIS MARK MAY TRACE,
BUT IF HE BE BROUGHT IN BY DAME WISDOM;
IF HE SO BE, HE IS MUCH WELCOME!
181. So furthermore yet forth we went
Into a Hall that was solacious,
Made of precious stones 'splendent,
That them to see it was right wondrous.
They were there so greatly plenteous,
That the Hall pavèd was, for the nonce,
With none other gravel but precious stones.
182. There was Dame CLEANNESSE, that Lady gent;
And eke her father, the KING OF LOVE.
He sat in a Chair right clear and excellent,
At the upper end of the Hall above.
He sat still, and did not remove,
Gird[ed] with willows; and might not see
No manner of thing in his degree.

183. He had two wings right large and great,
And his body also was naked;
And a dart in his right hand was set,
And a torch in his left hand brenned.
A bottle about his neck was hanged;
His one leg armed, and naked the other.
Him for to see, it was a wonder.
184. SAPIENCE bade me marvel nothing,
For she would shew me the signification
Why he so sat, by short reckoning,
According to a moralization.
'Now, of the first to make relation,
LOVE should be gird[ed] fast with stability,
Without which love can have no surety.
185. 'LOVE may not see: but is always blind;
And weeneth no man can have perseverance,
Where that he loveth by natural kind,
But he do shew it, by words of utterance.
Truth he bewrayeth him by countenance,
For hard it will be love so to cover,
But that some man shall it persever.
186. 'Also his nakedness doth signify
That true love nothing else desireth
But the very person, and eke body,
That he so well and fervently loveth.
His wings also well betokeneth
That his mind fleeth unto the person
That he doth love so well alone.

187. 'And also LOVE is stricken with a sharp dart,
That maketh a man for to complain;
When that it hath wounded sore his heart,
It brenneth hot like fire, certain!
Then LOVE his purpose would fain attain,
And is evermore both hot and dry,
Till his Lady give him drink of mercy.
188. 'His one leg is armèd, to defend
The right that 'longeth unto amity;
And wrong love for to amend.
His naked leg betokeneth Charity,
That is the joy of great felicity.
So Charity, right Love, and good Concord,
With Stableness, reigneth in this mighty Lord.'
189. Then forth me led good Dame SAPIENCE
Afore that mighty Lord's Majesty.
'Come on!' she said, 'put thee in presence,
That thou mayst see Dame CLEANNESSE' beauty!
Ponder in thy mind, by verity,
That so fair as she, was not Queen HELEN,
Queen HIPPOLYTE, or young POLYXENE.
190. 'This Lady is clean, without corruption,
And weareth three crowns for her virginity:
One is for people of perfect religion;
Another, for Maidens keeping chastity;
The third, for true Widows, as thou mayst see.
I will thee now to her father present,
Her for to marry, if she will consent.'

191. Then said Dame SAPIENCE, 'O, noble Emperor!
O, Sovereign Lord and royal Potestate!
O, victorious Prince, and famous Conqueror!
O, KING OF LOVE, and ceaser of debate!
To thee no creature may say "Check-mate!"
I present thee now this virtuous Knight,
For to marry CLEANNESSE, your daughter
bright.'
192. 'I thank you,' he said, 'for your good will:
But he that to CLEANNESSE married must be,
He must my commandment first fulfil,
As to 'scomfit the Dragon with Heads Three,
That is a serpent of great subtlety;
Which well betokeneth, as we do find,
The World, the Flesh, and the Devil, by kind.'
193. SAPIENCE said, 'I should not fail
To do his commandment, for CLEANNESSE' sake,
As for to slay the Dragon in battle;
That lay in a marsh in a great lake,
Which was much stinking, foul, and black.'
WISDOM bade me be not afeard;
For she would give me a shield and sword,
194. And arm me also with fair armour,
To vanquish that Dragon so fierce and great.
She said it should be so good and sure,
That I no harm of him should get!
Though he his teeth on me had set;
Yet should I slay him, for all his might,
By my great strokes, when I did fight.

Stephen Hawes.

195. First, she my Leg-harness set on,
And after my Placard of great richesse :
She armèd me herself alone,
And laced my Helmet, of her gentleness
(I thanked her for her great goodness!);
And gave me my Sword and Shield also,
Saying, 'Let us to the Dragon go!'
196. This is the armour for the soul,
That, in his *Epistle*, wrote Saint PAUL.
Good-Hope thy Leg-harness shall be, [Chastity,
The Habergeon of Righteousness gird[ed] with
The Placard of Business, with branches of
Alms-deed, [head.
The Shield of Belief, and Meekness for the
Thy Sword shall be, thee to defend,
The Word of GOD, the Devil to blend!
197. Dame SAPIENCE and I did take our licence
Of the KING OF LOVE, in virtue depured
And of his daughter shining in excellence ;
Which to me said, with words assured,
'O, virtuous Knight! you for me have dured
In great woe and pain ; but think you, verily,
To 'scomfit that Dragon, by wisdom shortly!'
198. Then went we forth to that Serpent,
In marvellous travail of sorrow and bale.
By that time, the day right far was spent,

And PHŒBUS his course began to avale :
But, at the last, we came into a dale
Where we felt the savour of the dungeon
Of the foul and stinking Dragon.

199. Near to that Dragon, there was a Way
That men used, upon a fair hill,
Unto high Heaven so fresh and gay ;
But that Dragon let them their will,
And, by the Way, he did them kill ;
Bringing them unto the dungeon
Yclepèd the Place of Great Oblivion.

200. I had not been there half an hour,
But that this Dragon me approached,
As though that he would me devour ;
He so fiercely then on me marched.
The battle between us long continued :
But he had me right soon overcome,
If I had not help of Dame WISDOM.

201. I strake at him fast, with my sword ;
And with my shield did me defend.
WISDOM bade me not be afearèd,
But my stroke that for to amend
As far as my might would extend.
So, by her words, I plucked up mine heart ;
And did then unto the Dragon start.

202. But he caught me then in his claws,
And so we wrestled long together;
But he held me sharply in his paws,
Till WISDOM my feebleness did consider.
'Behold,' she said, 'Dame CLEANNESS yonder!'
Then, as aside I cast all my sight,
I saw that Lady so pure and bright.
203. My strength then doubled a hundredfold;
And I from him brake, by virtuous prowess:
My heart was warm, that afore was cold,
With the comfortable sight of fair Dame
CLEANNESS.
Then I to him gave strokes of excess;
And, with my sharp sword, cut off anon
Two of his Heads, leaving him but one.
204. These Two Heads, by good moral sense,
The World and the Flesh do signify,
As I in Scripture have intelligence.
The first, the World, that is transitory,
Lieth between Man and heavenly glory,
Letting him often of his passage,
If it of him can get advantage.
205. The second is the fleshly desire,
That troubleth a man right sore within;
Setting his courage upon a fire,
Causing him to incline to deadly sin.
His Flesh, the battle of him doth win,
Often bringing him into damnation;
If repentance were not his salvation.

206. Repentance always requireth mercy,
And penance to GOD is a satisfaction!
For GOD desireth evermore truly
A humble heart full of contrition:
And the World desireth restitution
Of goods, that have been gotten wrongfully,
To be restored unto the rightful party.
207. When I, by WISDOM, had won the victory
Of these Two Heads, I was right glad.
His Third Head marched against me sharply,
But I, my sword in my hand, had
Striking at him, with strokes sad;
And blood of him could I draw none,
For he had neither flesh ne bone.
208. But, at the last, I did him vanquish;
Driving him home to his dark region
Of infernal pain, that shall not finish.
For Hell is called his proper mansion,
And of all others of his opinion,
That do the precepts of GOD forsake,
And to devilish works them do betake.
209. GOD, by his righteousness, made a law,
By which Man for deadly sin is condemned.
If GOD his vengeance do not withdraw,
In everlasting pain he should be prisoned:
But and Man mercy of him required,
With penitent heart, he should it have;
And, with his mercy, he will Man save.

210. When I had 'scomfited this Serpent venomous,
SAPIENCE to me right gently said,
'Blessèd be GOD! ye are so gracious
That ye shall marry CLEANNESS the Maid!
But yet, erewhiles, ye were afraid.'
'Yea!' I said, 'and sweat full right sore,
Till ye new strength did me restore.'
211. This battle was great, and long endured;
Which causèd me to be right weary:
But SAPIENCE, with her words, me mured
With walls of comfort, making me merry.
'Come on!' she said, 'and walk on lightly
Unto the Castle, that we came fro!'
I answered to her, 'I would do so!'
212. Then forth we went a great pace,
Till that we came to the Castle side.
There met us Ladies, with great solace,
And welcomed us, at the same tide.
So fair a sort, in the World so wide,
May not be found, by no manner of reason,
As I saw there, at the same season.
213. The first Lady that did us meet
Yclepèd was Dame PERSEVERANCE.
Which to me said, with wordès sweet,
'Blessèd be GOD! of your good governance,
That hath kept you from the incumbrance
Of the Serpent with the Heads Three;
And caused you victor of him to be!

214. Then came Dame FAITH, that Lady glorious,
‘Welcome!’ she said, with words amiable,
‘I am right glad ye are so victorious
Of that foul Dragon so abominable!’
She said, that I was evermore stable
In her, in deed, eke word and thought;
Or else my labour had been to nought!
215. Then spake the Lady fair, Dame CHARITY,
‘Welcome, VIRTUE! the noble veteran!
Sithens that ye always have loved me,
From the first season that ye began.
Both in your youth, and sith ye were man,
Ye have had me in humble reverence;
And have been ruled by my pre-eminence.’
216. Then said Dame PRAYER, in my presence,
‘Ye never cast me in obliviance,
By no sloth nor worldly negligence;
But have had me in great remembrance:
Which hath been to me very great pleasance;
Wherefore, welcome, VIRTUE! my dear!
Unto this Castle that ye see here.’
217. Then came fast to me Dame LOWLINESS,
Clipping me hard, with lovely cheer,
Bidding me ‘Welcome!’ with great gladness,
As by her countenance it did well appear.
‘Come on!’ she said, ‘and walk on near!’
So that, among these fair Ladies all,
I went into the great Castle Hall.

218. And there met me Dame CLEANNESSE blive;
And Dame GRACE bare up her train,
Which ever to her was affirmative,
From whom Dame CLEANNESSE might not refrain.
Then said she to me, 'I am right fain
That ye are comen into this place,
Where ye shall wed me in short space.'
219. Upon my knee, I kneeled then down,
Saying, 'O, star of the bliss eterne!
O, well of virtue and of great renown!
O, divine comfort most sempiterne!
When I, your beauty do so well discern,
Ye set mine heart upon a brenning fire,
With fervent love to come to my desire.'
220. To me, she answered in this wise,
'O, my dear Heart! my Spouse so pure!
Why do ye not on your feet arise?
You, of my true love shall be sure!
For ye, my heart have now in cure!
Let us go now to our father reverent!
So forth unto him then we went.
221. When that we came afore his fair face, [ground,
Dame CLEANNESSE made courtesy unto the
Saying, 'O, father, King of great grace!
This Knight to love, ye are now bound;
And so am I! For I have often found
Great kindness in him, both night and day;
For he hath loved me right well alway!'

222. 'Welcome!' he said, 'right noble Knight!
How have ye done sithens your departing?
Have ye 'scomfited, with your might,
The marvellous Dragon so greatly stinking?'
'Yea!' I said, 'with the power shining
Of my mistress, good Dame SAPIENCE,
I did him vanquish, by her experience!'
223. 'Where is Dame SAPIENCE?' then said he,
'And eke her sister, Dame DISCRETION?'
'Sir!' I said, 'they are comen with me;
And they have had me in jurisdiction
Since my departing, without destruction.'
Then spake Dame SAPIENCE, by her faculty,
Unto that mighty Lord's Majesty,
224. Saying, 'This Knight, then clepèd VIRTUE,
Hath loved your daughter by long continuance,
With stable love so faithful and true;
And, for her sake, hath put to utterance
The Three-Headed Dragon, bywise purveyance;
Wherefore, methink[s], he ought to marry
Your daughter CLEANNESS, that noble Lady!'
225. The King said, 'Methink[s] the same,
If that my daughter will agree:
And she do not, she much is to blame,
Considering his wisdom and great beauty!
Come hither,' he said, 'my daughter free!
To be Wife to VIRTUE will ye consent?'
'Yea! father!' she said, 'with whole intent!'

226. Then he called unto his presence
PERSEVERANCE, CHARITY, and FIDELITY,
With LOWLINESS, PRAYER, and INTELLIGENCE,
Shewing unto them the certainty
How CLEANNESSE, his daughter, wedded shall be
Unto me, now VIRTUE, in all goodly haste,
Before that three days be right fully past.
227. He called me then to his Magnificence,
Bidding me, 'Go to bed, and to rest
In the Chamber of CLEAN CONSCIENCE!'
Then so to do, I thought it the best;
For PHCEBUS was turned into the West.
So SAPIENCE, and I, went forth to bed.
For lack of rest, oppressed was my head.
228. A little whelp within this Chamber was,
That lay waking, and barked alway,
That no man into it should pass
That would with CONSCIENCE make a fray.
I did sleep there till that it was day.
Then up I rose, and made me ready;
Calling unto me Dame SAPIENCE shortly.
229. Saying unto her, 'O, Lady and Mistress!
O, comfortable salve unto every sore!
O, fountain of wealth, and carbuncle of clearness!
Without ye help me, I am forlore!
Wherefore I shew you, as now before,
Without I marry fair Dame CLEANNESSE,
I shall endure in mortal heaviness!'

230. 'Thereof,' said she, 'be nothing adread!
For ye shall marry her right soon;
By me your matter shall be well sped,
And this same day it shall be done,
About the hour truly of noon;
And there shall be at your good dinner,
CHARITY, FAITH, PENANCE, and PRAYER.'
231. Dame SAPIENCE led me into a Garden,
Where CLEANNESSE was among flowers sweet.
Her to repair, without disdain
As I to her went, she did me meet,
Bringing me a flower called the Marguerite;
Which is a flower right sweet and precious,
Endued with beauty, and much virtuous.
232. This flower I kissed often right sweetly,
Setting it near unto my heart.
Dame CLEANNESSE looked upon me lovely,
Saying, That I should not depart
Till she had shewed me a great covert.
So with her I went, without delay,
Where birds sat on many a spray.
233. By this time, PHŒBUS had begun
His ascensial course in great brightness
Into the Sign of the fierous Lion,
Exiling the fenerous frosty coldness,
And depriving the noxial darkness;
And also ZEPHYRUS his fragrant breath
Distillèd had upon every heath.

234. Then to her I said, 'My Lady dear!
Behold this weather so clear and fair!
How royal walking that it is here!
Like a place of pleasure you to repair,
Among the flowers so sweet of air!'
Another she had, as she me told,
Brighter than PHŒBUS a thousandfold!
235. 'This is a place of recreation,
My mind to comfort, after study,
In wealth, pleasure, and delectation;
For if I should myself apply
Ever to pray to GOD on high,
Without this place, I may not be sure,
Another time, in prayer to endure!
236. 'But the other Garden is celestial!
That 'longeth to us by inheritance;
And is entailed to us in general,
For our clean life and virtuous governance.
Who that us loveth without doubtance,
With us shall go to eternal glory
In short space; or else to Purgatory!'
237. Then forth we went to her father royal;
Which welcomed us, by great humility,
Saying, 'My daughter dear and special!
Ye shall, this day, by great solemnity,
Be wedded to VIRTUE, with benignity.'
We kneelèd down, and thanked his Grace;
And then forth we went to another place—

238. Into a Chapel gaily glorified,
And also hangèd with Cloth of Tissue.
A place it was right greatly edified.
The roof was set with stones of virtue ;
As with rubies, and emeralds bright of hue.
The Rood-loft was ivory, garnished with gold,
Set with diamonds right many a fold.
239. There I did see the Ark of GOD,
With many Saints that suffered martyrdom ;
And also I saw there MOSES' rod ;
And Saint AUSTIN that brought Christendom
Into England, by his great wisdom ;
And the Twelve Apostles, that fast gan write
Of our belief, and eke did indite.
240. There was Saint PETER, the noble Pope,
That did stand on the right side
Of the high altar, in a rich cope.
Dame CLEANNESS and I did there abide :
And up there came then, at that tide,
Dame PRAYER, with her sister CHARITY ;
And eke Dame PENITENCE, with HUMILITY.
241. Then came Dame FAITH anon to us,
With RIGHTEOUSNESS, PEACE, and Dame MERCY ;
With Dame CONTRITION gay and glorious,
Which after them did not long tarry :
And then came BEDE, and eke Saint GREGORY,
With Saint AMBROSE, the noble Doctor !
Which of our faith was good protector.

242. Then came the KING OF FERVENT LOVE,
Led with ARGUS in goodly wise;
Without whom, he might not remove
From his seat, in prudent guise.
Who loveth ARGUS will not devise,
Nor yet begin, no manner of thing;
Without, in his mind, he see good ending.
243. Also Saint JEROME, the noble Cardinal,
Came up to us, by humble reverence;
Which evermore was a good doctrinal,
Preaching to us, by virtuous influence,
With exhortation of divine complacence:
And then four Bishops, in great dignity
(Right cunning 'cerning unto the Deity),
244. On him waited, by great diligence,
And never did forsake his company;
But him obeyed, by good experience,
And from his commandment did not vary,
But in the Chapel they did there tarry.
And then Saint JEROME went to the KING
OF FERVENT LOVE, unto him saying,
245. 'O, amiable King! ceaser of debate!
O, joiner of virtue, and well of unity!
O, royal Emperor! O, sovereign Estate!
O, messenger of fervent amity!
O, fervent dart of cordial privity
Here is your daughter, fair Dame CLEANNESSE,
That must be married, with good righteous-
ness,

246. 'Unto VIRTUE, the lovely Knight;
Which the battle now hath won,
By Dame SAPIENCE's help and might,
Of the foul Three-Headed Dragon.
This marriage, by me, shall be done!
Go ye now straight into your tabernacle,
Which is to you most proper habitacle.'
247. Then the Sovereign King to him did call
Dames FAITH, DISCRETION, and Dame SAPIENCE,
With Dame CONTRITION, and CHARITY withal,
And eke Dame MERCY and Dame PENITENCE;
Unto them saying, 'Ye have intelligence
That, this day, CLEANNESSE, my daughter dear,
Shall be married to VIRTUE, that ye see here.'
248. Then they did all come unto me,
With Dame PEACE and Dame GRACE.
And, after them, came Dame VIRGINITY:
Which, in her arms, did me embrace,
Saying, That I was to her great solace;
Giving me, unto my good marriage,
A gown of silver, for great apparage.
249. She gave another of the same
Unto Dame CLEANNESSE, putting it on
Upon her back, withouten blame:
After which, CLEANNESSE went anon
Unto her father herself alone;
And I, with Saint JEROME, did there tarry,
To wed Dame CLEANNESSE, that noble Lady.

250. And all the Ladies, with meek countenance,
 Stood on a row beside the Closet
Of CLEANNESSE' father, without resistance ;
 Which hanged was gaily with blue velvet,
 And with pearls and rubies richly set. [led,
 Then forth came CLEANNESSE, with two Angels
 Which their golden wings abroad did spread.
251. Dame GRACE, after her, bare up her train ;
 And fifteen Ladies her did ensue :
First, went Dame HUMILITY, certain,
 And, after her, then did pursue
 Dame FAITH, in stableness so true,
 Leading with her the fair Dame PEACE,
 That wealth and riches doth well increase.
252. Then went Dame REASON with PERSEVERANCE,
 And then Dame MERCY with CONTRITION,
And then EXERCISE with REMEMBRANCE ;
 After whom went Dame RESTITUTION,
 With Dame PRAYER and Dame CONFESSION,
 And Dame CHARITY with OBEDIENCE ;
 And, after them, came fair Dame ABSTINENCE.
253. Saint JEROME did make there conjunction
 Of Dame CLEANNESSE and me in matrimony,
With heavenly words and virtuous fashion ;
 And Angels came down from Heaven high,
 As Saint MICHAEL, with GABRIEL, and the
 hierarchy,
 To help Saint PETER, the *Mass* to sing :
 The organs went, and the bells did ring.

254. My pen, for feebleness, may not now write,
Nor my tongue, for dumbness, may not express,
Nor my mind, for negligence, may not indite
Of the angelical joy and sweet gladness
That I saw there, without heaviness.
And when this Wedding holy was finished,
The Angels then to Heaven vanished.
255. Then down I went into the Hall,
Where ordainèd was, by great solemnity,
A Dinner of virtue most celestial:
To which came my Wife, full of benignity,
On the one side led, by good authority,
With Saint EDMUND, the noble King
And Martyr, which did her down bring;
256. And she was led on the other side,
With Saint EDWARD, the King and Confessor;
And so, between them, went this Bride,
To whom all the Ladies made great honour,
As always serving her, without error.
And a little while anon after her,
ARGUS brought down her noble father.
257. The KING OF LOVE then sat him down
At the table, for that time, to eat:
Causing Dame CLEANNESS, for her renown,
On his one side then for to be set;
And I on the other, without any let.
And beside me SAPIENCE and DISCRETION;
And then by them sat Dame CONTRITION.

258. Then sat Saint EDWARD with VIRGINITY,
And afore him sat Dame OBEDIENCE,
Saint EDMUND, and Dame CHARITY;
And then Dame PRAYER with Dame ABSTINENCE,
And then Dame FAITH, shining in excellence,
With Saint JEROME and Saint AUSTIN;
And then Saint GREGORY, without disdain.
259. There were two Angels holding fast
The table-cloth, at every end;
Kneeling down humbly and steadfast,
Whose service no man could amend.
Others there were, that did intend
Us for to serve, with their great diligence,
That in them found could be no negligence.
260. There did Saint PETER, by great holiness,
Serve us of our sweet LORD's body.
First, he served the father of CLEANNESSE;
And, after that, he served her shortly,
With CHARITY, FAITH, and Dame MERCY:
And I, with DISCRETION and Dame SAPIENCE,
Of Saint PETER were served with great in-
dulgence.
261. So Dame OBEDIENCE, with CONTRITION,
With Saint EDWARD, and VIRGINITY,
In like wise were served, without corruption,
And Saint EDMUND with Dame CHARITY,
And Saint JEROME with Dame HUMILITY,
With Saint AUSTIN and Saint GREGORY:
What need I longer of them specify!

262. This was a Feast most sweet and precious,
To feed the soul with divine comfort!
This was a Meat most dear and glorious,
That causeth all men for to resort
To sempiternal life and comfort!
Then Saint AMBROSE, being divine,
After our meat, gave us good wine.

263. By this time, was I sixty years old,
And desired for to live in peace.
For I began to grow twofold,
And my feebleness did sore increase,
For NATURE her strength then did cease.
Wherefore after this ghostly Feast,
I thought, with my Wife, to abide in rest.

264. And I to her said, with loving cheer,
'O, my sweet Spouse, most fair and beauteous!
To me ever right lief and dear!
Where is your Land that is solacious?
Ye shewed me of your Garden glorious;
Unto which now fain would I go,
There for to dwell, and you also!'

265. 'Sir!' she said, 'the Angel RAPHAEL
Shall, with these Martyrs and noble Confessors,
Bring you thither with them to dwell:
Where ye shall see all your progenitors,
With many Saints and glorious Authors.
This Land is Heaven that to us 'longeth,
As our Evidence, the Gospel, telleth.'
266. Then came my father-in-law to us,
Saying, 'By right, I did combine
CLEANNESS, my daughter, with VIRTUE precious;
And you must I love, by natural kind,
For on you now is all my mind.'
Afore him, I kissed my Wife most sweetly;
For we loved together hot and truly.
267. Then came my Good Angel to me,
Causing me, with him for to go,
With CLEANNESS my Wife: where I did see
The Pains of Hell full of great woe.
There was the Dragon that I did slo,
Bound with chains; in fire infinal,
With the Seven Deadly Sins in general.
268. Then my Good Angel to me said,
'If ye had loved Dame SENSUALITY,
The which with you did make a braid,
Ye had been damned, by right and equity,
Into this Pit full of all iniquity! [WISDOM,
Wherefore, thank GOD! that sent you
'Such deadly perils for to overcome.

269. 'Also the Lady with the cup of gold
Is here condemned, for her great pride,
In endless pain, both hot and cold;
Wherein, for sin, she shall abide!
This is a dungeon long and wide,
Made for them that do sin deadly;
And of CHRIST JESU will axe no mercy.
270. 'This is a place full of all darkness;
Wherein be serpents foul and odious.
This is a place of mortal heaviness;
Where I saw devils black and tedious,
Damned souls tormented with hooks rigorous.
This is the uppermost part of Hell,
In which Paynims damned do dwell.
271. 'Forasmuch as they lacked instruction,
For to believe in GOD omnipotent;
They have deserved the less correction:
Yet their pain[s] have none extinguishment.
For they are damned, by true sentiment,
For their belief and false idolatry,
That made their gods of MARS and MERCURY!
272. Then went we down to another vault,
Where Jews lay in great pains strong;
Whom devils tormented by great assault,
Drawing them with hooks along,
For their opinion so false and wrong:
Which believed not in the Nativity
Of JESU CHRIST, and the Virgin MARY;

273. Nor yet that he did suffer Passion,
Both for them and all mankind;
Neither yet of his Resurrection;
In their belief they are so blind!
Yet, as in books written we do find,
That they have been taught, many a time,
For to forsake their own false crime.
274. Then went we down to a deeper vale,
Where Christian souls did weep and cry
In great sorrow, pain, and bale,
Brenning in fire most hot and dry,
And some in ice right deep did lie.
For to express, it is impossible,
The pains there, they are so horrible!
275. 'These Christian men know GOD's law;
And, every day, had information
From devilish works them to withdraw,
That they should not fall in damnation:
Yet will they not make sequestration
Of GOD's commandment, but sin deadly;
Therefore, here are they damned right wisely.
276. 'And thou hadst set thy delectation
In fleshly pleasure and vainglory,
Thou hadst been here without salvation,
Without thou, of GOD had axèd mercy.
Who that it axeth, shall have it truly;
If he be contrite, and do repent
That he, his life in ill hath spent.'

277. This place, sithens it is most heavy,
Most dark, and most far from lightness,
As Philosophers affirm by Astronomy,
Is in the midst of the Earth doubtless.
That is a place of desolate darkness :
Wherefore, by reason, it must needs be set
In the midst of the Earth, both long and great.
278. My Good Angel, by his great virtue,
Shewed me all this, in a short space :
And after him, I did then pursue,
With my Wife, unto the fair place
That we came fro, full of all solace ;
Where was my father, in the company
Of many Saints that did there tarry.
279. My Wife and me then for to bring
To the Place of Eternal Glory,
With heavenly tunes sweetly singing,
That them to hear it was great melody,
More than any tongue can specify !
This was their Song so sweet and glorious,
That they did sing with voice so virtuous.
280. 'O, celestial King, One, Two, and Three !
All people praise thee, GOD and LORD !
Which art in Heaven, O, noble Trinity !
Whose royal power and misericorde
Confirmed is, by thine high accord,
On us, with truth for to endure
Withouten end, as we are sure.

281. 'Glory be to the Father Almighty,
And to the Son, and to the HOLY GHOST!
Three Persons and one GOD truly!
Whose power never can be lost!
For he is LORD of Might's most;
And so hath been, without beginning,
And ever shall be, without ending!'
282. When we were in the air of azure,
There did us meet the noble hierarchy,
As Cherubim and Seraphim so pure,
With other Angels in their company;
That did proclaim and sing on high,
With voice insatiate most melodious,
To GOD above, *Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!*
283. There did I see the Planets Seven
Move in order, by alteration,
Too marvellous for me to neven!
For they ceased not their operation,
Some ascended, some made declination;
Ent'ring their Houses of the Twelve Signs,
Some indirectly, and some by direct lines.
284. To Heaven we stied, a place most glorious!
Where that we did behold the Deity
With insatiable countenance most desirous;
And, truly, then, the more that we
Did look upon His sovereign beauty,
The more our desire did increase!
This is a joy that shall not cease!

285. This is a region most full of sweetness!
This is a realm of delectation!
This is a land of infinite gladness,
Without any stormy tribulation!
This place is of eterne salvation;
Where Angels and Saints, for their solace,
Evermore do look on GOD's face!

286. What should I write things of Divinity,
Or indite of such matters high!
Sithen[s] it nothing 'longeth to my faculty;
Therefore of it I will not longer tarry;
For fear that I, in it, should vary.
And because that truth shall be my meed,
I will now leave, and take to my *Creed*!

287. So VIRTUE and CLEANNESSE, by good right,
Truly in marriage joinèd must be!
For they love together, with all their might,
Without dissension or duplicity,
And they both are always in unity;
To whom Heaven, by *taille* general,
Entailèd is by a deed memorial.

288. Now are they together, to Heaven gone,
There for to dwell in joy eternal;
Where that there is the heavenly throne
Of our Saviour JESU, dear and special.
Who that him loveth truly over all,
Leading his life with virtue and cleanness,
Shall come unto the glory endless!

289. But in the finishing of my matter,
To GOD, the Maker of all thing[s],
Devoutly now I make my prayer
To save King HENRY, our rightful King,
From all treason and doleful mourning;
And for to maintain the great honour
Of this sweet Red Rose, so fair a colour!

290. This flower was kept right long in close,
Among the leaves wholesome and soot,
And regally sprang and arose
Out of the noble stock and root
Of the Red Rose tree, to be our boot
After our bale, sent by great grace,
On us to reign by right long space.

291. O, LORD GOD! what joy was this
Unto his mother so good and gracious,
When that she saw her son iwis
Of his enemies to be so victorious!
It causèd her to be most joyous!
And yet thereof no wonder Why?
For he was right long from her truly.
292. A joyful meeting then between
The mother and the son so dear!
A day of gladness bright and sheen,
Fresher than PHŒBUS' mid-day Sphere!
When her son to us did appear,
He did us light with his pure beams,
Quenching of MARS the fierous leams.
293. 'O, heavenly King! O, eternal Emperor!
O, Three Persons and One GOD equal!
I pray thee, to keep from all dolour
This mother with her son in special,
With all their noble buds in general!
And laud be to Thee, that did enhance
Him to his right and proper heritance!'
294. The White Rose that, with tempests troublous,
Avalèd was, and eke blown aside.
The Red Rose fortified and made delicious,
It pleased GOD for him so to provide,
That his redolent buds shall not slide;
But ever increase, and be victorious
Of fatal briars, which be contrarious.

295. Thus GOD, by grace, did well combine
The Red Rose and the White in marriage.
Being oned, right clear doth shine
In all cleanness and virtuous courage;
Of whose right and royal lineage,
Prince HENRY is sprung, our King to be,
After his father, by right good equity.
296. O, noble Prince HENRY! our second treasure,
Surmounting in virtue and mirror of beauty!
O, gem of gentleness and lantern of pleasure!
O, rubicund blossom and star of humility!
O, famous bud, full of benignity!
I pray to GOD well for to increase
Your high Estate in rest and peace!
297. O, thoughtful heart, for lack of cunning
Now laid to sleep this long winter's night,
Rise up again! Look on the shining
Of fair LUCINA clear and bright!
Behold eke MERCURY, with his fair light,
Casting adown his streams merry!
It may well glad thine hemisphery!

298. O, GOWER! fountain most aromatic!
I thee now lack, for to depure
My rudeness with thy lusty rhetoric!
And also I miss, as I am sure,
My Master, CHAUCER! to take the cure
Of my pen; for he was expert
In eloquent terms subtle and covert.
299. Where is now LYDGATE, flowering in sentence?
That should my mind forge, to indite
After the terms of famous eloquence;
And strength my pen well for to write,
With matters fresh of pure delight!
They cannot help me! There is no remedy
But for to pray to GOD Almighty
300. For to distil the dew of influence
Upon my brain, so dull and rude;
And to enlumine me with his sapience,
That I my rudeness may exclude!
And in my matter well to conclude,
Unto thy pleasure, and to the Readers' all;
To whom I excuse me now in general.

Explicit Exemplum VIRTUTIS.

SERVE thy GOD truly,
And the World busily!
Eat thy meat merrily!
So shalt thou live in heal!

If thou be visited with poverty,
Take it not too heavily!
For He, that sendeth thee adversity,
May turn thee again to weal!

If thou be in prosperity,
Set not too lyte by poverty!
Spend after thy degree,
And be not too liberal!

Purpose thyself in charity!
Demean thy worship in honesty!
Let not niggardship have the mastery,
For shame that may befall!

Favour not much thy riches!
Set not little by worthiness!
Keep thy heart from doubleness,
For any manner of thing!

Look, thou love lowliness!
With mirth, put away heaviness!
Let not worldly business
To wanhope thee bring!

THE END OF THE DUNBAR ANTHOLOGY.

FIRST LINES AND NOTES.

All the printed Works herein quoted were published in London, unless otherwise stated. Where a text is found associated with music, (M.) is put after its date.

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| A dooly season to a careful Dyte.. | 156 | Fresh Beauty, rich of youth and.. | 120 |
| R. HENRYSON. <i>The Testament of CRESSEID</i> . From the unique copy of the Edinburgh edition of 1593, now in the British Museum. | | C. DE VALOIS, Duke of ORLEANS. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 682; printed in <i>Poems</i> (Roxburghe Club), 1827. | |
| A faithful friend would I fain find | 182 | Go bet, Penny! go bet, go!..... | 79 |
| Dame J. BERNES. The second edition of the <i>Book of Hawking, &c.</i> , Westminster, 1486. | | ANON. <i>Sloane MS.</i> 2,593. | |
| A man that should of Truth tell .. | 191 | God be with Truth, where he be! | 191 |
| ANON. <i>Sloane MS.</i> 2,593, in the British Museum. | | ANON. <i>Sloane MS.</i> 2,593. | |
| And when they came to merry | 91 | God prosper long our noble King | 68 |
| ANON. This Ballad is referred to by W. DUNBAR. The present text is from a copy of COPLAND'S undated edition of about 1550, in the British Museum. | | ANON. <i>Bishop Percy Folio MS.</i> [c. 1650], now <i>Add. MS.</i> 27,879. | |
| As they sat in Inglewood | 97 | Go, little book! with rudeness | 216 |
| ANON. This Ballad is referred to by W. DUNBAR. The present text is from a copy of COPLAND'S undated edition of about 1550. | | T. FEILDE. <i>The Controversy, &c.</i> [?1508]. | |
| Be it right or wrong, these Men.... | 184 | Holly stands in the Hall, fair to ... | 145 |
| ANON. <i>In this booke are conteyned, &c.</i> [R. ARNOLD'S <i>Chronicle</i> , ?printed at Antwerp, 1503]. | | ANON. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 5,396, in the British Museum. | |
| By a forest as I gan fare | 142 | How, Gossip mine! Gossip mine! | 108 |
| ANON. In <i>Early English Miscellanies</i> (Warton Club), 1855. | | ANON. <i>In Songs and Carols</i> (Percy Society), ed. by T. WRIGHT, 1847. | |
| Christ, Christian King! * (that on | 126 | In an arbour..... | 193 |
| ANON. <i>Bishop Percy Folio MS.</i> [c. 1650], now <i>Add. MS.</i> 27,879, in the British Museum. | | T. FEILDE. <i>The Controversy, &c.</i> [?1508]. | |
| | | In May, as that Aurora did..... | 1 |
| | | W. DUNBAR. <i>Poems</i> (Scottish Text Society), Edin., 1893; from the <i>Bannatyne MS.</i> [1568] in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. | |

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| In September, in falling of the leaf S. HAWES. From the unique copy [c. 1503], now Volume 1,254 in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge. This Poem has not been reprinted since 1540. | 219 | Of Februar', the fifteenth night.... | 41 |
| Is She not full of all goodly manner? C. DE VALOIS, Duke of ORLEANS. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 682; printed in <i>Poems</i> (Roxburghe Club), 1827. | 123 | W. DUNBAR. <i>Poems</i> (Scottish Text Society), Edin., 1893; from the <i>Banna- tyne MS.</i> [1568]. It is thought that this Poem was written on February 15, 1507. | 171 |
| It fell about the Lammas-tide | 50 | 'O, sop of sorrow, sunken into .. | 171 |
| ANON. <i>Cott. MS.</i> Cleopatra C. IV [c. 1410], and <i>Harl. MS.</i> 293 [c. 1600], in the British Museum. | | R. HENRYSON. <i>The Testament of</i> <i>CRESSEID</i> , Edin., 1593. | |
| I, that in heal was and gladness .. | 23 | Penny is a hardy Knight!..... | 79 |
| W. DUNBAR. <i>Poems</i> (Scottish Text Society), Edin., 1893; from the Edin- burgh edition of 1508. | | ANON. <i>Sloane MS.</i> 2,593. | |
| I will you tell a full good sport | 108 | | |
| ANON. In <i>Songs and Carols</i> (Percy Society), ed. by T. WRIGHT, 1847. | | | |
| London I thou art of townè 'A.... | 31 | Right as the Star of Day began to | 7 |
| W. DUNBAR. <i>Cott. MS.</i> Vit. A. XVI, in the British Museum. | | W. DUNBAR. <i>Poems</i> (Scottish Text Society), Edin., 1893; from the Edin- burgh edition of 1508. | 146 |
| | | Robene sat on [a] good green hill | 146 |
| | | R. HENRYSON. <i>Poems and Fables</i> , ed. by D. LAING, Edin., 1865; from the <i>Bannatyne MS.</i> [1568]. | |
| Madam! as long as it doth please | 124 | | |
| C. DE VALOIS, Duke of ORLEANS. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 682; printed in <i>Poems</i> (Roxburghe Club), 1827. | | Sen that I am a Prisoner | 18 |
| Man upon mould, whatsoever thou | 179 | W. DUNBAR. <i>Poems</i> (Scottish Text Society), Edin., 1893; from the <i>Banna- tyne MS.</i> [1568]. | 296 |
| ANON. In <i>Songs and Carols</i> (Percy Society), ed. by T. WRIGHT, 1847. | | Serve thy God truly..... | 81 |
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| | | ANON. <i>Bishop Percy Folio MS.</i> [c. 1650], now <i>Add. MS.</i> 27,879. | 180 |
| | | Some time I loved, as ye may see | 124 |
| | | ANON. In <i>Reliquiæ Antiquæ</i> , 1841, from <i>MS.</i> (Ff. i. 6) in the University Library, Cambridge. | |
| Nay, Ivy! Nay! it shall not be.... | 145 | Somewhat musing..... | 180 |
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| W. DUNBAR. <i>Poems</i> (Scottish Text Society), Edin., 1893; from the <i>Banna- tyne MS.</i> [1568]. | | C. DE VALOIS, Duke of ORLEANS, <i>Harl. MS.</i> 682; printed in <i>Poems</i> (Roxburghe Club), 1827. | |

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| The first Finder of our fair | 82 | When I advert, in my remembrance | 217 |
| T. HOCCLEVE. <i>The Regement of Princes</i> [1412] in <i>Works</i> , III (Early English Text Society), 1897. | | S. HAWES. From the unique copy [c. 1503], now Volume 1,254 in the Pepysian Library, Cambridge. | |
| Then Life on the land • ladylike . . | 136 | When March was, with varying .. | 34 |
| ANON. <i>Bishop Percy Folio MS.</i> [c. 1650], now <i>Add. MS.</i> 27,879. | | W. DUNBAR. <i>Poems</i> (Scottish Text Society), Edin., 1893; from the <i>Bannatyne MS.</i> [1568]. | |
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| ANON. <i>Cott. MS.</i> Cleopatra C. IV [c. 1410], and <i>Harl. MS.</i> 293 [c. 1600]. | | ANON. In <i>Reliquiæ Antiquæ</i> , 1841; from <i>MS.</i> (Ff. i. 6) in the University Library, Cambridge. | |
| The Percy, out of Northumberland | 63 | With heart as trembling as the leaf | 80 |
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| T. FEILDE. <i>The Controversy</i> , &c. [?1508]. | | C. DE VALOIS, Duke of ORLEANS. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 682; printed in <i>Poems</i> (Roxburghe Club), 1827. | |
| To London once my steps I bent | 113 | Your mouth, it saith me, 'Bas me! | 125 |
| J. LYDGATE, Monk of Bury. From J. STOW's copy, now <i>Harl. MS.</i> 367, in the British Museum. | | C. DE VALOIS, Duke of ORLEANS. <i>Harl. MS.</i> 682; printed in <i>Poems</i> (Roxburghe Club), 1827. | |

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- Almous, 170, 175, alms.
 Almous-deed, 174, alms-deed.
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- Augustine the Monk, St., 279, 284.
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 Avow, 67, vow.
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 Axeth, 288, asketh.
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- Bachelors, 129 Knights Bachelors.
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- Bamborough**, 63, **Bamburgh**.
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Banely, 134, readily, willingly.
Bankouris, 171, chair-covers.
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Barbour, Archdeacon J., 25.
Bargainers, 42, chafferers.
Barne [= Berne], 64, man.
Bartholomew, 254.
Bas me! 125, kiss me!
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Beforene, 64, 65, before.
Beft, 42, struck heavily.
Behest, 158, promise.
I you behete [= behight], 125, I declare to you.
To that behoof, 3, purpose.
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He behoved to, 153, must.
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Bere, 131, noise.
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Bickered, 63, skirmished, fought.
Bides, 65, abides.
- Bie** [= abye], 91, 127, 135, suffer, atone for.
Bigged, 139, built, erected.
Bigly, 139, 140, strongly.
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Bikkir, 12, assault.
A bill, 20, a letter; 168, a written decree.
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Bitter brand, 136, sharp sword.
Bla [= blae], 161, blackish-blue, livid.
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Blane, 66, ceased.
Blee, 128, 129, hue, complexion.
Blek, 21, a black mark.
Blenched, 127, turned aside.
Blew out, 22, blew abroad.
A blink, 174, a glance, a glimpse.
Blinking, 174, pleasant glances.
Blinn, 135, cease, leave off.
Blive [= belive], 274, quickly.
Blush, 139, glance.
I blushed, 132, glanced.
On board, 9, alongside.
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'Bode, 22, abode.
Bode, 131, 174, abode.
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Bole, 127, trunk.
Bonnets of steel, 42, helmets.
Bontie [= *bonté*], 3, goodness.
The Book, 127, 135, the *Bible*.
Boolish [= *boln*], 128, swelling, rising.
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On border, 14, close to.
Bordes, 214, jests.
Borrow, 91, redeemed.
To borrow, 196, as pledge.
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Boun, 51, 55, 133, ready.
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Bourdour, 19, jester.
Bowgle, 38, the wild ox.
A braid, 40, a start.
Braid, 148, went.
Braided, 10, embroidered.
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Brand(s), 64, 65, sword(s).
On breird [= *braird*], 171, sprouting, springing.
Breme [= *brim*], 127, noise; 129, noisy.
Bremys, 138, loudly.
Bremys, 8, ? breams (the fish).
Brenning, 274, burning.
- Brent**, 51, 52, 55, 241, burnt; 162, lofty, smooth.
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Brief of right [= *breve de recto*], 45, a law term.
Brieve, 20, write.
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Brittling, 64, breaking up.
And I brook my life, 67, if I enjoy my life.
Brukkil, 177, brittle, frail.
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Buchan, The Lord of—see **Stewart, R.**
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Busked them, 104, prepared themselves.
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But (*Scotch*), 1-6, 172, except; 2, 18, 19, 28, 29, 39, &c., without.
But feir, 37, without an equal.
But if, 147, unless.
By, 45, by the time.
- Cæsar, C. J.**, 32, 242, 245.
Caitiff, 171, wretched.
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Calchas, 159, 160, 169, 170.
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Celical, 16, heavenly.
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Cheer, 161, look, expression of face.
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Cheverit, 161, shivered.
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Chrim [= *chrism*], 141, oil mingled with balm.
Kings christened, 129, of Christendom.
Christianity, 64, 66, Christendom.
A Churl, 165, the Man in the Moon.
Cicero, M. T., 9, 81.
Clam, 176, climbed.
Clapper, 168, 170, 172, 173, 177, a flat iron instrument, like a box, with a tongue and handle, called a clap-dish; used for making Proclamations, instead of a drum or hand-bell.
Clarified, 39, polished.
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Clepe forth, 143, call, summon.
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Clerk, of Tranent, —, 26.
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Clim of the Clough (Anon.), 84-107, Clement of the Cleft, Ravine, or Gorge.
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Cloth of Tissue, 279, cloth of gold.
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By cock! 116, 143, by God!
Coft, 155, bought.
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Is comen, 67, is come.
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Constance, 13, constancy.
Consuetude, 228, custom.
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Craddock, Sir, 207.
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Cumber-world, 82, destruction, trouble of the world.
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Cup, 168, 170, 172, 174, 177, to put the money given to lepers in, without touching them.
Cure, 15, 274, custody.
'Cusing, 22, accusing.
To cut, 157, to shorten, pass.
I dail, 147, ? deal.
'Dain, 19, disdain.
'Dained, 134, ordained.
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Deeming [= *judgement*], 160, suspicion, idea.
Deered, 137, frightened.
Deid, 158, death.
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 ed, 219, 230, coloured.
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 order.
 Derfe, 137, hard; 139, bold,
 daring.
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 Derne, 142, secret.
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 14, 15.
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 Dissimuling, 227, dissem-
 bling.
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 Divinal, 258, divine.
 Do, 38, make.
 Is do, 185, is done.
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 off, have done with.
 Doctrinal of famous
 Clerks, The, 258.
 Document, 218, learning.
 Doif, 157, enfeebled.
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 sorrowful, sad, melancholy.
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 242, paladins.
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 ready.
 Dressed, 170, prepared.
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 Dresses, 133, prepares.
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 Druries, 129, love-tokens,
 gifts.
 Drye [= *dree*], 135, suffer.
 Dully 36, sad.
 Dunbar, W., 1-49.
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 Dung, 133, dashed.
 Dungen down, 152, struck
 down.
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 straint, affliction.
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An e, 37, an eye.
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 Een, 34, 48, 163, eyes.
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 Effray, 36, 38, frighten,
 terrify.
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 Elrich incubus, 11, hideous
 incubus.

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 Encheason, 234, occasion.
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 67, 137, 279.
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 minated.
 Enlumining, 80, illuminat-
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 Gaelic.
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 the former Scotch name for
 Highlanders.
 Esau the rough, 137, of hair.
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 from.
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 ing bell, 76, Vespers, at
 sunset.
 Everlasting Life (Anon.),
 141.
 Every each one, 84, 89,
 every one.
 Exerce, 38, exercise.
 Exercise, Dame (S. Hawes),
 282.
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Facund pulchritude, 228, eloquent beauty.
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Fanes, 225, vanes, which were small streamers acting as weather-cocks.
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Fare, 85, go.
Faren, 132, went.
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 By my fay! 106, faith.
Fe, 146, small cattle; here sheep.
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Feir, 37, an equal; 147, demeanour, deportment.
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Fellony, 42, cruelty.
Felloun, 162, dreadful.
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'Fend, 38, defend.
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The ferry, 30, the Strait of Dover and Calais.
Fet, 109, fetched.
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Field, 228, in Heraldry, the surface of a shield upon which the charges or bearings are placed.
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I fine, 65, 1 end.
Fit, 240, action.
Fit, Fytte, 50, 55, 63, 65, 84, 91, 97, a Canto.
Fitz-Hugh, Sir J., 61.
Flanes, 162, arrows.
A flasche [= flash], 162, a sheaf.
Flayn, 14, arrow.
Fleet, 7, 9, float.
Fleiched, 30, flattered.
Flemit, 30, put to flight.
Florence, 33.
Fodder [= fother], 43, a cart-load.
Fold, 36, 151, earth.
Forbode, 106, prohibition.
Forbrent, 125, utterly burnt.
Forewit, 230, foresight.
Forgrim, 134, very grim.
Forlore, 276, lost, ruined.
In form, 144, the nest where a hare crouches.
Forrow, 154, before.
Fortune, Dame (S. Hawes), 224, 227, 238, 250-255, 258.
'All forvayit, 14, went astray, erred.
Fra, 22, 159, from the time.
Fragility [= frailty], 220, 261, defilement with sin.
'Fraid, 138, afraid.
Frailty, 220, 256, 257, 261, defilement with sin.
To fraine, 130, to ask.
Frak [= freck], 16, moved swiftly.
France, 64, 70, 242.
Freedom (W. Dunbar), 13.
Freke [= a man], 42, 60, 65, 66, 131, 132, 137, a human being.
Frekes, 65, men.
A fremyt fare, 15, a strange manner.
Frith, 127, 129, 141, 242, open country, or pasture land.
Friivol, 172, sickle.
Fro, 183, from.
Froward, 168, perverse, refractory.
Fructuous, 80, fruitful.
Frustrate, 5, vain, fruitless.
Fulfilled, 238, 51, filled full of.
Furor, 248, rage.

Gaincome, 158, coming again.
Gair [= gore], 162, a wedge-shaped piece of cloth in a garment.
Gait [= going], 133, walk.
Galahad, Sir, 137.
Gallus, G. G., 192.
Gambols, 41, capers.
Gan, 89, 95, 114, did.
Gang, 152, go.
Gar, 20, 37, 132, make.
The other Garden, 278, 285, 286, Heaven.
Gared, 65, made.
Gareth, Sir, 207.
Gart, 152, made.
Garth, 35, garden.
Gal, 114, got.
Gawain, Sir, 137, 207.
Gayneis, 13, javelins.
Gecks, 42, derisive gestures.
Generable, 161, 162, that which may be generated or produced.
Gent, 8, 35, beautiful; 264, graceful, gentle.
Gentrice (W. Dunbar), 13.
Geometry, 227, 237, design.
George (?), Sir, 76.
Geraflour, 32, gillyflower.
Gilboa, 137.
Giglot-like, 159, wanton-like.
Great Gin, 20, 21, military engine.
Gladdeth, 10, rejoiced; 31, be glad.
Me gladdeth not, 135, I am not glad.
Gleed, 64, glowing coal.
Glent, 63, hastened.
Glete, 9, glitter.
Glinted, 139, flashed.
Glude, 127, glided.
Glowed, 134, looked sullen.
Gluttony, 44.
Go bet, 79, go along! go better!
Goggled, 131, joggled, shook.
Gold beat, 237, beaten gold.
Golias, 242, Goliath.
Gone, 3, has gone.
Good Comfort, Captain (S. Hawes), 223.
Good-Fame (W. Dunbar), 13, 21, 22.
Good-Hope (W. Dunbar), 20.
Gossip, 108, 110, 111, a boon companion.
Goules [= gules], 8, **Gowls**, 227, red.
Govit, 18, stared.
Gower, J., 17, 25, 81, 193, 218, 295.
Grace, Dame (S. Hawes), 274, 281, 282.
Graith a Guise, 41, prepare a masquerade.

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- Gramercy [= *grand mercy*], 102, 182, 183, great thanks! many thanks!
- Gran [= grinned], 134, was wrathful.
- I graven were, 171, I were buried.
- To greaten, 127, ennoble.
- Greece, 159, 171, 172, 174.
- Greeks, 159.
- Green Leyton, 51.
- Greet, 7, weep.
- Greystoke (1358-1417); R., The Baron of, 57.
- Gregory, St., 279, 284.
- Gripe, 132, a griffon.
- Griseld, 209, Griselda.
- Groom [= man], 129, 132, a human being.
- Grouf [cf. grovel], 169, flat on the floor.
- Grounden, 162, sharpened.
- Guido, 211, 214.
- Guise, 11, fashion, custom; 41, a masquerade.
- Hawes), 224, 228, 238-244, 247, 251-253, 255, 258.
- Hare-pipe, 143, a snare for catching hares.
- Harness, 162, armour.
- Blind Harry, 26, Harry the Minstrel.
- Hart of grease, 98, a fat hart = a great hart, 90.
- Hartley, Sir R., 67.
- To haunt Arms, 228, follow the wars.
- 'Having, 3, 18, behaviour.
- 'Haviour, 237, behaviour.
- Haw, 165, 168, pale.
- Hawes, S., 193, 217-295.
- Hay, Sir G., 26.
- All England so haylle, 54, the whole of.
- He, 63, high.
- Heal, 23, 110, 206, health.
- Heal [= health], 150, happiness.
- Heaviness (W. Dunbar), 15.
- Hecht, 19, called.
- I hecht [= hight], 20, I vow; 157, I promised.
- Heckled atour, 164, feathered across.
- Heft, 42, haft, handle.
- Hellis-crook, 152, ? a hook such as the devils were supposed to use.
- Hende, 14, skilful; 129, 137, 147, 155, kind, courteous.
- Sir Hende (Anon.), 129.
- Hendly, 133, courteously, friendly.
- Henry IV, King, 63, 65, 67, 72, 78.
- Henry VII, King, 34, 217, 292, 293.
- Henry VIII, King, 294.
- Henryson, R., 26, 146-178.
- Herber, 259, garden.
- Herne, 142, nook, hiding-place.
- Heron, Sir W., 67.
- Heryot, —, 25.
- Hester, 205, Esther.
- Hever, Sir R., 76.
- Hew of Eglinton, Sir, 25.
- Heyke, 143, ?
- Hie, 26, high; 115, hasten; 169, haste.
- Hied, 117, hastened.
- Hied'st, 139, hastened.
- Hierarchy, 36, of Angels.
- Hieth, 133, 141, hastes.
- High-Degree (W. Dunbar), 13.
- Hight, 55, promised.
- I hight thee, 65, promise thee.
- On hight, 6, 17, 40, 52, on high.
- High Way, 52, the Roman road called Watling Street.
- Hinder, 151, last.
- Hoccleve, T., 80-83.
- Holland, Sir R., 25.
- Holtes, 150, hilly and barren high ground.
- Homeliness (W. Dunbar), 14.
- Homer, 9.
- Homildon, or Humble Down, Hill, 63, 67, 78.
- Sir Honour (Anon.), 130.
- Honour (W. Dunbar), 13.
- Sir Hope (Anon.), 129.
- Hours, 7, 34, Matins, Morning Prayers.
- How [= holl], 161, deep.
- Huche, 150, cliff.
- Humility, Dame (S. Hawes), 226, 279, 282, 284.
- Huntley, The Earl of, 54. There was no Earl of this name till 1450.
- Husbands, 50, husbandmen.
- Idol, 174, image, likeness.
- I' faith! 67, in good faith.
- Ilk, 129, 135, same.
- I'll, 72, I will.
- Imperfite, 17, imperfect.
- Imprinted, 174, impressed, fixed.
- In (*Scotch*), 4, into.
- In certain, 81, for certain.
- Incertain, 147, uncertain.
- Infinal, 234, 247, 286, infinite.
- Inglewood Forest, Cumberland, 84, 97. It extended from Penrith to Carlisle.
- Inhibition, 36, prohibition.
- Innocence (W. Dunbar), 13.
- Intelligence, Dame (S. Hawes), 276.
- In till (*Scotch*), 7, 18, 41, 44, &c., in.
- Intill, 161, into.

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In to (*Scotch*), 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 17,
21, 24, 42, 43, 151, &c., in.
Into, 128, to.
Ire, 42.
Isaac, 137, 140.
Island of the Four Ladies,
The, 223.
Isoud [= Isolt], 207.
Italy, 226, 245.
Iwis, 98, 109, 130, 197, cer-
tainly.

Jacks, 42, jerkins or coats of
mail.
Jacob the smooth, 137, of
hair.
James (?), Sir, 76.
James, 65, 67, 73, 77. There
was no King James in Scot-
land in the reign of Henry
IV. This anachronism fixes
the date of the composition
of these Versions to be after
the return of James I in 1424.
James IV, King, 34-40.
Jamy—see James.
Jangler, 49, chatterer, prater.
Jay, 200-215.
Jenkin (J. Lydgate), 116.
Jerome, St., 280-282, 284.
Jerusalem, 141.
Joan (Anon.), 109, 111.
John of Kent (J. Lydgate),
113.
Johnston, P., 26.
Johnstone, Lord, 55. There
was no Baron Johnstone at
this time; ? a Laird.
Jonathan, 137.
Joseph, 137.
Josephus, 226.
Joshua, 137.
Julian (J. Lydgate), 116.
Julius, 32, 242, C. J. Caesar.
Justice, Dame (S. Hawes),
225, 237, 238, 243, 252, 254,
255.

Keen, 12, 128, bold.
Kell, 9, Kells, 33, caps or
head-dresses.
Thee ken, 130, make known
to thee.
Kenned, 169, 177, known.
Kennedy, W., 27.
Kent, 113, 117.
Kethat, 41, ? cassock.
Kibe, 145, a chilblain.
Kind, 2, nature.
Kindilland, 46, kindling.
King of Love, The (S.
Hawes), 257, 264-268, 274-
276, 278, 280-283, 286.
Kingdom of great Grace,
The, 264.
King's Bench, Court of, Lon-
don, 113.
Kirk, 160, temple.
Kith, 128, 141, knowledge.
Kithe, 206, make known.
Kithen, 139, to make known.
Knops, 8, buds.
Kyre, 128, 141, turn.
Kyred, 130, turned.
Kyreth, 134, turneth.

Lach, 136, take, have.
Lacheth, 136, taketh.
Lacked [*read* laked], 21,
played.
The Lady, 141, the Virgin
Mary.
Laitis, 38, manners.
Laits, 151, manner, behaviour.
Lak, 166, scorn.
Lake, 136, sport.
Lamarock, Sir, 207.
Lambwell, Sir D., 76.
Lammas-tide, 50, August 24.
Lamwell, Sir, 207.
Lancelot, Sir, 137, 207.
Lanes, 22, conceals.

Langland, W., 126.
Langour (W. Dunbar), 19,
21.
To lap, 45, to lick up.
Largess, 4, gifts, generosity.
Latch, 141, take [? care of].
The lave, 25, 38, 39, the rest.
Laverock, 145.
Lawfully, 167, in legal man-
ner.
Layne, 56, 57, 209, hide.
Lazarous [*from* Lazarus],
168, 175, a leper.
Leake, 134, sport, play.
Leal, 150, 209, loyal.
Leams, 8, 34, 140, gleams,
flashes of light.
Learned me, 132, taught me.
Lease, 99, 100, lies.
Leasings, 43, lies.
Lechery, 44.
Leeds [= people], 137, men.
Leer, 132, complexion, coun-
tenance.
Leid, 172, 173, people.
Leir, 147, learn.
Leman, 148, 195, 198, 207,
lover.
Lemand, 10, shining, bright.
Lesing, 22, lying.
Let, 63, to hinder.
Let, 134, hinderest.
Let, 269, Letted, 157, hindered.
Let, 248, hindrance.
Lever, 89, 102, rather.
Lewdale, Sir D., 67.
A Label of Repudy, 158, a
letter of divorce, or repudia-
tion.
Liberty (W. Dunbar), 13.
Lidder, 134, vile, wicked.
Life, Dame (Anon.), 128-141.
Sir Life (Anon.), 129.
'Light, 133, alighted.
'Lighten, 133, alight.
Lightly, 89, 90, 92, &c.,
quickly.
Likame, 153, body.
Sir Liking (Anon.), 129.
Linde, 97, 98, 225, linden-tree.
The Lion, 37, 38, the Lion
rampant of Scotland is in-
tended.
List, 251, please.
Listly, 37, pleasantly.
I list not, 117, I am not will-
ing.
My Literature, 81, know-
ledge of written books.
Lockhart of the Lee, Sir M.,
25.
London, 31-33, 67, 99, 113.
London, as distinguished
from Westminster, 115-117.
London Bridge, 32.
London Lick-penny (J.
Lydgate), 113-117.

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- London Stone, London, 116.
 Longed, 128-130, abode.
 'Longeth, 188, 221, 237, 278, 291, belongeth.
 Look (W. Dunbar), 13.
 Lore, 111, counsel.
 Losel, 82, rascal, knave.
 Loud and still, 146, openly and secretly, always.
 Louis XII, King, 120.
 Lourdain [= lurdan], 92, blockhead! stupid!
 Louted, 128, 130, 132, bowed.
 Love, the affection between individuals of the opposite sexes that are capable of intermarriage.
 In Love.
 My Love, the Lady, or Gentleman, I love.
 My love, the love I have for that person.
 Sir Love (Anon.), 129.
 Lover, a man who loves a woman. Also called, Servant, True Love.
 Lovery, 45, portion of food.
 Low, 8, fire, flame.
 Lowliness (W. Dunbar), 13, 20.
 Lowliness, Dame (S. Hawes), 273, 276.
 Loy'ty, 176, loyalty.
 Lucifera, 10, the morning star.
 Lucine, 7, Lucina, 10, 258, 294, for Luna, the moon.
 Lumley, Sir G., 67.
 Lunyie, 44, loin.
 Lust (W. Dunbar), 20-22.
 Lusty, 12, vigorous; 168, healthy; 224, strong.
 Lyart, 162, withered, greyish.
 Lydgate, Monk of Bury; J., 17, 25, 113-117, 193, 218, 295.
 Lyre, 161, 168, skin, flesh.
 Lyte, 9, 81, 296, little.
 A lyte, 151, 165, a little.
- Maculate, 159, spotted, blemished.
 Macule, 39, blemish.
 Mahoun [= Mahomet] (W. Dunbar), 41, 42, 45, the Devil.
 Mail, 12, 65, coat of mail, chain armour.
 Makaris [= Makers], 10, 16, 23-27, Poets.
 Makcs, 61, 67, husbands.
 Makfadyane, 45.
 Makyne [= Malkin] (R. Henryson), 146-150.
 Mansuetude, 34, gentleness.
 Flora's mantle, 9, the grass.
 Many, 12, 14, many a.
 The Marches, March parts, 67, the Borders between England and Scotland.
 March-man, 51, a Borderer.
 Margaret, of England, afterwards Queen of Scotland; Princess, 34-40.
 Margaret (Anon.), 109, 110.
 Margery (Anon.), 109.
 Marred, 28, frightened.
 Marred thee, 146, upset, troubled thee.
 Mary, 191, the Virgin Mary.
 King Matrimony (W. Dunbar), 22.
 Matutine, 7, morning.
 Maugre [= *mal gré*], 47, trouble.
 In the maugre, 63, in spite of.
 The Mavis, 40, 172, the song thrush.
 Maxwell, Lord Maxwell; Sir H., 55, 67. There was no Lord Maxwell before 1445 A.D.
 May, 57, maiden, the Virgin Mary.
 Mayit, 12, enjoyed themselves in Maying.
 A Maze, 261, a labyrinth.
 Meed, 114, reward.
 Meekness, Dame (Anon.), 130.
 Meiny, 64, following; 97, 129, 130, 134, Court, household.
 Meldrop, 161, mucus.
 Mellifluate, 17, flowing with honey.
 Me mene, 48, make complaint.
 Menteith, The Earl of—see Stewart, R.
 Merciable, 248, merciful.
 Mercy, Dame (Anon.), 130.
 Mercy, Dame (S. Hawes), 279, 281, 282, 284.
 Merk, 140, 154, 155, dark.
 Merle, 1-6, 40, 172, the blackbird.
- Merry-go-down, 108, an excellent name for a pleasant drink.
 Merse, 9, a round top, or top-castle, on a mast.
 Merser, —, 26.
 Methis us near, 19, stands as a neighbour.
 Methought, 15, 41, 43, 127, 228, it seemed to me.
 Methuselah, 137.
 Mickle, 57, 79, 136, mighty.
 Midding, 43, a dung-heap.
 Middles, 9, waists.
 Fine Milan, 65, Milanese steel.
 Ming, 178, mingle.
 Mirth, Dame (Anon.), 130.
 Sir Mischief (Anon.), 132.
 Misericorde, 289, mercy.
 Miss, 263, mistake, error.
 Mistress, always, in this Series, in a good sense; with its many equivalents, such as, sweet Heart! dear Joy! Saint! &c.
 Mo, 66, 102, 103, 183, more.
 Mon I, 154, must I.
 'Monish, 178, admonish.
 Monk of Bury, 25, J. Lydgate.
 Montgomery, Sir H., 62, 66, 74-76.
 Mony (*Scotch*), 34, 44, 171, 172, 175, &c., many a.
 Morrell, Sir C., 76.
 Morrow, 7, 40, morning.
 At morrow, 34, 35, in the morning.
 The morrowing, 16, morning.
 A Mo[r]t, 64, a hunting signal by the horn.
 Moses, 137.
 Mosten, 81, must.
 Mot I thrive! 110, may I prosper!
 His mother, 293, M. Tudor, Countess of Richmond.
 Mould, 131, 132, 136, earth.
 Mourning and Moan, (Anon.), 132.
 A num, 114, a sound.
 Murray, Sir C., 60, 67.
 Muscadel, 110, a sweet wine made from Muscat grapes.
 Myneyeple, 65, ?
 Mysel, 47, myself.

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- Natheless, 80, nevertheless.
 Nature, Dame (S. Hawes), 223, 236-238, 252-255, 257.
 Ne, 79, 126, 182, 229, 259, nor; 181, not.
 Neb, 132, point.
 Nemeë, 241, Nemea.
 Ner letting, 263, were it not the hindrance.
 Neven, 243, 290, declare, to name.
 New-Acquaintance (W. Dunbar), 15.
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 50-52, 54.
 Nice, 210, fastidious.
 A story nice, 4, a pretty story!
 Niggardship, 296, miserliness.
 Nobility (W. Dunbar), 13.
 For the nonce, 41, 225, occasion.
 Northumberland, 51, 52, 55, 63, 64, 67.
 Northumberland, Earl of—see Percy, H.
 Note, 8, music.
 Noy, 31, Noah.
 Nurture (W. Dunbar), 13.
 The Nut-brown Maid, 184-190, a brunette.
- On side, 15, aside, askance.
 Or [= ere], 7, 17, 138, 176, 221, 232-234, before.
 Oratory, 156, a study; 160, a place for prayer.
 Otterburn, 50-62.
 Otterburn, the Battle of, 68. This is a mistake.
 Ottercap Hill, 51.
 Ourthort, 20, across.
 Out-horn . . . blown, 96, summons by sound of a horn.
 Out-through, 2, through; 149, throughout.
 Outwail, 160, outcast.
 Ovidius Naso, P., 192.
 Oxford, 180.
- Peace, Dame (S. Hawes), 279, 281, 282.
 Peisantly, 210, heavily.
 Penance, Dame (S. Hawes), 277.
 Penitence, Dame (S. Hawes), 279, 281.
 Pennis, 38, wing feathers.
 Penny, Sir (Anon.), 79; see also pp. 113-117, 179, 182, 183.
 Percy, called Hotspur; Sir H., 50-78.
 Percy, Earl of Northumberland (1342-1406); H., 68, was the father of Hotspur, who died in his father's lifetime.
 Perfay! [= *par foi!*], 150, by my faith!
 Perfite, 9, 39, 46, perfect.
 Perrie, 129, precious stones.
 Persever, 265, perceive.
 Perseverance, 226, 254, 265, perception.
 Perseverance, Dame (S. Hawes), 272, 276, 282.
 Peter, St., 279, 280, 284.
 Picardy, 30, France.
 Pies, 227, magpies.
 Pight, 134, pitched.
 Pity (W. Dunbar), 20.
 Place of Great Oblivion, The, 269, a dungeon.
 Plaint, 114, complaint.
 Plate, 12, coat of mail.
 Pleasance (W. Dunbar), 12.
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 Bishop Percy's Folio MS., written c. 1650, 68.
 Grand Amour, 204, a Poem by S. Hawes, intitled *The Pastime of Pleasure*.
 La belle Pucelle, 193, another name for *The Pastime of Pleasure*.
 Pontefract, 180.
 Poppingay(s), 38, 145, 227, parrot(s).
 Portraiture (W. Dunbar), 12.
 Potestates [= Powers], 24, Potentates.
 Powdered, 8, sprinkled, strewed.
 At all power, 14, 147, hazards.
 Practitioners, 25, skilful men.
- Six score paces, 105, 106, 100 yards.
 Twenty score paces, 104, 333 yards.
 Pane, 171, piece.
 Paramour, 3, 158, 197, 198, Lover, in a good sense.
 Paris, 33.
 Paris thread, 115.
 Pardie [= *par Dieu!*], 111, 123, by God!
 Upon a party, 64, upon a side, aside.
 Passion, predilection, habitude. 'The ruling Passion strong in death.'
 Passion, emotion, not necessarily of love. It might also be of anger, grief, zeal, &c.
 Passion, Passions, anxieties of mind and agonies of soul through love for one of the opposite sex.
 Patience (W. Dunbar), 13.
 Paul, St., 196.
 Paynims [= Pagans], 287, applied to the Saracens.
- Obedience (W. Dunbar), 13.
 Obedience, Dame (S. Hawes), 282, 284.
 Observance, 35, 41, duty, homage.
 Ochane! [= och hone!], 176, alas!
 O'erfret, 162, fretted over.
 O'erscaled in silver slopes, 8, covered over with silver clouds like scales [*cirrocumulus*].
 Ofts[the]s, 175, oftentimes.
 Okerers, 43, usurers.

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- Prayer, Dame** (S. Hawes), 273, 276, 277, 279, 282, 284.
Precelling, 32, 172, excelling.
Golden prene, 171, pin.
Presence (W. Dunbar), 14.
Prestly, 136, readily.
Prevene, 49, prevent.
Pride (a deadly sin), 41.
Pride (Anon.), 132.
Pride, Dame (S. Hawes), 260, 261, 287.
 By **Prime**, 85, sunrise.
Print, 43, imprint, coinage.
Provisor, 249, provider.
Prudence, Dame—see **Wisdom, Dame**.
Puissance, 24, 38, power.
Pulchritude, 228, 249, beauty.
Pungitive, 164, piercing, sharp.
Purchase, 4, gain, obtain.
Pursue, 1, go on doing a thing.
Purveyed, 189, provided.
- Quaint**, 210, wily, crafty.
Quair [= quire], 17, 157, 158, book.
Five quarters, 152, 1½ yards.
In quert, 154, safe and sound.
'Quite, 67, requited.
Quod [= quoth], 2, 109, 169, said.
- Raches** [= ratches], 142, dogs that hunt by scent.
Raik on row, 146, go side by side, in a row.
Railing, 127, trailing; 139, running, flowing.
Rak, 16, noise.
Ramping [= rampant], 228, standing erect.
Raw, 172, hoarse.
Ray, 114, striped cloth.
Raysse, 50, raid.
Reason (W. Dunbar), 12-15.
Reason, Dame (S. Hawes), 282.
Rebby, Sir R., 76.
Rebut, 14, repulse.
Rebutted, 13, repulsed.
Rede, 80, 185, counsel, advice.
I rede, 51, 125, 176, counsel, advise.
Redesdale, 50.
Redomyt, 4, tied up.
Reek, 16, smoke.
Reft, 26, bereft.
Refute, 14, defence.
High regrait, 170, deep sorrow.
Reid, J. = Stobo, 26.
Reird, 16, uproar.
Reisyd, 111, raised, elevated.
Religious, 191, monks and nuns.
Remeid, 27, 147, 157, 173, remedy.
Remembrance, Dame (S. Hawes), 282.
Renown (W. Dunbar), 13.
Responsail, 160, response, answer.
'Rested, 125, arrested.
Restitution, Dame (S. Hawes), 282.
Retour, 158, 173, return.
Retrograde, 219, apparent backward motion.
Return, 166, throw back, cast.
Revest, 7, clothed.
Rhetoric, 17, Poetry, formerly regarded as a part of Rhetoric.
Rhetorics [= Rhetoricians], 16, Poets.
Rhetorics, 24, Rhetoricians.
Richard of Kent (J. Lydgate), 113.
Richesse, 3, wealth, riches.
Richesse (W. Dunbar), 13.
Righteousness, Dame (S. Hawes), 279.
Rinde, 57, ? stripped.
Ring, 151, reign.
Rinks [= strong men], 172, nobles.
Rise, 115, 128, branch, twig.
To rise, 84, raise.
They risid, 87, raised.
- Rispis**, 9, coarse grass.
Robene [= Robin] (R. Henryson), 146-150.
Robert of Kent (J. Lydgate), 113.
Rodeley Cragg, 51.
Roiff, 148, quietness.
Roke, 59, mist, vapour.
The Court of the Master of the Rolls, London, 114.
Rome, 242.
Rood, 146, 215, the Cross on Calvary.
Room, 233, station in life.
The Rose, 35, 39, 40, (1) the emblem of England, (2) Queen Margaret.
Red Rose, 292-294, the House of Lancaster.
White Rose, 293, 294, the House of York.
Ross, Sir J., 26.
Rosy Garth, 8, the Rosary.
Rought [= rout], 56, company.
Roun, 175, whisper.
Rous, or Rossus, J., 180.
Routed, 22, scoured.
On a row, 282, in a row.
Rowl, —, of Aberdeen, 26.
Rowl, —, of Corstorphine, 26.
Rowners, 43, whisperers.
Rownit, 20, whispered.
Roy [= *Roi*], 31, King.
Rubicund, 227, ruddy.
Rudd, 128, complexion.
Thou rue on, 146, pity thou.
Ruely, 191, ? rueful.
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